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The Quiver

January
1921

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"JUST think!" said the young wife, anxiously looking at the telegram, "that he should bring a friend home to-night! There's not a thing in the house, and it's too late to cook a meal. I really don't know what to do."

The old Skipper's laugh made her turn suddenly.

"Bless my heart!" he said. "Why all this trouble about nothing at all? Try some nicely cut sandwiches with 'SKIPPER'S' for the centre. If you have not a couple of tins in the store cupboard (and of course you ought to have), you can get them at the nearest Grocer. Work the fish and the oil into a paste with a fork; just put a touch of seasoning in with them, the slightest suggestion of pepper and salt, and serve them with hot coffee.

The little housewife turned to thank the old man for his inspiration, but somehow he had disappeared.

What a success the little unexpected party was; never such sandwiches; never such friendliness; never such good-will. No wonder that "SKIPPER'S" are a constant resource in this home.

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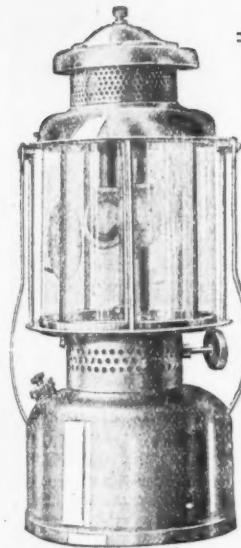
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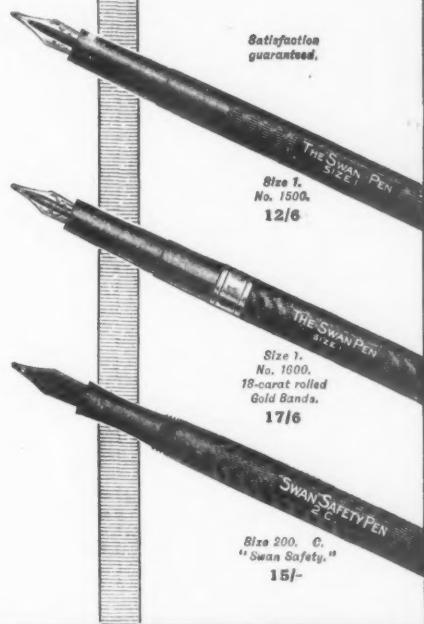
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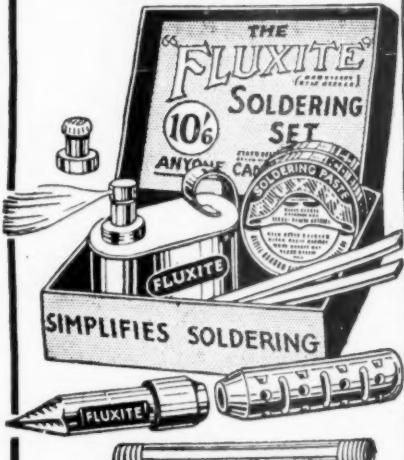
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Don't waste your time trying to cure a chronic ailment by doping your system with stimulants and poisons. Such complaints as lack of vigour, rheumatism, lumbago, neuralgia, sciatica, and stomach, liver, kidney, and bladder troubles are due to a weakened condition of the nerves and vital organs. Your body needs new strength and vitality, and that is what you must have before you can get well. Taking drugs into the stomach won't help you. You know that if you've tried them. They really leave you in a worse state than ever.

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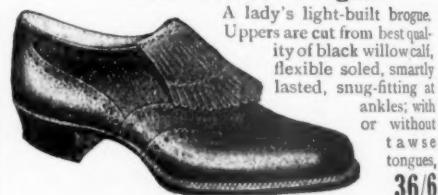
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If you can save even one hour in the posting of your contribution, this short time may yet prove to be the difference between Life and Death—between Health and total physical ruin for the pathetic little sufferer for whom you will surely open the storehouse of your generous compassion.

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To-day, therefore, a great call rings throughout the country.

A moving appeal to British men and women, each to adopt one of the imperilled children in the famine areas.

You surely can do something. You can send a contribution of some kind. So please do this and at once, to avert the death-scene for which the stage is already set.

Write to-day to Lord Weardale, Chairman of Committee, Save the Children Fund, Room 502, 26 Golden Square, Regent Street, London, W.1, sending whatever contribution you can for immediate relief.



Here is a poor little stunted child from the Famine Area, with indelible marks of suffering so stamped upon its face that brings tears to the eye to look upon it. Voluntary help, such as YOU are asked to give, has snatched it from the jaws of death. There are MILLIONS MORE to rescue, and only your swift response can save them.

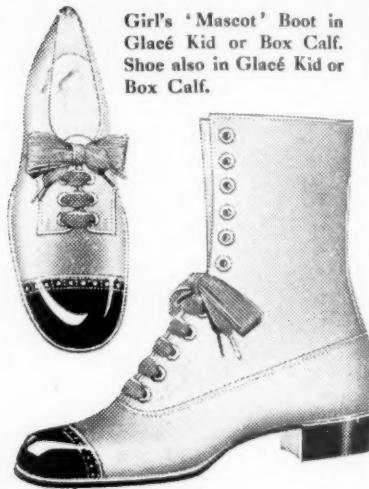
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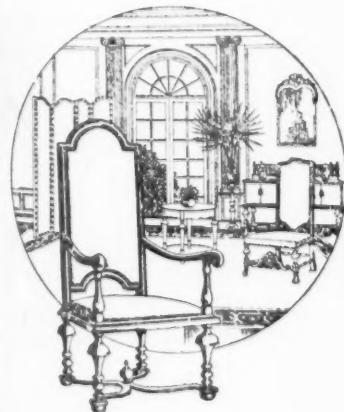
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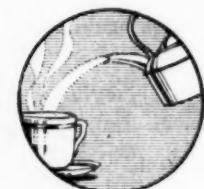
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The Editor's Announcement Page

THE MODERN WOMAN AND MARRIAGE

There is a decided hint in different quarters that the "Modern Woman" is tired of married life—tired of its monotony, its restrictions, its limited outlook.

Is that so?

The question is treated in my next number by E. Vaughan-Smith in an article

"IS THE MODERN WOMAN 'FED UP' WITH MARRIAGE?"

The article is a serious one, soberly and sincerely written, and should be read by all women, married or not—and some men too.

There are also some fine stories of married life in the February number.

The Editor

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A "WRIGHT'S" ENTHUSIAST AND HER OPINION.

"Miss TODDLES" says:

"Me won't be washed wiv'out my Wright's 'cos it's the nicest soap of all for lickle girls!"

WRIGHT'S Coal Tar SOAP.

THE *Nursery Soap.*
Protects from Infection.

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Dr. J. Collis Browne's Chlorodyne

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Miss Gladys Cooper Explains Some Beauty Secrets

The Popular London Star Favours Simple Methods

I have been asked to give a few simple recipes that I know, either through personal use or by observation, to be valuable to the toilet, and which are within the reach of the average woman. In these days of £100 facial treatments and elaborate and expensive beautifying processes my suggestions may read like lessons in economy, but they are not especially so intended. They are merely practical suggestions, in which the key-note is "effectiveness." All the materials or ingredients which I mention are either already at hand in the home or may be readily procured from the chemist. Fortunately I do not suffer from the ailments or troubles enumerated below, but some people who are not so fortunate have told me their experiences, and with your permission I will set forth some remedies which they have found to be efficacious.

Home-Made Hair Tonic.

My acquaintances say that a good stimulant to the natural growth of the hair is a very simple, effective and safe stimulating lotion made up by mixing one ounce of boronite with $\frac{1}{2}$ pint of bay rum. This may be applied to the hair roots occasionally with the finger tips with good results.

Complexion Renewals.

Complexion experts advise me that a normal, healthy complexion is constantly renewing itself by dropping off in tiny flakes of worn-out tissue, thus revealing the fresh young skin underneath. They say that when this process is checked by age, exposure or some of many causes, the complexion becomes dull and ugly. The rational treatment recommended is to help the skin perform its natural functions of "shedding" worn out tissue. For this purpose, I am informed, there is nothing so good as pure mercerized wax, used for a few nights, just as you would use a face cream. It is claimed that it possesses a special affinity for the effete scar-skin, which it quickly removes by absorbing it. The face, I am assured, will soon look much younger and prettier under this treatment.

Removing Superfluous Hair.

I have been told of some most remarkable experiments in removing superfluous hair, roots and all, with what is said to be a perfectly harmless substance known as phelactine. It is claimed for this preparation that it is not a depilatory and therefore does not burn or injure the skin. With a candle flame it is first melted to a syrup-like consistency and while still warm is smeared on the skin over the superfluous hair. Although it is removed almost immediately the effect is supposed to paralyse and loosen the hair roots, for when it is removed the hair should come right off with it and the roots themselves. I am told that in many cases the growth never reappears, and that even if it does so it returns only after a long time and in so much weaker form that it is easy to cope with by means of a repeated application of phelactine. I understand that the method is becoming so well known that many chemists are now supplying phelactine in specially prepared packages containing full instructions for home use.

Is Powder Necessary?

A great many women object to using powder, for various reasons. The following formula is a good one: Dissolve an ounce of camomile in four tablespoonsfuls of water, or witch-hazel, and use it as a face lotion, smoothing the skin with the fingers until it is dry. This method

is perfectly harmless. I am told that a really beautiful, natural, velvety bloom results and remains for many hours quite unaffected by the most trying conditions out of doors or in the ballroom or theatre, and that it gives a much more natural appearance to some skins than does ordinary powder.

Grey Hair.

I have observed many attempts of many people to conceal grey hair. Some of these experiments were amusing, some disastrous, and some were successful. Personally, I believe I shall let my hair turn when the appointed time comes, but if I were going to try and evade it, I would give a trial to a real old "grandmother" formula that would probably do the work. This formula, I am informed, has been used with degrees of success for many generations, and consists merely of two ounces of concentrate of tanninolite mixed with three ounces of bay rum. It is applied to the grey hair a few times with a small sponge, and ladies tell me it appears to darken the hair to a natural shade, not like a dye, but gradually and naturally.

The Curling Iron.

Don't use a hot iron to curl your hair. Some of my friends make the cunningest sort of curl wherever they want them simply by dampening the hair with liquid silmerine before retiring at night. When the hair is dry in the morning it will be softly curly just where you want it to be. This method is perfectly harmless, even beneficial to the hair, and the curls last a long time. The liquid is quite pleasant, and neither sticky nor greasy.

How to Shampoo.

Most women, I am informed, do not know how to use stallax properly when shampooing with it. Unless the hair is naturally very oily, a stallax shampoo may sometimes leave it rather dry. But I am told if you will apply olive oil freely to your hair and scalp just before shampooing with stallax, the result is most delightful.

Care of the Hands.

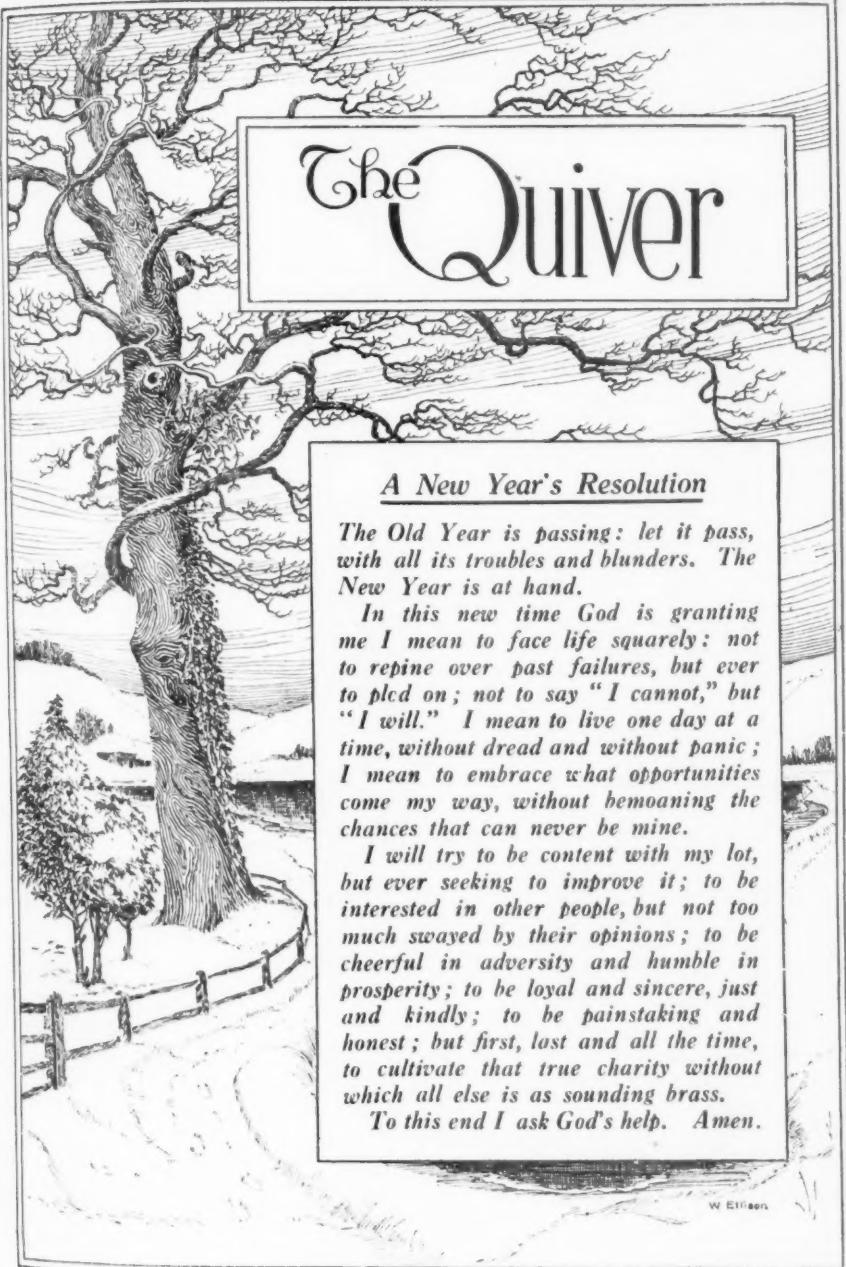
An excellent method of putting the hands in fine condition and keeping them so, is to rub them with biclorium jelly just before retiring at night. This quickly takes away roughness, redness, tan, &c., and makes them soft, white and smooth.

Note.—This interesting article on beauty culture in general was written by Miss Gladys Cooper at the request of the manufacturers of Pil-nta Soap—the best complexion soap in the world. On sale at all chemists.



MISS GLADYS COOPER.

Wardrobe & Ray.



The Quiver

A New Year's Resolution

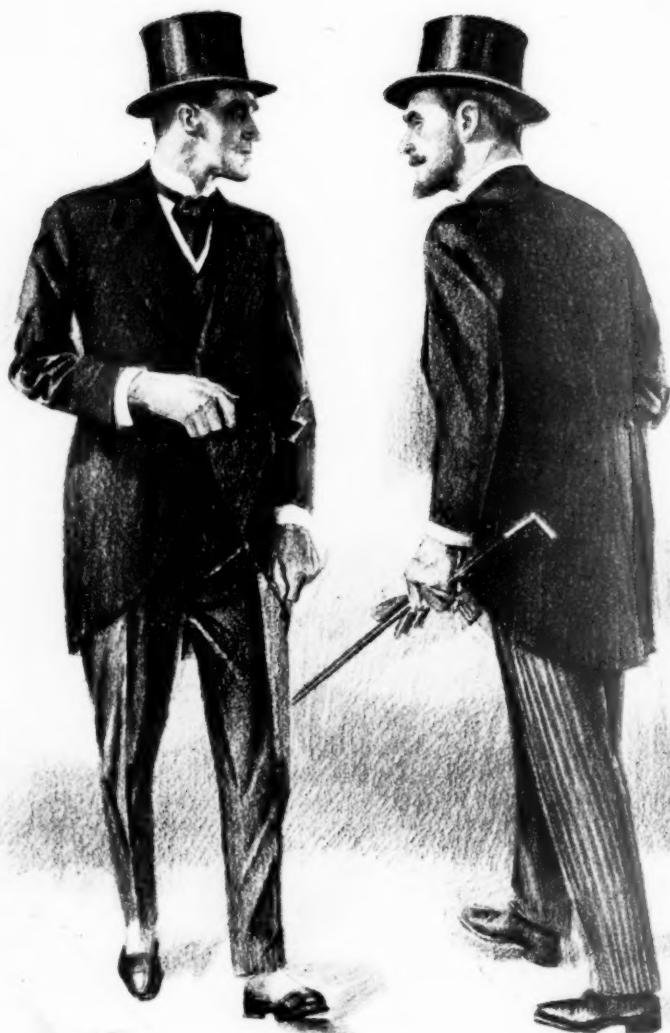
The Old Year is passing: let it pass, with all its troubles and blunders. The New Year is at hand.

In this new time God is granting me I mean to face life squarely: not to repine over past failures, but ever to plod on; not to say "I cannot," but "I will." I mean to live one day at a time, without dread and without panic; I mean to embrace what opportunities come my way, without bemoaning the chances that can never be mine.

I will try to be content with my lot, but ever seeking to improve it; to be interested in other people, but not too much swayed by their opinions; to be cheerful in adversity and humble in prosperity; to be loyal and sincere, just and kindly; to be painstaking and honest; but first, last and all the time, to cultivate that true charity without which all else is as sounding brass.

To this end I ask God's help. Amen.

W. Ellissen



Barley bags down - 20

" 'Good afternoon, Lambert,' he said as
he drew level with the house surgeon "

*Drawn by
Stanley Davis*

Youth will be Served

The Story of Two Rivals
By
Austin Philips

THERE goes Doctor Lambert! I suppose he's on his way to the Trehellas. I wonder if he and Miriam are going to get engaged!"

"I wonder! Seeing the way she's always about with him, I think it's quite high time!"

The two very typical middle-class Silchester women who held this conversation passed down on one side of the long incline which leads from its eastern suburb into the cathedral city: the doctor whom they spoke of passed up on the other, walking with an easy stride.

He was a tall, lean, long-faced man of about thirty; long-legged and long-fingered, too. He was not in general practice. He held the post of house surgeon at the local infirmary—a very large one, whose beds were filled, always, with patients from many miles round.

As he climbed the hill steadily, a single figure approached him on the pavement, coming somewhat slowly down.

It was that of a man of heavy build and striking appearance, clearly of character and note. But a doctor would have seen that he walked with an effort and that his legs were shaky. He looked worn out prematurely—a state of things not uncommon in men of his weight who have worked abnormally and have spent much time on their feet.

He was Sir James Thornley, honorary surgeon at the infirmary, knighted some years since, after a successful operation on a Cabinet Minister resident near Silchester, and with an immense practice and great local fame.

"Good afternoon, Lambert," he said as he drew level with the house surgeon.

"Good afternoon, Sir James," the younger man replied.

That was all. The greetings were brief yet without curtess, such greetings as men exchange who encounter one another almost every day. But a psychologist might have noticed in the face of the older man something akin to uneasiness, and in that of the younger a sense, if not of suspicion, at least of watchfulness or guard.

It was as if between them—for reasons which had never been uttered—existed a kind of armed truce.

The great surgeon proceeded towards the city. The younger man still climbed the hill. On the very outskirts he reached the gate of a drive.

The house within was large, low, flat-roofed, and had a veranda round it. There were also splendid lawns.

He reached the front door, and rang.

"Mr. Trehella expects me, I think," he said.

"Yes, doctor. Will you please come in?"

The smart parlour-maid took the visitor into the library, a large and pleasant room, somewhat overloaded and spoiled—decoratively speaking—by the number of wall-hung cases containing war medals, which were its owner's hobby and which had in many instances cost considerable sums. Lambert walked to the mirror above the mantelpiece, and straightened his tie there. The action brought into prominence his long and remarkable hands.

The door opened and John Trehella, the Silchester boot manufacturer, entered. A widower, very rich, very charitable and a great supporter of the infirmary, he was—though looking years younger—a contemporary of Sir James Thornley, with whom he had been a pupil at the Silchester Cathedral school. The two men had never lost touch with each other, and were intimate personal friends.

"Ah, Lambert," he said pleasantly. "How are you? Won't you sit down?"

The doctor availed himself of the offer. A silence followed—a silence pregnant with suspense.

Then Trehella spoke.

"Doctor Lambert, I have thought over matters very carefully and from every stand-point. I have arrived at my decision. I am afraid it is going to hurt you. I cannot give my consent to your marriage with Miriam——"

"Mr. Trehella!"

"Please don't argue the matter, doctor.

THE QUIVER

I have made up my mind definitely. To discuss it any more would be painful."

"But you must have some reasons!"

"I have. They are very simple ones. You are not able to give my daughter such a position as I wish for her. Otherwise I have nothing against you. Indeed, you have my highest goodwill!"

"And if I achieve such a position?"

"You mean by inheritance?"

"No—by my own efforts. Will you change your point of view?"

"If you succeed in making good—in some way which cannot be foreseen at present—and if Miriam remains free, why, yes. That would be only just."

"Thank you. I will not detain you any more!"

Lambert bowed and drew himself up proudly. The two men faced each other for a moment. Then the manufacturer himself took Lambert to the front door.

The doctor walked down the drive slowly. The blow had been bitter; the manner of his reception had been altogether unexpected, for—introduced there originally by Sir James Thornley—he had been a frequent guest, and one warmly welcomed at the manufacturer's house. He loved Miriam Trewella passionately. He had an intense and ardent nature. He was also very proud.

And he was the more hurt in that he was wise enough to know that there was a measure of reasonableness on the manufacturer's side. He—Lambert—knew his own powers and was sure of his own future. But other men—judging by results, small enough for the present—could only see what position he had actually achieved.

They knew nothing of the good work he had done at the infirmary. Nor were they aware that, as his wonderful hands foreshadowed, he was a heaven-born handler of the knife. They knew nothing, either, of the sacrifices which he had made, such sacrifices as alone can lead to high achievement; the relinquishing of a highly personal practice, won by years of toil in the poorest quarter of Liverpool, that he might come to Silchester and take an X-ray course and pursue his bent—surgery, under such a master as Sir James. Only doctors, nurses, and staff generally, at the infirmary, knew Lambert's devotion and power.

He walked down the drive slowly for a hundred yards or so with hunched shoulders and thoughtful head. But the reaction came speedily. He straightened himself. His

features grew stern and resolute. His pace quickened. He belonged to the type which, while facing facts and recognizing difficulties, does not mean to be beat.

As he emerged from the drive and set foot upon the pavement, he encountered a handsome boy. It was Richard Trewella, the only son of the manufacturer, home from Miltern for the Easter holidays.

"Hallo, doctor!" he called, jerking his new golf club in the direction of the lawns. "Where are you off to? Won't you come and play a few holes?"

"I'm afraid I can't, Richard. I'm rather in a hurry. Are you going to get your colours at cricket?"

"I hope so. There are six places I ought to scramble in."

"I hope so too, Richard. Well, good-bye, and good luck!"

The doctor passed on. The boy looked after him—hard.

"I wonder what's up?" he said to himself. "He said 'good-bye' to me. And he always says '*au revoir*!'"



Lambert strode on. Half an hour later he was at the infirmary. An accident had occurred which required his prompt assistance. He became absorbed, and forgot his woes.

But he had a reminder of them as soon as the case was done.

When he returned to his room someone was sitting in the great chair there. She rose, an adorable vision of summer frock and cream-coloured complexion and daintiness of face and figure: the kind of woman who is at once gentle and intelligent, who both rests and stimulates, who is the ideal companion—whom strong men so often love.

"Miriam!" he cried. And he took her to his heart.

He held her at arms' length presently, considering her with admiration. Never had she seemed so beautiful as at this moment when she was forbidden by her father to be his. It was not the first time that she had been to see him here. The manufacturer was president of the infirmary council; and the Trewellas were frequent visitors at the great building above the Severn bank.

"Harry, what has happened?" she asked. "What did father say?"

"He said he wouldn't consent to our engagement!"

"I was afraid of it. What did you reply?"



"She rose, an adorable vision of summer
frock and cream-coloured complexion"

*Drawn by
Stanley Davis*

THE QUIVER

"I asked for reasons. He gave none in detail. But he implied that I was not a big enough man!"

Miriam winced visibly. She believed in the man before her. She also loved him. Therefore it hurt her that others should mis-estimate.

"I hate it. I can't understand it. Father used to think so well of you. And when he spoke to me last night—after your letter came—he seemed to have changed his views!"

"I know. He seemed so different. I simply cannot understand!"

"Nor can I, Harry. Unless—unless—"

"Unless what, Miriam?"

"Unless Sir James—!"

"You don't mean—?"

"Oh, no, no!" She reddened quickly. "Sir James doesn't love me—that would be too horrible. But he has a weakness—"

"His love of money?"

"Yes, and his social reputation, and he may be jealous of you—afraid of losing some of his practice—if you married me, and were established, with father's influence and connexions in the town!"

"By gad, Miriam, you've got it!" Lambert began to stride the room eagerly. "I didn't realize. But I know how he influences your father. I'll tell you a big secret—one I wouldn't breathe to anyone else!"

"What is it?"

"Sir James's nerve has gone. And a little of his mind with it: the poor old chap had a desperate struggle to win through as a young man. His body is top-heavy. He is really *past* things—I have had to help him out more than once. And, being not quite himself, I suppose he is jealous, and puts obstacles in my way!"

"Yes, it *must* be that. But how are we to get over it? I don't see *how* we can run away! It would be so much better if you made good in Silchester, after beginning to make friends here; and my brother is going to Woolwich, and my father is a very lonely man!"

"I know." Lambert stopped in his stride and stood looking at her with that increased, almost exalted confidence which, in the case of men of character, a set-back often brings. "We must wait, Miriam. It won't be easy. But be sure that things will right themselves, and make all our troubles worth while!"

He took her in his arms again. They remained together for a little while longer;

then, having seen her to the door of the infirmary, he returned, strangely heartened, to certain important work. And, next morning, the following reached him by post:

"It was as we suspected. Sir James was here again yesterday by appointment, just before you came. He assured father you were second-rate and would always be so. What an abominably wicked old man!"

Lambert's forehead furrowed. He walked to his writing table; then, with the secret capacity for sentiment which lurks in such men often, he put the signature of the letter to his lips.

"DEAREST MIRIAM (he wrote),—Don't be unhappy. Sir James is himself no longer. All will come right for us presently. Have heaps of patience and faith!"



Serious epidemics at great public schools are rare, happily, but the outbreak of diphtheria that summer at Miltern was amongst the gravest of its kind. Many boys died. Many more parents suffered agonies of terror and despair.

Of these Charles Trewella was one.

His son Richard had come home, well and safe, as it seemed to him, but the boy had sickened later, and at the first sign of symptoms the Silchester manufacturer had summoned his life-long friend. Sir James had advised the removal of the patient, not to the County Fever Hospital some miles away, but to a private ward in the Silchester Infirmary, where he could himself keep a constant eye upon the patient and be in attendance within a few minutes at any hour of the day.

The disease took the gravest of turns. The boy, the apple of the eye of his father, was assuredly very ill.

The patient was sitting up on a heap of pillows, supported by a head-rest round which sheets were disposed so as to make a tent, through which projected the long spout of a kettle which boiled on a table by the bedside, sending steam into the enclosure, and so softening the air. Two nurses were beside him. Lambert and the house physician were also in the room.

Sir James Thornley had been sent for. But he had not yet arrived.

The boy was suffering greatly. His hands plucked ceaselessly at the bedclothes, he fought incessantly for breath. The eyes

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of the house surgeon and house physician encountered. Each was thinking alike.

The house physician glanced at his watch. "If Sir James is not here in five minutes," he said anxiously, "I shall ask you to perform 'tracchy.' It is the only thing to be done. Sir James is late. I wish to heaven he were here!"

"Yes, five minutes is the limit. I am ready as soon as you say the word!"

Lambert, as he answered, turned aside to a little table on which, on a tray, lay everything essential to the operation of tracheotomy—forceps and needles, syringes, sprays and knives.

Two minutes passed. Three minutes. The fourth was almost through. Lambert picked up a scalpel—and then put it back in its place.

For Sir James had come into the room.

The house physician rushed to meet him. There was a whispered consultation, a glance at the patient, and—Lambert ignored completely—the two men crossed to a tray. The house physician sprayed the throat with freezing spirit. Sir James took knife in hand.

There was a dexterous stroke or two. Then the swift thrusting of a small curved tube of silver into Richard Trewella's throat.

The result was magical. The boy began to gain colour and to breathe almost naturally, with something approaching ease. Sir James, who looked hot and as if the hurry of getting to the infirmary had wearied him, smiled his tired satisfaction and began to wash his hands.

The house physician and Lambert looked to the wound systematically; Sir James remained a little while, discussed treatment with them, and then made ready to go.

Suddenly one of the nurses rushed over to his side.

"Sir James," she cried, "come quickly. He's collapsing. The pulse is very weak!"

The three men hurried to the patient. The pulse was slow and feeble, the face was grey and flabby, the lips were white almost; it was clear that the struggle for breath, prior to the operation, had been too great a strain on the heart.

Hot water bottles were brought; limbs were slapped; a saline injection was made.

It was all useless. The house physician and Sir James looked dismayfully at each other. The boy was sinking visibly. The house physician joined the nurses in mas-

sage. Sir James Thornley, utterly exhausted, staggered towards a chair.

Lambert cast one glance at him and rushed headlong from the room.

He came back almost immediately. He brought with him a tiny glass vessel with a tiny glass pedestal, like a baby Grecian urn.

He filed the neck immediately, and began to inject its contents. Then he took a scalpel and cut deep into the flesh.

A minute later his hand was in the opening, and, with incredible daring—yet slowly and methodically—he was massaging the boy's heart. Sir James was apparently unconscious of what was happening. The house physician, who had seen the drift of things, began to help the wound with swabs.

For five minutes no results were visible. Then the patient gasped. Next came a deep sigh as of a half-drowned person regaining consciousness, and a peaceful breathing returned. Colour—comparative colour—returned with it, too.

The house physician paused for a moment in his task.

"By gad, Lambert!" he said, with impulsive admiration. "That's the smartest thing I've seen yet in surgery. You've saved the boy for certain. We are going to pull him through!"



Sir James Thornley never recovered from the stroke which followed his collapse at the operation on Richard Trewella; and he died within three weeks. He was followed to the grave by all who mattered in Silchester, and his reputation—earned by enormous industry and against many hardships—remains illustrious amongst his fellow citizens, who have raised a fine monument to his memory in the cathedral of the Severnside town.

But the facts of his collapse, and what followed, became known to one or two people, amongst them the boy's father, who received a detailed account from the house physician of all that Lambert had done. The house surgeon received a note from the manufacturer, inviting him to call.

Miss Trewella was waiting for him. Her father, coming later, thanked him with all his heart.

And he added, glancing at Miriam: "My dear fellow, take her. I give her to you gladly. After all, a daughter is a fair exchange for a son!"

The Romantic Twentieth Century

A Contrast with the Dull Old Times

By E. Vaughan-Smith

This article is meant to be an emphatic denial of the assumption that the times in which we are living are in any way less romantic than the past. 1921 need not in reality be any more commonplace than 1621.

WHAT do you think of this place for tea, old sport?" asked the boy.

"Top hole! They have the most ripping meringues I've struck yet," was the girl's brief and practical reply.

Two middle-aged ladies who had sat behind the young couple at the play and were now following them into the tea-shop, glanced at them unfavourably.

"There's no romance or chivalry about young folk nowadays," murmured one lady to the other. "What *would* people have said in olden days if they had guessed that a time would ever come when a man would address the woman he loved (she's wearing a ring, so I suppose they're engaged) as 'old sport'!"

"It's the fault of the girls," said the other lady. "They've killed romance in men by their slang and their cigarette smoking."

Modern Manners

The middle-aged ladies were not censorious really, but perhaps it was no wonder that the aggressively modern manners of the boy and girl jarred upon them after the seventeenth-century play they had just been seeing. The hero of the play was a rollicking cavalier, with courage of steel and a heart of gold; the heroine was an adorable Puritan maiden, and the course of true love between these two (beginning as it did with an interesting degree of aversion on the damsel's side, and continuing through the most desperate difficulties and perils) was on so exalted a plane that the middle-aged ladies still felt a certain tightness in their throats.

"It must have been wonderful living in those old days," said the first lady wistfully as the waitress went away with the order. "They did know how to make love then." From the dreamy look in her eyes it was plain that she was visualizing herself in the rôle of a Puritan, or perhaps preferably a Royalist, girl loved to distraction by just

such a dare-devil cavalier as the hero of the play.

"A gentleman once proposed to my mother on his knees," remarked her friend.

"Just fancy anyone proposing on his knees to *that* girl!"—with a slight nod in the direction of the connoisseur of meringues, now seated with her back to them. "Why, she'd just simply roar with laughter. No, romance is dead nowadays."

It is strange how firmly that illusion that the far-away past was romantic while the present is merely prosaic, is fixed in the human mind! Romance there was in the long dead centuries, of course, but romance of the boy's adventure book order; of romance of that other kind which gives its thrill to the love story, there was uncommonly little, as a matter of fact.

Frankly Mercenary

Marriages in seventeenth-century England were far more frankly mercenary than they are nowadays in France, even in circles least affected by war changes and English influence. In real life that fascinating Puritan maiden would have married, not the gallant cavalier, but some godly man of her father's choice with a suitable income. She might, if her parents were indulgent, have been allowed to reject Oil-of-Gladness Jones and his mill (supposing his particular brand of nasal twang got on her nerves) in favour of Jeremiah Brown and his shop; but it is only too likely that the crux of the whole affair would have been the decision whether or not the suitor's financial assets were a fair equivalent to the bride's dowry—a question to be debated between the two prospective fathers-in-law with much shrewd haggling.

That this is no mere fancy picture can be amply proved from the letters and memoirs of the time. Pepys, for instance, writes of two families bidding against one another for the same rich young man in as

matter of course a tone as we might speak nowadays of two families bidding against each other for the same house.

"Sir G. Carteret hath struck up of a sudden a match with him for his little daughter. He hath about £2,000 per annum: and it seems Sir G. C. hath by this means over-reached Sir H. Bennet, who did endeavour to get this gentleman for a sister of his."

A Typical "Love" Story

A typical seventeenth-century love story (if love story it can be called) is that of Pepys' sister Paulina, which we can follow in its entire course from beginning to end in the pages of the Diary.

The first allusion to that young lady's *affaires du cœur* is the following brief and callous entry, dated December 13, 1666:

"News this day from Brampton, of Mr. Ensum, my sister's sweetheart, being dead: a clowne."

Poor Paulina! The lover whom her brother so heartlessly dismissed from this life may have meant a great deal to her. So at least we may guess from an entry of some ten months later, in which it appears that though only twenty-six she was beginning to lose her youthful looks—a very frequent result of trouble. Pepys writes that he and his father had been walking up and down the garden, talking among many other subjects:

"About a husband for my sister, whereof there is at present no appearance: but we must endeavour to find her one now, for she grows old and ugly."

Once these two painfully practical men set to work the search for a husband was soon successful. On January 10, 1668, just about two months after that purposeful talk in the garden, Pepys writes:

"This day I received a letter from my father and another from my cosen Roger Pepys, who have had a view of Jackson's evidences of his estate, and do mighty like of the man and his condition and estate, and do advise me to accept of the match for my sister, and to finish soon as I can: and he do it so as I confess I am contented to have it done, and so give her her portion."

On February 7 the entry runs:

"Met my cosen Roger again, and Mr. Jackson, who is a plain young man,

handsome enough for her, one of no education nor discourse, but of few words, and one altogether that, I think, will please me well enough. My cosen had got me to give the odd sixth £100 presently, which I intended to keep to the birth of the first child: and let it go—I shall be eased of the care. So there parted, my mind pretty well satisfied with this plain fellow for my sister: though I shall, I see, have no pleasure nor content in him, as if he had been a man of reading and parts, like Cumberland."

A Matter-of-Fact Marriage

Pepys might consider whether Mr. Jackson was congenial to *him*, but nobody seems to have troubled their heads as to what we should nowadays consider a far more important question—how Paulina liked her proposed bridegroom. Evidently she was expected to take what her father and brother chose to give her in the matrimonial line, and be thankful.

Engagements must have been dull affairs in those days; there was none of the delightful going about together, none of the dining at restaurants and evenings at the theatre, which present-day lovers indulge in; there was nothing, in fact, but the dull lawyer business of drawing up settlements—the very business which is so often omitted nowadays for the simple reason that, more often than not, there is nothing much to make a settlement about.

Perhaps because they were so uninteresting seventeenth-century engagements were generally brief, and Paulina's was no exception to the rule, for the remaining entries in the Diary about it follow each other rapidly.

February 10.—"Read over and agreed upon the deed of settlement to our minds: my sister to have £600 presently, and she to be joynured in £60 per annum: wherein I am very well satisfied."

February 20.—"Wrote to my father, and sent him Colvill's note for £600 for my sister's portion."

March 2.—"This day I have the news that my sister was married on Thursday last to Mr. Jackson: so that work is, I hope, well over."

With that Paulina's story closes so far as the Diary is concerned (except for one important little item). We never learn how the marriage turned out, whether it re-

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mained prosaic to the end, or whether—as does sometimes happen—Paulina and her husband fell genuinely in love after they were man and wife. Probably Pepys himself never knew; he was not sufficiently interested to find out.

Of course Pepys was avowedly a cynic, but in his commercial attitude towards marriage he was really no worse than the best of his contemporaries. The Verneys, of Claydon, for instance, were an English county family of the very best type, religious, high-principled, and cultured. But in the delightful "Verney Letters," whenever the destiny of a marriageable young person is under discussion, it is constantly the mercenary aspect that comes uppermost. Such expressions as "They are asking ten thousand for him" are common—for all the world as though it were a house for sale instead of a bridegroom! One mother half apologizes for the unusual liberty she gives her daughter in allowing her to accept or reject lovers for herself, but justifies it on the ground that the girl is likely to be even more exacting in the matter of fortune than she (the mother) might be for her.

Strict Commercial Valuation

Even a century and more later something of the same commercial view of marriage still lingered on, to judge from Jane Austen's novels. "Mansfield Park," for instance, opens with the account of how a certain Miss Maria Ward, of Huntingdon, with only seven thousand pounds, married a rich baronet.

"All Huntingdon exclaimed on the greatness of the match, and her uncle, the lawyer, himself allowed her to be at least three thousand pounds short of any equitable claim to it."

No doubt the passage is satirical, but the point is that if it were written nowadays the satire would be lacking in sting. At the present time hardly a day passes without our hearing of some pretty girl with no fortune but her face marrying some fabulously rich man, and not even envious lookers-on see anything strange in it—so completely has public opinion been won over to the marriage for love alone.

When was it then that the change came about? I should be inclined to guess that the love match as a national institution was invented with the steam engine!

The truth is that so long as people are obliged to depend in the main on inherited resources, the mercenary marriage will be the rule, from motives of prudence. On the other hand, whenever and wherever, given ability and enterprise, men have every chance of building up self-made fortunes the love match becomes the custom, at all events among English-speaking populations.

Marrying for Love

In England the discovery of steam power ushered in an age of unprecedented trade expansion and set the nation marrying for love to an extent that had never been known before! In Ireland, where, partly owing to a less energetic national character, partly to lack of coal fields, and partly to unfair legislation in the past, the nineteenth century brought comparatively little commercial expansion, the "dot" system still obtains throughout a large section of the nation. (Yet nine people out of ten would set the Irishman down as far more romantic than the Englishman.) In the United States, on the other hand, where there is far more scope for building up vast fortunes from nothing than even in this country, let alone Ireland, the ideal of marrying for love without taking money into consideration has become so completely the national tradition that the millionaires themselves often do not give their daughters dowries when the latter marry fellow-countrymen, though they recognize that European aristocrats expect a *quid pro quo*.

If the nineteenth century invented the love match it must be confessed that there was one element of romance in which that safe and prosperous epoch was singularly lacking—the element of peril. That was perhaps the reason why, in those days, people fell into the habit of wistfully idealizing the dangerous centuries that were past, reading into them not only the kind of romance which they did hold, but that other kind which they emphatically did not!

The younger generation of to-day has no temptation to idealize the past for such a reason as this—they who have lived romance as the past never knew it! Probably it is from that very cause that their manners to one another show so little of it, for the more the reality of romance is there the more it is British human nature to pretend that it is something quite different!



"Sorry to disturb you again to-night, Miss,
but this lady can't get in nowhere's"

Drawn by
S. Abbey

A Night's Lodging

AT half-past eleven Miss Agnes Merriew thought, with a sigh of relief, that her long day's work was over, and she locked up her bureau, turned out the lights and proceeded upstairs. She had only got as far as the bathroom and struck a match for the geyser when the shrill sound of the front door bell made itself heard.

An Unusual Story
By
Mrs. Neville Cubitt

"Oh, dear," she thought, "a 'street case,' I'm afraid. I do hope she isn't very dirty!"

She ran down and opened the door to see, by the light of the road lamp opposite, a policeman and a female figure.

"Sorry to disturb you again to-night, Miss, but this lady can't get in nowhere's, so I brought her to see if you can give her a bed."

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The other figure that advanced into the light was a great contrast to any that Miss Merridew was accustomed to receive from the police at this hour. It was that of a woman in the early thirties, clad in a sable fur coat that reached to the edge of her short skirt, revealing silk-clad ankles and more, and feet shod with patent leather shoes on which gleamed buckles of cut steel. One hand, withdrawn from a huge muff, held a gold chain bag, and was encased in white kid. Her smart hat and spotted veil had "Bond Street" stamped on them; her face, a very handsome one, was delicately rouged and powdered.

"Both hotels were chock full," said the new-comer in a clear, metallic voice. "I tried several inns and it was just the same, and not a taxi would undertake to drive me up to town for any money. I missed the last train at this junction—mine on the Carston branch was late."

"Come in," said Miss Merridew. "I have a vacant room luckily, and I will make you as comfortable as I can."

The woman turned and put something into the constable's hand; it was not the first time she had oiled the palm of the law!

"Thank you," she said. "I'm awfully grateful to you. Good night." The man disappeared and Miss Merridew led her visitor back to the sitting-room, turning up the light and pushing forward the one easy chair. The other woman sank into it with a sigh.

"Thank goodness," she said. "I'm dead to the world. Drat that train!"

Miss Merridew did not shudder. She often heard worse language than that.

"Have you dined—are you hungry?" she asked.

"I had dinner at Carston-on-Sea at half-past six, but I can't say I'm not hungry and thirsty too. But I'm giving you a lot of trouble," she added, lifting a pair of dark-lashed eyes to her hostess's face.

"I'm quite used to late visitors," said Miss Merridew. "I'll get you some supper at once. Won't you take off your coat? I'm glad the fire isn't out," and she threw on a log. "I'll get you something at once."

The woman rose and slid out of her satin-lined coat, revealing a beautiful figure in a low-necked silk blouse.

"The bobby told me about this place," she said. "What a good soul you must be. I'll promise you I don't want dis-infecting or

bathing. How can you take on this filthy sort of job?"

Miss Merridew laughed. She had a sense of humour, without which she could never have been the successful rescue worker that she was.

"You shan't have carbolic in your bath, and I certainly won't burn your clothes in the back yard," she said. "As to the job, it is my job, but I'm glad I have room tonight for someone who won't want—" She paused.

"Won't want rescuing," finished the visitor, and there was a bitter ring in her voice.

"I was going to say 'washing,'" said Miss Merridew gently.

Then she left the room. The woman got up and walked about, looking curiously at everything—the notices of meetings in a hanging tablet, the bookcase filled, to her surprise, chiefly with novels, the bureau, the table on which stood a work-basket and a bowl of primroses, and the few pictures on the walls. Then she sat down again and took her cigarette case from her bag. Her hostess re-entered with a laden tray as she did so.

"Here's your supper—potted meat sandwiches and cocoa, and that's a home-made cake. A girl here now is a cook; she made it, and the bread too."

"Ripping! But I'm keeping you up."

"I'm quite used to it. Sometimes I have to get out of bed to let in a wanderer. Tonight I had only just gone up."

The sandwiches and cake were much appreciated, but the visitor had not much to say to the cocoa; inwardly she was thinking that she would give anything for a stronger drink. Then she lit a cigarette.

"Been here long?" she asked.

"Six years—from just before the war."

"And you can stick it? I should have thought a woman like you could have got a better berth."

"I chose it," was the answer. "My people are well off, and I am not needed at home. Here I get my keep and a salary that quite keeps me in clothes and pocket money."

The other woman looked at her all over. To her way of thinking the plain skirt and blouse and hand-knit jumper did not count as "clothes." The total cost would not have paid for her own stockings and shoes. The said chaussure was being liberally displayed as she sat with crossed legs, revealing very

A NIGHT'S LODGING

beautiful limbs to the knee. Then she laughed, and Miss Merridew, smiling in response, looked at her interrogatively.

"I was thinking how my friends would say, 'Whatever are *you* doing there?' that's all. By the way, my name's Dene—Clarice Dene."

"Clarice Dene?"

"Yes. Heard of me?"

"Of course; you are the actress."

"That's it. Resting now; I've had 'flu. But I am off again, or rather on again, in a fortnight, thank goodness."

"Then I'm glad you came here. You might have caught cold and been ill again. I think, if I were you, I'd go straight to bed when you've finished your smoke. The room is ready. It's all very plain, but I can assure you the bed is comfortable. Will you have a bath? The gas is on and I can have it ready in five minutes. You'll sleep the better and ward off a chill."

"Thanks awfully. And can you rig me out? Flannelette nighty, eh?"

"I shall lend you one of mine—and we even keep a supply of tooth-brushes!"

Again Clarice Dene laughed her ringing, stagy laugh, and the two proceeded upstairs. Leaving her guest, Miss Merridew disappeared to return shortly with all toilet apparatus and a warm dressing-gown.

"The bath is just opposite," she said. "It will be running in hot by the time you are ready."

She was waiting in the room when Clarice returned from her bath.

"I'll say good night now," she said. "Here's the nightgown—not flannelette—and I've looked up the trains. There's an express at ten-fifteen, or is that too early?"

"That'll do first rate. What time breakfast?"

"Eight, but I'll bring yours up at half-past; will that do?"

"Top hole. I'm awfully grateful to you, really. Good night."

"Good night."

Left to herself Clarice made a closer inspection of the room. It was better furnished than she had expected, and certain touches and properties convinced her that this was no spare room but Miss Merridew's own. There were pictures of sacred subjects, a bookshelf and a range of photographs on the mantelshelf. One, larger than the rest, caught her eye; it was that of a handsome lad of about five-and-twenty in the Air Force uniform. Clarice caught her

breath as she took it up to look closer, and held it for a full minute. "Odd," she murmured, as she replaced it and began to prepare for bed, smiling a little at the plain, wood-backed hair brush, the felt slippers and simple, nainsook night-dress. But the bed was delicious, with a spring mattress, and she was deep in sleep in ten minutes.

It seemed little longer before she awoke to a rapping at her door and the entrance of Miss Merridew with a tray, bearing tea, eggs and toast.

"It is nine o'clock, Miss Dene. I thought I ought to wake you, as it is so late."

Late? Clarice Dene laughed. She was not accustomed to rise before eleven, except for a rehearsal. She raised herself, pushing up the pillows behind her, and stretched her arms above her head lazily. Miss Merridew's night-dress had long sleeves and buttoned at the neck, but its present wearer had not fastened it, and her lovely white throat was exposed. Even without the artificial complexion that had been noticeable the evening before, Miss Merridew thought what a beautiful creature she was.

"And what a nice breakfast! I don't know how to thank you. I've had a ripping sleep, and you gave me your own room."

"The girls' rooms are so bare. I ran up and changed the sheets, but I hadn't time to clear away my things."

"So I see. I looked at the photos. That's a good-looking young chap in the middle."

"My brother. The photographs bring a bit of home here."

"Your—your brother?"

"You think he looks too young?" Miss Merridew smiled. "He's only my step-brother really; my mother married again when I was fifteen. He is sixteen years my junior."

"And an airman?"

"He's demobilized now and is in London." Miss Merridew's face changed as she spoke and Clarice looked at her sharply.

"Knocking about?"

"Yes"—there was a pause—"he came into a fortune from a godfather a few months ago and hasn't decided on a profession yet."

"Going on the bust a bit, I suppose." Clarice's voice had a sort of eagerness.

"I'm rather afraid—in fact, I've heard—he isn't as steady as I should like."

"And you're awfully fond of him?"

Miss Merridew did not answer, but her

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eyes filled. Clarice, who had begun to eat, laid down her toast, and stretching out a hand laid it on the worker's wrist.

"Don't worry," she said, "it'll be all right; the boys will do it." Miss Merridew turned away, then, after a few questions as to her visitor's needs, left the room.

Clarice finished her meal and made her toilet. When she came down she was rouged and powdered and filled the sitting-room with a strong whiff of scent. Miss Merridew, who was writing at her bureau, rose.

"Well, this is good-bye," said Clarice. "I see I'm nearly opposite the station. I wish I'd known that last night—I mean about this place, and I'd have come straight here. Goodness knows what I paid that infernal taxi man."

"Can I lend you any money?" asked Miss Merridew diffidently.

"Goodness, no! Got heaps with me luckily. I'm going to give you a fiver for my lodging. I suppose, like all your religious shows, you can do with it."

"Indeed we can. But it is far too generous."

"I want to do it." Again there was that strange eagerness. "I'm so awfully sorry for all these poor devils you try to help. It seems to me they get a precious poor run for their money."

"To lose the soul and not even gain this world—" Miss Merridew broke off suddenly. She remembered much that she had heard of the notorious Clarice Dene, and it struck her the position was a curious one. By all appearance *she* had gained the world as she stood there in her expensive furs, with jewelled hands fingering the sheaf of notes. But the worker took them gratefully. Who was she that she should judge, she thought, and it was a kind impulse and a grateful one that had prompted the gift.

Within two hours Clarice was standing in the drawing-room of her flat, listening impatiently to the voluble account of her French maid's fears and alarms at her mistress's non-return. Then she displayed a huge bunch of exquisite roses that "*ce petit monsieur*," who had called twice last night, had brought. Clarice cut her short and dispatched her out on an errand. Then she

sat down and fell into deep thought. She was roused by the call of her telephone, and went to attend to it.

"Hallo!"

"That you, Clarice?"

"Right-o, Monty."

"What about dinner to-night? Eight o'clock at the Troc."

"Nothing doing. Off to-night out of town for a week. Good-bye."

She had made short work of this would-be host, and after a short pause she rang up another number and waited.

"Hallo! Miss Dene?" It was a young and eager voice this time.

"That you, Basil? Yes."

"I say, what *did* happen last night? I wanted to see you and your maid expected you. Was there an accident? Are you all right?"

"Right as rain. Missed my train. Couldn't get back and had to put up in a place called Pandbury. Thanks for the roses, but don't come round."

"I *must* see you. Why mayn't I come?"

"Look here, dear boy, I hate saying it, but you are *not* to come. It's off. I'm going out of town in ten minutes' time, and I am not going to see you again."

"*What?* You can't mean it, Clarice. I should shoot myself!"

"No, you won't. You are too good a sort. That's why. I am in earnest—it is *off*, I tell you. Go down and see your people and forget me, and don't write. I shall send the letters back if you do. Good-bye, dear boy. It is best; on my word it is."

Then she rang off. Stringent measures, but Clarice Dene was not one to do good or ill by halves.

She rang up her manager and gave him her address, then, on her maid's return, had a suit-case packed, and was at Brighton by the evening.

It was for the sake of a little woman who had been kind to her that Clarice Dene, world-worn and unscrupulous, had broken with the boy who was ready to waste and spoil his life for her sake. The tears she had seen in the sister's eyes haunted her as she travelled down in the express, and something not unlike a tear dimmed her own.



The Call for Christian Unity

Is Reunion Desirable?

By

Herbert D. Williams

This is simply the expression of one opinion on a matter of vital importance. I welcome the candid criticism of all readers. See note at end.

A BEAUTIFUL vision is at present filling the minds of many good people in England and throughout the world: the vision of a reunited Church. The pains and horrors of five years of World War have been distressing to all mankind, but particularly humiliating to Christian people because the strife was one between fellow-Christians, and because organized Christianity was so powerless to stop it. Now that the war is over there is a very natural yearning for a world-peace: not merely of nations, but of Christians.

The idea of Christian reunion has come forth once more to stir the imagination and inspire the action of followers of Christ.

If only we were united! If only we were one great body working in unison and power, what could we not accomplish!

This wistful desire has laid hold, not simply of the visionaries and saints, but of the officials of the churches, and has resulted not merely in vague resolutions, but in more or less definite proposals.

The Lambeth Appeal

Chief among these is the "Appeal to all Christian People"—a document of great importance and historic interest which was issued by the Lambeth Conference of Anglican Bishops after its gathering last summer.

For its sincerity, courage, earnestness and goodwill, this document is worthy of all praise. It opens with the important statement that "we acknowledge all those who believe in our Lord Jesus Christ, and have been baptized into the name of the Trinity, as sharing with us membership in the universal Church of Christ which is the Body." From this significant admission, it goes on to declare:

"We believe that God wills fellowship. By God's own act this fellowship was made in and through Jesus Christ, and its life is in His Spirit. We believe that it is God's purpose to manifest this fellowship, so far as this world is concerned,

in an outward, visible, and united society, holding one faith, having its own recognized officers, using God-given means of grace, and inspiring all its members to the world-wide service of the Kingdom of God. This is what we mean by the Catholic Church."

It deplores the divisions of the past, and urges that the time has come for all the separated groups of Christians to agree in forgetting the things which are behind, and reaching out towards the goal of a reunited Catholic Church.

"The vision which rises before us is that of a Church, genuinely Catholic, loyal to all Truth, and gathering into its fellowship all 'who profess and call themselves Christians,' within whose visible unity all the treasures of faith and order, bequeathed as a heritage by the past to the present, shall be possessed in common, and made serviceable to the whole Body of Christ. Within this unity Christian Communions now separated from one another would retain much that has long been distinctive in their methods of worship and service. It is through a rich diversity of life and devotion that the unity of the whole fellowship will be fulfilled."

Vague but Cordial

The means which are to bring about such a mighty consummation are vague—perhaps necessarily so—but the Bishops suggest as a means to that end, "terms of union having been otherwise satisfactorily adjusted," they and their clergy would not object to receiving from the authorities of the other uniting bodies "a form of commission or recognition"—which would—"commend our ministry to their congregations"—the ministers in the other denominations to reciprocate by accepting "a commission through episcopal ordination."

The document contains a reasoned appeal for an Episcopate—an appeal which certainly will be considered with greater sympathy now than, say, ten years ago, for many of the Free Churches are of themselves moving in the direction of setting up "bishops" or "overseers."

Naturally enough, an appeal of this weight and authority deserves the closest

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and most cordial consideration, and this it is receiving from the various ecclesiastical authorities it concerns. The Federal Council of the Evangelical Free Churches of England, for instance, has acknowledged the receipt of the Appeal, and has set up a committee representative of the constituent churches to report on it. The Congregational Union considered it at the Autumnal Meeting, and the National Free Church will discuss the matter at their meetings in March. Whilst appreciating the tone of the Appeal, the Free Church Federal Council frankly says that there are fundamental provisions in the proposals which do not command its assent, but that they would be willing to discuss them with representatives of the Anglican Communion in order that no misapprehension may exist as to their meaning.

So far so good. The vision is a splendid one, the spirit is good, the atmosphere right. What will be the outcome?

The Issues Involved

Lest any of my readers should be too sanguine of seeing immediate practical results it would be well to state that the Bishops' Appeal, whilst admirable as far as it goes, leaves in obscurity most of the issues involved in actual, corporate reunion. True, in Australia, Canada, on the mission field, the problem presents fewer difficulties, in so far as the historical background is less involved. In South India, for instance, actual reunion is taking place, and it is not too much to look forward to one united National Church of India in the near future. But England? And Scotland?

A sidelight on what actually is involved in reunion is thrown by the Report of the Lambeth Conference Committee on Reunion—more especially that section dealing with Reunion with Episcopal Churches.* There is, for instance, the record of the negotiations between the Anglican Church and the Moravians, which has been going on since 1897. The matter came to a head in 1908, when the Anglican authorities agreed to joint Consecration of Bishops of the *Unitas* (Moravians) provided, among other things:

"The Synods of the *Unitas* (a) are able to give sufficient assurance of Doctrinal agreement with ourselves in all essentials (as we believe that they will be willing and able to do); and (b)

* The Lambeth Conference, Encyclical Letter, p. 156. (S.P.C.K. 1920, 2s.)

are willing to explain its position as that of a religious community or missionary body in close alliance with the Anglican Communion; and (c) are willing to accord a due recognition to the position of our Bishops within Anglican Dioceses and jurisdictions; and (d) are willing to adopt a rule as to the administration of Confirmation more akin to our own."

However the Moravians do not even yet seem to have been able to satisfy the Anglican authorities on the provisions (b) and (c). But an even greater stumbling block has been discovered in (d), as it now appears that Moravians permit deacons to celebrate Holy Communion, and also to administer Confirmation. This is how the matter stood in 1914. In 1920 the committee state "it is, in our opinion, impossible for any such action to take place as is contemplated in the resolution so long as the present practice of the Moravians in regard to the celebration of the Holy Communion and the administration of Confirmation by deacons remains unchanged."

Lions in the Path

Now if celebration of Holy Communion by deacons among the Moravians is a fatal bar to reunion with the Church of England, it is to be feared that there is not much hope of a workable scheme being arranged with other Free Churches, where even laymen are occasionally allowed, as a matter of principle, to officiate. Confirmation, too, would beg the whole question with the Baptists. The Quakers, in any case, would seemingly have little chance!

Similar difficulties seem to have presented themselves with the Reformed Episcopal Church—a tiny body working in England since 1866. This body makes claim to an Episcopal succession—which the Anglicans cannot accept.

A proposal from the Reformed Episcopal authorities involving reordination as a prelude to union is, on consideration, turned down by the Anglican authorities. The committee explain that:

"they feel it necessary to point out that evidence has been before them that the standard of qualifications for the ministry in the Reformed Episcopal Church is such that it would not be easy for us to take any action with regard to the body corporately. Difficulties would arise in individual cases which in so small a body might assume serious proportions. There are also matters such as the nature of their trust deeds and the character of their Prayer Book, which might easily lead to complications. We think therefore that it is not desirable to enter into negotiations with the body as a whole. But

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as the experience of the last few years has shown that a tendency exists in both ministers and congregations of the Reformed Episcopal Church to apply for reunion with the Church of England, we recommend that such applications should be, wherever possible, sympathetically treated, and that if the minister satisfies our standards intellectually as well as in other ways, he should be ordained *sub conditione*; and that if the practical difficulties in the way of congregations joining us can be overcome, they should be received on the condition that as loyal English Church people they accept the Book of Common Prayer in place of the book now in use in the Reformed Episcopal Church."

Perhaps this is the only practicable method of reunion in the case of such a small body—but it is a reunion based on absolute surrender!

Is reunion desirable?

On the face of it one instinctively says, yes. But mature consideration might not confirm such an unqualified verdict. Please do not mistake me. Divisions, jealousies, ill-feeling, lack of co-operation between Christian people are to be deeply regretted. And the spirit which has inspired the Bishops' Appeal should open a new era in the relations between the Churches.

The Real Differences

But what *really* are the differences between the Churches?

Take a little country parish. The difference between the Established Church and the two or three Nonconformist places of worship is not a question of the Apostles' Creed. Primarily the difference is a social one: the "best" people go to the Established churches, and if you attend the Wesleyan you may be "cut" socially.

In the next place, the difference is the intangible one of "atmosphere" as much as anything. Just picture the points of difference as presented to the ordinary layman. In the Church of England, there is a quiet, reverent air about the proceedings, the people come early and *kneel* during the prayers. The service is liturgical, the Psalms are chanted in rotation, the sermon is short and simple, the hymns are from "Hymns Ancient and Modern."

In the Nonconformist Church down the street, the congregation is not so punctual, nearly half of it comes in after the first hymn is announced, no one rises when the minister (who wears a frock coat, but no surplice) ascends the rostrum. The choir is a "mixed" one, the hymns, in the main, are different, as also are the tunes. The

prayers are extempore—their concern is less with princes and the High Court of Parliament, and more with the congregation there gathered. The petitions are fewer in number, but the "long" prayer is sometimes very long. The sermon, too, is more or less extempore, and is much longer than that of the Church of England. In quality it varies much more than does that of the clergy. Sometimes it is very poor, sometimes much better than that of the sermon in the Established Church. Almost always it is more ambitious—often less practical.

At the close of the service the congregation does not remain standing until the minister has gone; often as not, the minister hurries to the exit and shakes hands with the people as they leave. There is far more talking than at the lobby of the Established Church. People shake hands very freely, discuss the sermon and local gossip.

Questions of Temperament

You may say that these are very trivial differences; but they sum up the points which appeal to different people of different temperament. And worship is so often a matter of temperament, not of theology. Most members of the Free Churches hardly know if they differ theologically from the Established Church, nor do Churchmen know how much and in what way their beliefs differ from the Nonconformists. Or, rather, the differences in theology—and there are wide differences among the thinking members of the Churches—do not follow denominational divisions. There is more difference between, say, a High Churchman and a Low Churchman than there is between a Wesleyan and an Evangelical Churchman. A Presbyterian is, mostly, more "orthodox" than a "broad" Churchman.

There are differences in theology, and in order of church government; but, to the ordinary, non-clerical church-goer, the difference between the Churches is not one of creeds, but of social position, of prestige, of liturgy, of custom—even of hymns. One type of service appeals to one type of mind—it leaves another cold.

Now, presuming that the Bishops' vision of one united organic body were realized: supposing that the difficulties of reordination, creed, church government, were overcome; would the one united Church combine all the good qualities of all the differing systems? Would an "outward, visible and united society, holding one

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faith," without any rivals, be bent on progress, spirituality, the salvation of the world? Or would it atrophy?

Not a Matter of Mass Production

The whole point is: religion is intangible, salvation cannot be done by multiplication; you cannot create Christian character by "mass production" methods. True, the modern tendency towards combination is bound to affect the Church. Union is in the air, in business, in politics, in international affairs. And it is as well that it should.

Many of the Churches would be better for amalgamation. Many of the divisions between the Churches represent only the dead controversies of the past. The Churches could doubtless achieve far more if they were organized into fewer camps. They are realizing this in many quarters. In Australia and Canada, as in India, the historical differences do not exist, and union proceeds apace. In Scotland, where there are not even the differences of custom and temperament, the Presbyterians will soon be one united whole. In England, the three small Methodist bodies have formed a very efficient United Methodist Church, and now negotiations are going forward actively for amalgamation between them, the Primitive Methodists and the Wesleyans. Perhaps one day the Congregationalists and the Baptists will unite—there is no reason why they should not; this might, in time, lead to union with the English Presbyterians—a very advantageous arrangement one would think.

But this is a very different matter from one united unrivalled Church. A trust in religion might be as disastrous as a trust in corn; it would be a menace to thought and freedom. The story of the Roman Catholic Church illustrates the possibilities, and history has a way of repeating itself.

Is there not something unsound about the very basis of the appeal for a united Church?

"The causes of division lie deep in the past," say the Bishops, "and are by no means simple or wholly blameworthy. Yet none can doubt that self-will, ambition and lack of charity among Christians have been principal factors in the mingled process, and that these, together with blindness to the sin of disunion, are still mainly responsible for the breaches of Christendom."

No student of history can doubt that "self-will, ambition and lack of charity" have

played all too disastrous a part in the story of the growth of religious institutions. Bigotry, persecutions, obstinacy sadly mar the record of the past. Yet are these terrible sins the "principal factors in the mingled process"?

Would it not be kinder, wiser, truer to say that the great upheavals in religious history have been the result of a spirit of divine unrest that could not be bound by the narrow man-made laws and institutions of the times?

This unrest has manifested itself sometimes in strange and uncouth ways. At Pentecost it was even attributed to drink. It has often caused division and strife, a sword rather than peace; but it has been the pain of new creation rather than the bitterness of death. The human element has mingled freely with the divine, the error and the truth have grown strangely side by side. In religion, as in science and philosophy, there has had to be much destruction of old lumber before the truth could be set free, and the process has not been without some heart-burning.

Not Machinery, but Inspiration

The Church is not a financial trust, nor is religion a thing of rules and regulations. Rather, it is a thing of inspiration; it defies the efforts of man to chain it, it appears in unexpected times and unusual places. It is like the spring torrent of some mountain spate—rushing down to the haunts of man, overflowing the narrow channels that would hem it in, sweeping away the barriers that would curb its power. Or, to change the picture, God's message to man, the divine impetus in the heart of human beings, comes like molten metal, hot from the cauldron of life. Men put it into moulds, where it hardens, becomes set, alters its nature, grows immovable. And the stamp and image that represents the truth to one generation does not satisfy the next: the metal has to be returned to the foundry for re-melting, so that once more it may issue forth, purified, flaming, molten, moving.

An Impossible Vision

The vision of "a Church, genuinely Catholic, loyal to all Truth, within whose visible unity all the treasures of faith and order, bequeathed as a heritage by the past to the present, shall be possessed in common, and made serviceable to the whole

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Body of Christ," is an impossible one. Its very perfection would spell immobility, its catholicity inertia. It does not allow for progress, for the further hammering out of new truths.

The danger of a United Catholic Church is that new thought and new truth would not have room to move within its walls. Uniformity and inspiration do not go well together. Mass production can produce motor cars, but it fails to grow souls.

A Real Step Forward

If, therefore, we frankly acknowledge that a single, indivisible Church would be a doubtful blessing, are we to dismiss lightly the outstretched hand of the Bishops, and the spirit that lies behind it?

By no means.

"We believe that God wills fellowship," say the Bishops, and, happily, there is a real and a royal way to fellowship open to all of us. Take a trifling example. In the little village in which I live the vicar does not "know" the Wesleyan minister as they pass one another in the street. It would be a very short cut to Christian fellowship if one or other of them would cross over the road and shake hands. It seems very simple and straightforward, and so far I do not see that it breaks any of the rules or rubrics of the Church. And in essence, such an act is more vital to Christian fellowship than the institution of a uniform way of administering the communion or the adoption of a common formula respecting creeds. Let vicar and minister walk arm-in-arm down our village street, and I warrant it would do more for the promotion of Christian fellowship than reordination.

Of course I am not so ignorant as to be unaware that, in many of the broader walks of life, such fellowship is already an accomplished fact. In France, during the war, denominational differences counted for very little indeed, and on the mission field patronage and stand-offishness are rarely known. The ordinary "man in the street" takes little note of these fine shades of difference. Says the Lambeth Committee Report: "These wounds of the Church of Christ are very deep and very stiff with time

and controversy. They cannot be quickly healed." But brought out into the open, when faced with the vast problems of industrial life, or the indifference and misery of heathen millions, these wounds do not seem so very important.

Nothing to Stop Co-operation

The fact of the matter is, it is more power that is wanted, rather than more fellowship.

If religious thought and energy were so quick and vital in the Churches, if the organism were functioning aright, these little, petty partitions would not matter at all; there is nothing to stop Christian communions from co-operating at once, if they wish to. There would be room for all the Churches if they were all alive, and it is precisely where they are most alive—on the mission field, for example—that they feel their differences the least. The world at the present time wants not so much a united Church, as an effective Church—it wants a message of hope rather than a complex organization. As the Bishops themselves say: "Humanity has suffered long years, and, for all its expenditure of blood and treasure, has been 'nothing bettered' but is rather grown worse, and is now feeling dimly for the hem of His garment by whose power alone it may be made whole."* If someone can lead it to this power it will not stop to ask if the ministry has the "proper authority of the whole body." It will listen and be grateful. But if the Church, however united, cannot find the answer to the problems that are puzzling mankind, the people will turn to the Spiritualists, the Christian Scientists, the Theosophists—to H. G. Wells, or anyone else who has a message, authorized or unauthorized.

The human mind is sore puzzled and plagued, it is sick of warfare, disillusionized of peace, doubtful of authority, disinclined to trust. It is critical and restless, but it deeply needs solace, guidance, comfort. To the Church that can give these, to the ministry that can comfort and re-inspire, there is awaiting a rich harvest.

* Page 51, Encyclical Letter.

Opinions are invited from all interested in this question. A cheque for £2 2s. will be paid to the reader sending in the best letter. Address, The Editor, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4, before January 24, marking envelope "Reunion."



"Gilbert seized the chance thus offered. 'I want to talk to you,' said he under his breath to Charis"—p. 220

Illustrated by
D. Desmar. B.L.S.

Serial Story

GEORGE STRACHAN'S HEIRS

by
Mrs Baillie Reynolds

CHAPTER XII

In Teesdale

DEAR CLEM,—Your letter sounds horribly like a threat. You say that you have discovered my alias and will set detectives to trace me. But what, conceivably, could you gain by that? I imagine that it would not be hard to find me. And afterwards—what? You talk as if you could have me arrested, or brought to justice. But you *can't!* I have done nothing except try to put myself out of reach of your opportunity; and I only did that after warning you very plainly.

"Let me write down once more, in so many words, my unalterable decision. *I will not marry you*—ever. I know I have taken back my word. I know we were engaged, and I have ended the engagement. I am ashamed of myself, but I don't regret what I did. You talk as if I had broken a marriage vow. Nothing of the kind. I have merely changed my mind before it was too late.

"I am quite certain Dad does not—cannot—know how you are behaving; unless you have got hold of Bertalda and enlisted her help to coerce the poor old man, as you have tried to coerce me! So far, I have not distressed him by telling him what you are making me endure; but I advise you gravely—don't push me too far.

"In a word, you have got to take me seriously. I am altogether in earnest. I am by no means destitute (as you suggest)

of family feeling. I would do a great deal to keep the property together; but I stop short of making myself an Iphienia. It is not solely selfishness which moves me—it is partly of you that I think; for if I were miserable in marriage, I should inevitably make you miserable too. You and I could never live together. Though we are of the same blood, your country is not my country, neither are your gods my gods. So please, Clem, don't annoy me any more, otherwise I may take steps which you will regret very much.—Your affectionate cousin, CHARIS OSBOURNE."

Miss Garth laid down her pen and sighed. She sat in that historic room in the King's Head, Barnard Castle, which is known as the Dickens room; and as it was Wednesday, which as all the world knows is market-day in "Barney," she gazed out over a scene of lively activity.

To her right the market house, where sat the farmers' wives, in from the Dales with their butter, cheese, poultry and eggs, was like a swarming hive, with busy customers popping in and out of every entrance. Before her, the long, narrow, uneven market-square was choked in the centre with every kind of vehicle, chiefly dog-carts and governess carts, but with a good sprinkling of "Fords," all lying idle while their owners bought and sold, ate and drank, or visited their lawyer and their bank. Had she known it, she was close to the scene of a wonderful war-feat; for it was here, in this

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market-place, that a young and beautiful girl, during the war, "carried on" a solicitor's business for a dead father and absent brother. In those days, the hard-bitten farmers of the Dale found a pretext most market-days to "look in" upon their legal adviser! But that is another story.

Charis was alone in the Dickens room. She had begged to be left to finish Strachan's correspondence, while the others went to investigate the market, to photograph the Norman door of the church, and to see the celebrated "Blagrove's House," where Cromwell lay one historic night.

Her business done, she had seized the chance to indite the letter here given; and she had barely finished, stamped and sealed it, when rapid footsteps were heard approaching, and Major Doran peeped in.

"Miss Garth—I'm sent to bring you to the castle! Come along—you must see it—the view along the Tees is simply topping!"

The summons brought her back to the present moment in welcome fashion. Gladly she turned her thoughts from disagreeable preoccupations, and catching up her hat from the table, stood before the mirror to pin it on.

Doran, watching the performance, was approving the hat and its wearer. Since quitting the repressive influence of Streatwood and Mrs. Cranstoun-Brown, Charis had insensibly slackened slightly in her restraint, and ceased consciously to play the part of a salaried employee. "I'm just ready," she said joyously. "Will you collect that package of letters, please? We will put them in the box as we go down! What a gay old town this is, isn't it?"

"I expect it's not always as brisk as it is on market-days," said the Major, "but for natural beauty of situation, I know few towns to beat it. Have you a sunshade to protect that dinky hat? Come along!"

Together they issued into the sunny market-place, but turning immediately to their left, passed under the Inn, through what were once the outer courts of the mighty fortress built by Bernard de Balliol, to the entrance of the poor, yet majestic remnant now standing. The rest of the party were awaiting them within the keep itself, where Sheila Varick, who was a great amateur photographer, was busy obtaining a snapshot of the raging river and high woods from the window. Gilbert Brown was helping her—he was a man who could do most things with his hands—and he had an

unerring eye for the best view-point. Sheila was looking sweet, in her dainty linen gown, her face flushed with the interest and pleasure of the moment. For the last few years she had had no heart for life—no force for the gaiety natural to her; now, for the first time since her widowhood, this was returning.

"Ha!" said she, "here come Norman and Miss Garth! I really think that is a case, you know."

"Oh?" said Gilbert in his non-committal fashion.

"Well—look at him! And think of his usual manner with girls! I couldn't believe it at first."

"Why, because you thought he would look higher?"

"No, because I undervalued his taste," said she mischievously. "Miss Garth's style is a bit subtle you know. I should not have felt certain of Norman's appreciating her."

"Would you be pleased, then, if—"

"If he had strength of mind to let it be known in Streatwood that he had succumbed to a nobody with nothing—speaking as the world speaks? Well, then, yes! I should. It would be very good for Norman to have to go through such an ordeal; and also I think very good for him to have a wife of such a calibre."

"You call her—subtle?"

"Well—don't you?"

"I'm no judge—of anything."

"Sorry to hear that. Have I then no grounds for pride when you praise my photographs?"

"I'm afraid not. I have no standards. I only know what I like."

"Your saying that shows that you might acquire standards?"

"Perhaps. But it's a long business. I expect I awoke too late—"

"Awake?"

"—and the atmosphere at Redmays is not stimulating to intellectual effort."

Mrs. Varick laughed, a delicious gurgling laugh, and looked at Gilbert with deep interest.

"It isn't exactly *intellect* that you have," said she musingly. "It's character. I think you are remarkable."

"So I am. Remarkably commonplace. I sometimes think I'm more like a whetstone than anything else—something for other people to sharpen their wits upon."

Her reply to this was lost in the sound of the advancing party, who now surged up the

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stairs from the guard-room, all of them talking at once.

"Mrs. Varick," said Strachan, "no more photography for the minute, please. You are coming with me to the top of the tower."

"Of course I am, you irresistible man! Or to the moon if you should so order it! Where," she went on as she followed him up the stair, "has your High Mightiness arranged for us to go this afternoon?"

"I have planned that we will go where you choose. But since the world is wide, I have taken the precaution of collecting a few alternatives to set before you. Ah—now! What do you think of that for a prospect?"

They had emerged from the narrow ascent in the thickness of the wall, to where the roofless, broken keep stands open to the day, with a few more pathetic steps, leading on, leading no whither. Strachan seated Mrs. Varick upon the topmost one and with a sweep of his arm bade her look around.

"The world," said she, with a sigh of pleasure, "is indeed wide."

There lay before her on the one hand the rolling slopes which run down toward the plain of York and the industrial towns. Beneath, the tumbling, rocky Tees was caught in the teeth of one black, wicked-looking mill before it streamed under the arches of the massive Tudor bridge which spans it just at the foot of Bernard's stronghold. Far away north and west, the blue lines of the Pennines lifted like a heaving sea.

Strachan stared at the river. "I saw it once, in spate—don't ask me how many years ago. I was a little lad at the time. That year, the flood entered and destroyed some old slum houses that used to stand over there. It came down so sharply that it caught a man with a horse and cart upon the bridge itself. I didn't see that happen. . . . On the parapet of that same bridge is a dab of colour—red colour—which they renew every year, to mark the place where one dark night a man flung his sweetheart into the river and drowned her. . . . As you may have heard Vee reading out of the guide-book just now, the spectre of Richard the Third is supposed to haunt this castle. That window, with no chamber behind it, overlooking the river, was the window of his room. They say a light burns there, times, after dark. . . . When I was a boy I would slink out, nights, in hopes I would see that

ghastly glimmer. I never did. But there was an old man lived in Barney then, who swore to me that he had seen it."

"You make me feel the spell of the place," murmured Sheila, looking at him very sweetly. "I do like touring with you."

"I little thought then that I would one day be back here, with money enough to buy the borough," he mused on, aloud. "I longed for money then; and I have got it. But"—his voice broke oddly—"I have lost all the rest."

"I too," said Sheila heavily; and she laid warm, sympathetic fingers over his.

"Ah, but you are young—life is before you yet. I have made my throw, and lost it."

"Yet you're brave and unselfish enough to give others a pleasure which you can't altogether share."

"I will own, Mrs. Varick, that just now I am finding virtue to a very considerable extent its own reward," he broke in, with his twinkling glance of humour.

"Oh!" cried she suddenly, "look at Mr. Cranstoun-Brown! Is it safe?"

Strachan glanced up. Gilbert and Miss Garth were making the circuit of the keep, walking upon the broken masonry. He smiled.

"I don't think there's any danger, so long as one has a good head."

The Brown girls and the other two men, were, however, of Mrs. Varick's opinion, and a chorus of cries arose, Doran shouting to Gilbert rather peevishly, not to allow Miss Garth to take risks.

"There's no question of permission, thanks, Major," cried Charis airily. "I do as I choose."

"On the contrary, Signorina," said Strachan in a carrying voice, "you do as I choose."

"Oh, yes! I acknowledge *your* authority, of course!"

"Good! Then run around as many towers as you choose, while you are still young and cool-headed."

"Such tosh! No danger at all," muttered Gilbert, giving her a hand down to the tiny gallery in which the rest of them were crowded.

"Is this afternoon's expedition decided?" inquired Morrison, of Strachan.

"Well, Mrs. Varick hasn't yet given the word Go; but the suggestion before her is that the cars take us up the Durham side of the Tees to the gate leading to High Ship-

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ley, said to have been a hunting-lodge of James II. There you shall see the bedstead upon which, so says tradition, the royal limbs reposed. After that, following the grass-tide which was once the avenue of approach to the house, we will cross the Tees and ascend the bank, past Wodenscroft, to the Fairy Cupboards. There I trust we shall find Horn with the tea-baskets; and thence we will motor home."

Mrs. Varick sighed with bliss. "What a courier you would have made! And what an abode of enchantment this neighbourhood seems to be! Mysterious lights in ruins—royal bedsteads—and what, oh, tell us, what are Fairy Cupboards?"

"They are, I am told, the result of the grinding together of stone and water. A big stone is washed down into a recess by the force of the current, and cannot escape, so it grinds round and round until it grinds itself a hole—like those moulins they show you in Lucerne."

"Would Fairy Cupboards be good places in which to store valuables, I wonder?" said Gilbert dreamily, speaking to nobody in particular.

"Let's try!" cried Vee. "We will each deposit a treasured wish in one of the Cupboards, and see what the fairies do with it!"

"They are presumably Norse fairies," chimed in Morrison, "so near to Woden's Croft, and Thor's Gill—"

"And just at the mouth of Baldur's Dale," eagerly put in Charis. "The Danes must have taken possession pretty thoroughly in Teesdale."

"The place is chock-full of history, right along," said the gratified Strachan. "I felt sure you would all like it."

"Cousin George, don't let us be in too great a hurry to get to Aunt Nicholson's," entreated Vee. "Time enough to arrive when this weather breaks."

"Well, it seems your aunt can't do with us just yet awhile," was the reply, as he took a letter from his pocket. "Their house is verrry small, they can only put up myself and the two girls. The rest of you must go to the Inn at Fratton Beck, and they have no room for us there for a full week."

"Good biz!" cried everybody, in a kind of chorus.

"And so says all of us!" sang Vee, as a move was made for evacuating the Keep. The others took up the refrain, and a smile of real pleasure and gratification mantled the face of the millionaire, as, in the grassy

court below, he bowed his acknowledgments.



The afternoon proved as cloudlessly fair as the morning had been; and the river valley was at its most bewitching as they descended, through a steep green wood, to the boulder-strewn curve of shore where Horn the chauffeur with the tea-hampers awaited them.

The young men took off their shoes and waded over the shelf-like rocks to obtain a better view of the curious pot-holes known as Fairy Cupboards; which really are a good deal like the aumbries one finds in old church walls. Vee and Charis both followed their example, to the annoyance of Phyllis, who suffered badly from corns, and could not show her feet. Poor Phyllis! She would have died rather than admit how hard she found it to fit in with the rest of the party. Like her mother, she had no sense of humour, and, could she have found someone to sentimentalize with her, would sooner have used these romantic spots as excuses for flirtation. She made the attempt in turn with all the gentlemen of the party, only to be met with what she described to herself as "that eternal ragging."

In full hearing of Miss Garth, she told Veronica that she was ashamed of her—messing about like a tripper; and was vexed that the secretary gave no sign of either hearing or heeding what she said.

Vee merely retorted that she was in the same happy position as Mr. Albert Henry Bivvens, having been given leave to paddle by her Daddy Strachan; and as Phyllis was the sole member of the party who did not know her "Just-so Stories," she once more felt herself isolated and aggrieved.

"I say, Miss Garth, you've left your shoes and stockings in rather a damp place!" called Doran.

"Please put them into safety for me," cried back the girl, who had ventured right across the river, with the help of Gilbert. The Major daintily picked up the heap of feminine trifles—a little bag, gloves, foot-wear and handkerchief. A puff of air caught the latter and blew it upon Colonel Morrison's knee, as he sat by Sheila Varick.

"Who's the owner of this very pretty thing?" he asked, picking it up. "Ah! Initials in the corner here: C. O. Which of us does that fit, eh?"

"It's Miss Garth's handkerchief," said the

Major, clambering over to him to reclaim it.

Morrison whistled softly. A curious look crossed his face, and he arched his brows. "Bit of a give away, that," he murmured.

"What's the matter?" asked Sheila in a low voice, arrested by his expression.

"Well, Madame, I'm afraid I can't tell you. It's a very curious bit of confirmation of a suspicion I have had ever since the beginning of this tour. I'm wondering whether, though I mustn't tell you, I ought to feel myself bound to tell somebody else."

"I'm half dead with curiosity—but, Colonel, I tell you plainly—if you say or do anything to disturb the harmony of this party, I'll never forgive you!"

"Precisely my own feeling. Especially since the young lady in question is not, so far as I know, trying to hide anything to her own discredit. If I'm right about her—and I'm practically certain I am—it's exactly the contrary. . . . So I believe, for the present, I'll let things slide—shall I?"

CHAPTER XIII

Changing Partners

EARLY summer is the hey-day of the north. The wealth of wild-flowers, the carpets of primrose and bluebell in the woods, the white mist of bird-cherry and hawthorn bloom, made it seem an enchanted land.

Charis was finding the days quite unexpectedly agreeable. Major Doran, his sister, and the Colonel, were all interesting—the Major amusing, the Colonel cultivated, and Mrs. Varick witty. Gilbert Brown was taciturn, but when he spoke it was to the point; while Veronica, though jarring at times, was occasionally almost brilliant. In short, the fly in the ointment was the elder Miss Brown; and she, never intentionally comic, was unintentionally so, in the persistent clumsiness with which she set herself to woo George Strachan, the object of her attentions being not only un-



"Miss Garth—I'm sent to bring you to the castle! Come along—you must see it!"—p. 210

*Drawing by
J. Dewar Milne*

conscious of them, but also the sole member of the party who remained so.

He thought Phyllis a good sort of girl, stupid, and somewhat outclassed by the nimble wits of the others; and in his anxiety that she should not feel out of it, there was, it must be owned, some emphasis laid upon the distinguished kindness which he showed her; and this, in her conceit, she accepted as a sign that he meant to make her his wife.

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Looking upon him as her own property, she was resenting, every day more definitely, the tender kind of intimacy which existed, beyond doubt, between Strachan and his secretary. Phyllis told herself that he would be altogether hers were it not for the machinations of Miss Garth. She never lost a chance of snubbing or contradicting Charis, often in the hearing of the others.

Her venom grew each hour more difficult to hide, as each completed day of their tour found her still short of the goal it was so essential she should reach. One morning, Vee, opening a letter from their mother, took out an enclosure, glanced at the address, and tossed it across the breakfast-table to Phyllis, with a meaning glance.

"Look out, Phyl," said she warily. "I wonder Ma didn't open that."

Phyl, with one of her deep, purplish blushes, took the letter and stuffed it into her little bag. "Nonsense," said she tartly.

"Well, I advise you to do something about it," returned Vee in an irritating manner; and Charis wondered what was behind. The commercial-shaped envelope seemed to contain a bill.

All that day, Phyllis stuck to her cousin with a persistence which at last wearied even his good temper.

"Try," said he to Charis after lunch, "to get Phyl put into the other car for a change, will you? I have had her company ever since I got up this morning, and I'm about through with her. She's a good enough girl, but it's like carrying about a tame echo—ditto to everything I say. Wearisome."

It was so seldom his patience gave out, that Charis determined it should be as he desired. But she got no opening to make the suggestion, though she was occupied with schemes for bringing it about. At last, finding that she was powerless single-handed to detach the devoted follower, she determined to apply to Gilbert for help. They were spending the day in Richmond, had lunched at the hotel, and were making the round of the castle ruins.

They had all crowded into the diminutive chapel in the outer wall, where is still the stone slab which once served for an altar, and the remains of the carving above the arched seats around the wall. Gilbert lingered within when the rest emerged, studying the light; and Charis seized her chance.

"Mrs. Varick," he was remarking, "wants this photographed; but there's no light. It would need a longish time-exposure."

"Offer to do it for her," murmured the girl quickly, "I'll stay and help. I want to ask you something."

He raised his eyes to hers with the steady, earnest look he always gave her; and after a just perceptible moment in which he let her wish sink in, as it were, he said quietly: "Right. I'll fetch the tripod."

When he returned, bringing the camera, she sat niched in one of the arched recesses.

"I'd like a picture of you there—like that," he remarked, in contemplation; and his face was that of a votary.

"No—not here," she cut in quickly. "Don't spoil the dignity of this beautiful place like that."

He smiled with a quiet relish as he adjusted his instrument. "I like to watch your face when you are in these places," he said. "You are so far away. More than once I have addressed you and you haven't heard. I know you are back in the times when this place was in full going order."

"You know that? But how?"

"Set a thief to catch a thief. It's because I'm like that myself."

She laughed in triumph. "Aha! Then you can sympathize! But you are such a moderate minded person."

"Am I?"

"You seem so! Now I am conscious of a craving so violent that I'm quite ashamed of it, to glimpse one of these places as it used to be. . . . Those passage-ways in the wall, that now look out on vacancy. . . . think of the slinking, at dead of night, of some caitiff man-at-arms, on his way to show a signal light to the enemy! Or some trembling lady, thinking she heard the hoofs of her returning lord's steed in the great courtyard. . . . Oh, picture the gateway, humming with life—churls bringing in country produce—beggars, harpers, strolling players—pedlars with packs full of the materials for ladies' work. . . . and the great kitchen, where perhaps some captive enemy turned the spit—the good cheer, and heat and smoke and dirt. . . ."

"Yes, I have often thought of it," he said, "and of how different it all was, and yet how like to what goes on nowadays—"

She broke in: "Yes! Yes! That is it! They were so restricted, according to our thinking—I mean the women, of course—and yet they must have had a good deal of fun that we miss nowadays. If they had no theatres, on the other hand, few weeks passed without a company of strolling

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players, who gave a performance for their sole benefit! If there were no shops to which they could go, at least they had the amusement of having the shops come to them—and every pedlar brought news of what was happening miles and miles away! If the society was limited, at least you were never without it—every castle had its own retinue, every lady her maids of honour, every lord his knights. . . . Sometimes I think the feudal system came near to being the best form of government we have hit upon hitherto."

"But it would be of no use to try and restore it now—it's gone, never to return," said he slowly and somehow weightily, as though he were seriously considering the possibility.

"Ah, no use—to revive old customs thoroughly worn out, the souls of them fumed forth, the hearts of them torn out!"

"If one could buy an island," mused he. "An island about the size of Corsica—and start there—but I expect you are right—it would be only acting—self-conscious mimicry—like the modern efforts after simplicity and sandals—loathsome posing."

"Have you wanted the island?" she asked meditatively.

"Always. Some place where there was no hired army, but where every citizen must bear arms to defend his home if necessary. Oh, I'm a deplorable ass! I believe the division of labour is the root of all evil. I think it would be a better world if every man could lay bricks and carve wood and hunt game and teach Latin and make laws. . . ."

". . . And every woman could bake bread and spin wool and embroider, and sing and play and dance. . . . O reactionary!"

They laughed into each other's eyes.

"No lady secretaries," she suggested, "unless some maid attired herself as a youth and boldly went forth to seek her fortune!"

"Thanks," he replied drily, "that decides it. No world for me in which there are no lady secretaries."

"Do you know we are talking regrettable nonsense," said Charis hastily, "and time is slipping by, and I forgot that I decoyed you here to try and get something out of you—to ask you to contrive something for me—."

"Right-o! What is it?" he asked tranquilly, accepting the change of subject.

"Mr. Strachan wants a change of lady in his car," said she. "I fancy he thinks Mrs.

Varick would like to be invited to sit by him for the afternoon. That place has belonged to Miss Cranstoun-Brown ever since we started, and I want you to devise some way of achieving this without hurting her feelings. Could you persuade Major Doran to invite her to come with him? She would like that, but I don't feel that I dare ask him. Yet it has been left to me—I feel I ought to do it if I can."

"It needs doing," said Gilbert bluntly. "Phyllis is making herself and Strachan ridiculous. If it isn't stopped she will begin to believe the car belongs to her. I'll see to it."

"Without hurting her feelings?" earnestly put in Charis. "I am sure she has no idea that she is monopolizing her host unduly—but Mr. Strachan realizes he has a duty to the rest of the party."

"Leave it to me," was the reply; hardly uttered before the careful Phyllis, who had been strictly enjoined by her mamma never to allow flirtation between Gilbert and Miss Garth, ran into the chapel, and had to be forcibly caught and held by her brother to prevent the ruin of a photo.

"What a blundering donkey you are, Phyl!" was his fraternal amenity, to which she replied:

"Blundering donkey yourself! What are you about here in this dark hole? The others are leaving—they couldn't think what had become of you."

"Keep to facts. Mrs. Varick knew I was here. I am doing this job for her."

"Well, but I mean Miss Garth. Does she know she is keeping Mr. Strachan waiting?"

The girl's manner was full of insolence, and the fact that Charis made no move upon receiving this news added annoyance.

"If you had heard what Mr. Strachan said just now about your being out of the way when you were wanted," said she, "you might hurry a little. You've got a delightful post, Miss Garth—don't you want to keep it?"

Charis, who had stooped to tie a shoe-lace, and also partly to hide a smile, raised her face, devoid of expression, and stared steadily at Phyllis's brick-red countenance. "I beg your pardon," said she, as though she had not heard.

Meeting her calm eyes, Phyllis simply dared not repeat her impertinence. She grew still more scarlet and tossed her head.

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"Gilbert," said she, "you must come at once—it is so ill-bred to make people wait for you."

"Ah, you're an authority on breeding, aren't you?" was his ironic answer as he placed the cap upon the camera and put his watch back in his pocket.

Phyllis snorted and flounced away, enraged. Charis, watching her, felt sure that the girl had something on her mind.

When the camera was packed up Gilbert and she went their unhurried way towards the gate, reaching it before the rest of the party who were leisurely making the tour of the walls. Charis saw Gilbert go up to Major Doran and talk to him for a minute or two. Then she saw the Major approach Phyllis and evidently press her to come and sit by him in his car. He drove himself, Strachan's man having undertaken the cleaning of both cars, and the Major taking the chance to give his own chauffeur a holiday.

In the other car, by universal insistence, Strachan sat in the best place in the tonneau, facing forwards. Hitherto Phyllis had usurped the place beside him as if it were her right. She was evidently flattered, however, at Doran's invitation, and presently ran up to her cousin and cried that she was torn two ways—Major Doran said they were going up to Reeth, the loveliest drive in England, and he wanted to hear what she said at first sight of it. Would Cousin George forgive her desertion?

Cousin George cheerfully said that he thought it was far better to change partners than always to be seated the same way. "I have no right to monopolize you, my dear," said he kindly; "the young men should have a chance."

Phyllis turned up her eyes languishingly to him. "No young man could have a *real* chance where *you* are concerned," said she fatuously and not very felicitously. Strachan laughed outright, with his merry eyes fixed upon his secretary.

"My dear," said he as soon as Phyllis had moved away, "I am obliged to you. I will ask Mrs. Varick to sit in Phyllis's place and Colonel Morrison wants to sit with us and be amused. Vee has begged to sit by Horn, as he is teaching her to drive. But that will leave you and Gil to travel behind the Major and Phyllis."

"I shan't mind that," said Charis quickly; and afterwards wondered at herself that this was so.

CHAPTER XIV Phyllis and Finance

NEXT morning, during the half-hour set apart each day for Mr. Strachan to go through his letters with his secretary, he had occasion to send Miss Garth down to the sitting-room of the hotel, to search for a Canadian newspaper which he had mislaid. He was a little worried that morning—it seemed to him, judging from his correspondence, that things were not going as smoothly in Ontario as he had hoped might be the case in his absence.

His perturbation gave Charis an idea. She thought she saw her way to make a suggestion which would be advantageous at the same time to herself, to Gilbert Brown, and to Strachan. She knew that the sooner Gilbert was taken completely out of her way, the better for him. It would be much more comfortable for everybody if she could prevent things from coming to a point—if she could head off her big, blundering suitor without exposing him to the mortification of a refusal. She thought highly of the young man's common sense, and also of his honesty, and was confident that he could be of great use to his cousin if Strachan could be brought to see it.

Her mind was deeply occupied with this notion as she swiftly and silently entered the room. At that time of day the place was fairly certain to be empty; and she started, when, standing before the table which held the papers, she heard from behind the sound of a smothered but unmistakable sob.

Facing round, she saw Phyllis seated in a corner, behind a curtain, at a small writing-table. She was crouched together with her handkerchief to her eyes; and as she approached, Charis saw that a sheet of the hotel paper lay before her, and a let et which seemed to be the one her mother had sent on to her the previous day.

Charis was confirmed in her notion that something was wrong where this girl was concerned. All the previous day she had been in a state of unnatural, almost hectic excitement. During the entire forenoon she had flung herself openly and desperately at Strachan's head; and in the afternoon she had done the same to Major Doran. Poor Phyllis! She belonged to the class of girls—more numerous, than is realized—to whom any man who proposes is the right man. She was not entirely false, except in so far that she was self-deceived. The mere fact of a man's asking her to marry him would



"Who's the owner of this very pretty
thing?" he asked, picking it up" — 212

Drawn by
J. Deamer Mills

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persuade her that she adored him—would in fact probably be sufficient to *make* her adore him in a sort of rapture of gratitude for the time being. She had no deep feeling, but she imagined herself to be an extremely romantic, emotional being. Her mistakes were laughable, but they were also pitiable, and in Charis compassion came uppermost as she crossed the room and approached the forlorn figure.

"Miss Cranstoun-Brown, I'm afraid you are not well?"

Phyllis started so violently as to make it apparent that her abandonment of misery, in a public sitting-room, was genuine and not calculated. She must then be very hard hit.

"Couldn't I get you anything?" suggested Charis diffidently.

"Certainly not. Go away," stammered the girl resentfully; but the truculence of the rejoinder was washed out by a rush of blinding tears and some angry sobbing. "My own sister won't help me, so is it likely that you could?" she blurted out dolorously.

"Then you are in trouble? Isn't there something—anything—one could do?"

"Not you, is it likely? If I don't know where to turn for money, you don't suppose I should come to you for it," was the hardly audible, though envenomed answer.

"Are you—are you—in debt?" hazarded Charis, expecting to be told to leave the room at once. But the young woman, who, according to her mother, would make a perfect wife, was in so abject a position that she was ready to catch at any straw, even the sympathy of the girl she would like to trample upon.

"You can't understand, of course," she muttered, between tears, "what a girl in my position has to meet, in the way of expenses; and—and I've never had a proper dress allowance in my life! I live in a good house, I have plenty of food, but in reality I'm a genteel pauper! I can't go and buy a pair of shoes without dunning either my father or my mother for a pound to pay for them. Well! You can guess what happens. Of course I go on tick. It—it was just my bad luck that I had run up a long score at one of the shops—these beasts, Hardy and Trip—in Streatwood High Street, just at the time that Cousin George suggested this tour. Then there were all kinds of things I had to have—long coat, motor-veils, hats, gloves, smart shoes! One can't go about a fright, and Ma gave me about enough to buy one cheap frock! She thinks girls should go in

for simple white muslin! Ugh! You know what a price things are, since the war. I only ordered what I simply had to have; and now, though the whole bill isn't much over twenty pounds, they threaten to apply to Mother unless I pay at once. . . ."

"Well—but wouldn't that be the best way?"

"You don't know—what—Ma—is! Nobody except those who have to live with her, know what Ma is! I tell you I often think I'd marry a road-sweeper, just to get away from her tyranny and her tongue! If—if she knew I'd run up a bill like this, I don't know what she'd do!"

"But—but what made you—how did you ever think you were going to pay it?" demanded Charis curiously.

"Why, of course—I should have thought you could see—I should have thought everybody would see, that it's only a question of time—Cousin George."

"You think you could ask him to pay your debts?"

"Of course, I could, if—if! Oh, you needn't look so bewildered! You must have seen it from the first—from the way he looked at me when he walked into our drawing-room. I had on a really pretty frock, and shoes and stockings to match—and I had had my hair Marcel waved and shampooed—that blued all the money Ma doled out for silk stockings! But you see it answered—men like something showy—Phyllis suddenly came to a choking pause in this remarkable piece of self-revelation. "Ugh!" cried she furiously, "if it hadn't been for you, I should be engaged to him by now!"

Remembering her own complicity in the shifting of Phyllis's place in the car the previous day, Charis coloured hotly. "Miss Cranstoun-Brown, what can you mean?"

The tone was so studiously gentle and gravely reproachful, that for a wonder, Phyllis, vain and stupid though she was, caught a part of its significance. "Oh," she groaned, "I hardly know what I'm saying. All I know is that I daren't go to Gil, and that Vee won't help with a penny . . . and if I can't send this money, I'm in a worse hole than ever I was in my life! But why on earth am I telling *you* all this? Of course, you'd be delighted, if Ma was to write and order me straight home!"

"I wonder why you think so? Have I ever made myself objectionable to you?" asked Charis quietly. "I have often won-

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dered why you should feel hostile to me. I know you despise me for having to earn my living—but at least that keeps me from such difficulties as yours of this moment. However, I am very sorry for your trouble, and I will help you if you allow me. Mr. Strachan has lately paid my salary, and I can lend you the money to pay this bill—I will lend it—on certain conditions."

"Conditions?" Between her consuming anxiety for relief and her humiliation that it should come from such a quarter, the sufferer almost choked.

"You must understand that it is a loan, and that it must be repaid the first moment you are able. I mean, when you get some money, you must pay me back before contracting any fresh debts. Do you agree to that?"

The tears began to flow afresh. "I'm not likely to get any more money for ever so long—unless—"

"Well, I'll risk that. I am going to trust you."

The purplish, mottled face was lifted to see if this incredible offer were genuine. "You'll lend me—twenty-three pounds?"

"Yes. I happen to have it on me. Not a very usual occurrence, as you may guess, of course."

Charis took out her purse, extracted thence four five-pound notes and three £1 Treasury notes, and pushed them across the table. There was a momentary hesitation, but it was soon over. With a long breath of almost suffocating gratitude, the notes were accepted, amid muttered thanks, and something which almost sounded like a mild apology.

Charis caught—"been mistaken in you—shall always look upon you as a friend—perhaps I shall pay this back sooner than you think. . . ."

She cut short the confused utterance. "I must run, or I shall have Mr. Strachan asking where I have been wasting my time."

Phyllis's face was suddenly drained of all colour. "Oh! You wouldn't tell him?"

Charis met her eyes. "No, I will not tell him—so long as you observe my conditions; and remember that you are in honour pledged to repay me as soon as you can."

Waiting for no more gratitude, she ran swiftly from the room. Phyllis sat staring at the wad of notes before her, and her face began to regain some of its wonted assurance.

She ran her eyes over the bill. Some of the items were eighteen months old. Her expression became absorbed—eager. She lifted her eyes to make sure that Miss Garth had gone right out of the room, and that she was alone. Then she took up her pen and began to write.

"DEAR SIR—I am now enclosing fifteen pounds on account of your bill, trusting that you will wait a few weeks for the balance. In that time I shall be back in town, and I expect that I shall be giving a very large order.

"In acknowledging receipt of enclosed money (£15) please address not to Redmays, but to Fratton Beck Hotel, Estondale."



Charis brought the required paper to Strachan, and the remainder of their morning's work was quickly settled.

"And now," said she, "if you will give me ten minutes, I have somewhat to say unto thee, Oh Arbiter of Destiny."

"Arbiter of Destiny! I like that title better than Good Samaritan. It tickles me, some. Say on, young woman."

"I want you to do two things for me."

"I think it's unlikely I shall refuse."

"Ah, wait—till you hear the second. The first I am fairly sure you will like to do. I have a particular reason for suggesting it. I wonder if you know that your two young cousins, the Brown girls, are in a state of chronic hard-upness? In England, people don't consider their daughters' purses—even now, after the war and everything, the English middle-class girl at home has no money unless she earns it. Vee does earn some, but not much. It may sound to you odd that on a trip like this, where you pay for all, these girls should be short of cash; but they are; and you understand—going from one town to another—they would like to buy things to take home, and so on. . . . So, after this lengthy preamble, what I want you to do is to give each of them fifty pounds, and say it is for them to spend as they like best—not merely to save up and invest."

"It's an excellent idea, and shall be carried out, Mademoiselle."

"Don't do it to-day, nor to-morrow. In a few days we visit Carlisle, don't we? That will be an excuse—the shops there—I don't want them to think that I put you up to it.

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And—oh, yes; one other thing, this important—give it to them both at the same time—have them both in the room together. Don't let either think she is preferred to the other."

He smiled with comprehension. "Agreed again. And now."

"Now I come to the important thing. I want you to offer to take Gilbert Brown into your business in Ontario, and to despatch him off there at once."

He showed his surprise at this by a long silence and a searching look. "So-o-o! That is a tall order. Do you want to be rid of the young man, at my expense?"

She would have liked to conceal her deep blush, but found it impossible. "I am thinking of both you and him," she maintained. "You want me to give you the result of my observations. One of the things I have found out is, as I told you the other day, that that young man is spoiling for an object in life. Give him some real important work, I don't mind guaranteeing that he will do it well. I ordered you to have a heart-to-heart talk with him, and you haven't done as I told you, which is very refractory of you. Do it now. Talk to him without delay. I believe with all my heart that he is the man you want, and that you are the man he wants."

"Alas, my dear, I fear greatly—that you are the woman he wants, and, of course, I know he is not the man you want."

Charis faced him with eyes full of regrets. "I—I fear you may be right. I want you to know that I couldn't help it. I haven't consciously done anything . . . but as you say, of course, he is not the man I want . . . and it would be better for him to go right away, to fresh surroundings and fresh interests. Oh, dear, this sounds dreadful. Indeed, I am not asking you to employ him just because I want to be rid of him. Oh, do believe it isn't that. I hoped you had not seen . . . but you are so abominably penetrating. Ah, don't look at me like that!"

"Abominably penetrating, am I?" he echoed with a queer intonation. "Well, I believe I *am* more or less clear-sighted—where I love."

She gave him what he only termed her golden smile. "I never met a man like you," she murmured gratefully. "I don't believe you could ever possibly misunderstand."

"Sometimes I wish I could," said George Strachan enigmatically.

CHAPTER XV A Near Shave

IT had been decided that, in order to fill in the time which must elapse before they could be received at the Fratton Beck Hotel, the party should make a few days' tour in Lakeland. Strachan had a confidential talk with his secretary and succeeded in ascertaining exactly which bit of country she would wish to avoid, and having arranged his itinerary accordingly, they finally left Barnard Castle one sunshiny morning and passed over Stainmore, by way of Brough and Appleby, to Pooley Bridge and along the Helvellyn side of Ullswater to Patterdale. Here they lunched and set out, about three o'clock in the afternoon, to cross the Kirkstone Pass to Ambleside.

Charis had not had a word with Gilbert Brown that day, but she knew he had had a long talk with his cousin the previous night. She was anxious to know if anything had been arranged, and she felt he was equally anxious to tell her something. All the morning they had travelled in separate cars, he being with Mrs. Varick, while Miss Garth most unwillingly played number three with Strachan and Phyllis. She felt that an afternoon of the same ordeal would be unbearable, and was grateful indeed to Major Doran when he once more came to the rescue and claimed Miss Cranstoun-Brown as his companion over the pass.

Gilbert seized the chance thus offered. "I want to talk to you," said he under his breath to Charis. "It's really important. Come with me again in Doran's car."

She hesitated. "Oh, but you would like to have Mrs. Varick."

He smiled sarcastically. "Not she! Look at her, making tracks for the magnet. If you remember I prophesied that we other men should have a thin time if Strachan were here?"

"It doesn't seem quite fair that he should be so fascinating as well as so rich, does it?" she admitted. "He is the most compelling person I know. He just says Do, and you do it. I wish he could suddenly lose all his fortune—just to see if he would be as magnetic without it."

"Don't you go wishing such a thing as that or you put a spoke in my wheel altogether?"

"Indeed? How so?"

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"That's just what I want to explain if you will condescend to endure my company for an hour or so this afternoon."

"What of Colonel Morrison?"

"He always follows Mrs. Varick about—I'm of the opinion that Cousin George would as soon be without him. But, however, you see—"

Charis glanced towards the car and saw



"Ugh!" cried she furiously, "if it hadn't been for you, I should be engaged to him by now!" —p. 218

Drawn by
J. Dewar Mills

that both Vee and Colonel Morrison were taking their places, facing the others, in the capacious and comfortable interior of Strachan's car. They were talking volubly and evidently quite content to be together; so there seemed really no place for her unless she left Gilbert to sit alone and installed herself beside Horn.

She gave in, therefore, divided between the sense of insecurity she always felt in Gilbert's company and her desire to hear what had passed between him and his cousin.

It was a day to uplift the very heart in gladness at the surrounding beauty. The tree-covered slopes which dip so sharply to the lake were in the freshness of June verdure; and thus early in the season the terrible charrs-a-banes, which ply in the narrow, winding road and make August travel a terror, were not yet in full blast.

Gilbert began abruptly, as they slipped smoothly along the curve which heads Ulls-

water and turns up to Brothers Water. "Here is my news. Cousin George has asked me if I will go out to Canada for him, and I have told him that I will."

She turned to him a face of such radiant delight as he, apparently, had not anticipated. "Oh, good!" cried she fervently. "Good indeed!"

Gilbert swallowed hard and tried again. "He wants me to go at once, directly, even before the end of this tour—he would like me to be off as soon as we obtain my father's sanction."

He was gazing on her so appealingly that she felt embarrassed. Evidently he was taken aback at her unconcealed pleasure in his imminent departure. She plunged on. "Indeed I am glad—glad for you both. I know Mr. Strachan has been uneasy, and your going will set his mind at rest. Must you wait, even for Mr. Brown's sanction?"

"As to my father," he said slowly, "I think I told you I'm in his office at present.

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I don't for a moment suppose he will stand in my way, but we must just let him know before leaving him in the lurch."

"Of course, how stupid of me. Well, I do congratulate you. This is what you hoped would happen, isn't it?—what *I* hoped would happen—"

"That I should go away?" He was trying hard to make his voice sound normal.

"Well, you could hardly enter the business at Ontario without going away, could you? I thought it was your great ambition."

"No rose without a thorn. You'll be thinking me ungrateful, but I can't help reflecting that Canada is a long way off."

"It is, of course. But, as you say, there must always be some drawback to everything."

"And, after all, what does it matter?" he murmured bitterly. "I am the kind of person who never will be missed."

"I don't think you ought to say such a thing as that! Your mother, of course—"

"Oh, of course!" It was almost a sneer.

"Well," she went on after pausing, "I own to feeling a bit disappointed. You spoke to me so strongly of your dissatisfaction with things as they were, I was under the impression that this was just the start you required."

"Cymon, in fact, goes away to his sheepfolds and the king's daughter back to her father's court."

It seemed to Charis that this was the kind of remark to which no reply was possible.

She made a desperate effort to change the conversation.

"In our excitement over your promotion we mustn't forget to admire the scenery. Oh, do look! There goes the road, right over our heads! How fast the cars rush down! Do you see that one? It is lurching very oddly—surely it's travelling too fast for safety! Oh, do you think the driver has lost control?"

As she was speaking the car referred to plunged out of sight, and Gilbert, springing forward, cried out to Doran:

"Look out! Car coming down much too fast."

The Major at once slowed down, steering his car in close against the side of the road, and at the same instant the disabled car came lurching round the bend above them, with the passengers huddled together, evidently sensible of their danger, and the driver white as ashes, his face set grim and tense.

In the moment which elapsed between its coming into sight and the inevitable collision there was no time to jump, neither was jumping possible, since Doran's car was pushed in close against the mountain side.

Charis felt herself snatched up bodily, so that her feet might not be pinned between the seats, and knew that Gilbert's sturdy frame and muscular arms were interposed between herself and the shock of the coming crash.

(End of Chapter Fifteen)



WISHES FOR A LITTLE ONE

FOR you the sun, little darling one,
And its golden gleam;
But never the dark behind the arc
Of the moon's cold beam.

For you the morn with its dreams new-born,
And the widening day;
But never chill eve with its heart a-grieve
In the twilight grey.

For you the thrill of the wind-swept hill,
Not the valley mist;
For the hope of the skies is in your eyes
That are heaven-kissed.

AGNES M. MIAULL.

How I Got to the Top

The Path to Success Typical Stories of Women who have Succeeded

Below are given the experiences of several women who have achieved success in their various occupations. These records tell the tale of early struggles, of years of hard work, of difficulties as well as of achievements, and should be helpful to all women who earn their living. For obvious reasons names are withheld

I

By a Woman Journalist

SOMETIMES women say to me: "I do envy you. I should love to be a journalist! It must be such interesting work."

Admitted. It is interesting work, but no woman I know who is at the top of the tree in her career ever got there except after years of hard work, and considerable disappointment.

I should like to make it quite clear that in speaking of women journalists I am referring specially to those who are engaged on the staffs of daily or weekly newspapers under the same conditions as men, and, to-day, earning the same rates of pay. Journalism covers a tremendously wide field. Of the purely women's papers I know little, and less of free-lance work. But I do know a good deal about daily paper work, and it is, I imagine, the ambition of every daily paper journalist to get a position, some day, on the staff of one of the great London dailies.

That is the position which I now occupy. But it took me seven years to get there.

I began my journalistic career as secretary to the editor of a provincial daily paper. I had learned the elements of shorthand and typewriting. I had had an excellent education at a high school. Two or three stories I had written about the age of eighteen had been published in an obscure weekly paper.

At the age of twenty I wrote to this editor asking for a chance on his paper. He replied that he could not offer me a position on the editorial staff, but that he wanted a

secretary and if I were equipped for the position he would be glad to have me, and to give me opportunities of writing whenever possible.

So it was arranged and I began work at a salary of one guinea a week.

The editor's correspondence was not heavy, and I had all kinds of odds and ends to do in addition to taking down the daily letters in shorthand and typing them afterwards. I had to go through the rival papers every day and mark any news items which they had and which we had missed; I had to return photographs and send out paper patterns. I had to look through a multitude of papers to find little scraps of wisdom that could be incorporated in the "Sayings of the Day" column.

One day the editor handed me a book to review, and that, I suppose, was one of the happiest days in my life. I began then to feel that some day I really should be a journalist.

Every week I wrote two or three articles on general subjects which I handed to my chief for consideration. Sometimes one of them was published; as often as not they were returned with a few kindly words of criticism.

Presently I was asked if I would care to take charge of a children's page in a weekly paper published under the same direction, and this I did, remaining in charge until I left many years afterwards. I was also given a column on the woman's page in which to answer letters, and give advice on love, courtship, marriage, housecraft, babies, and almost any subject under the sun.

After a year, when I was still doing much

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the same work, my salary was raised to 27s. 6d. a week.

All this time I was learning as much as I possibly could of newspaper work. I talked to members of the staff, acquiring useful hints. I read a good deal of history and modern literature. I tried to make a success of the smallest piece of work and, after the first rebuffs, learned to make use of my very mistakes.

After I had been with the firm for about two years, my editor decided to relieve me of all secretarial work, and this was a great joy to me, for I had never liked taking dictation or typing letters. My next appointment was a definite staff job, for I was put in charge of the weekly newspaper published by the firm.

This was a post of responsibility, for I alone had to plan the "make-up" of the paper, that is, the position and relation of the different news, stories, features, and photographs. I had to choose from the news published in the daily paper those items likely to be valuable in a weekly paper, and I had to master the technical side of newspaper production—not an easy position for a girl who had not previously even known the names of the different kinds of type used in printing.

Every week we published a page of miners' news under different district headings. The sub-editing of this news was a wearisome and trying task. Much of the news was written in illegible writing on scraps of greasy paper. Two people from different villages often sent in the same item of news. And it was impossible to get up any real interest in an account of a tea-party in a miners' institute or in a long story of someone's prize leeks.

Yet I realized that each of these little stories had an interest for some reader, and I forced myself to study every item sent in and sub-edit it as brightly and efficiently as possible. To any girl who imagines that journalism has no drudgery I should like to say: "Take a page like this every week and see if there is romance in every side of newspaper work."

My salary was now £2 5s. weekly. I made mistakes, of course. I was tactless with the overseer of the compositors, and I once ran the risk of letting my paper in for a libel action. I committed errors of judgment. But I suppose I must have done better than, at the time, I thought, for at the age of twenty-four the post of leader

writer on the evening paper recently started became vacant and I was given the chance to show what I could do in that position.

The leaders were non-political. They covered general topics of the day. My salary was raised to three guineas a week, at which it remained while I was working for this provincial company.

The last two and a half years of my stay in — were the most interesting and delightful. Besides my daily leader I wrote three or four column articles every week for the evening or daily paper, did the theatrical criticisms for the daily paper, occasionally reviewed books, kept on my children's page and woman's page in the weekly paper, and wrote the best part of a woman's page every day for the evening paper.

My hours were short. I was at the office every morning at ten, and left about one, returning at six in the evening for a couple of hours, or a little longer. Then, when I had been with my paper for nearly seven years, I decided to try my luck in London and armed with introductions from my editor I approached the big men of some of the London dailies, finally getting a coveted position on the reporting staff of a morning paper at a salary of four guineas a week.

I have been with this paper now for six years with a salary that has more than doubled in that time. I have been all over England, Ireland, Scotland, Wales; and in France, Belgium, Holland, Denmark and Finland on journalistic missions. I visited the French front in war-time and saw the surrender of the German submarine fleet from a British destroyer at sea. I have seen things, and done things, as a journalist which would never have come my way in any other profession.

My success I attribute to care in little things. I realized long ago that work which I thought of little importance was being watched by those at the head. I remember my present editor saying to me when I first came to London: "We can get any amount of people to do big stories well; what we want is someone who will do the little stories well."

I suppose that in journalism, as in every other profession, faithfulness in little things counts. Put the best of yourself into the smallest piece of work—and some day you will get your chance.

That, at least, has been my experience.

HOW I GOT TO THE TOP

II

By a Hospital Matron

AMONG nurses there is perhaps less ambition than among most bodies of women workers, for to get a matron's position some executive ability is necessary as well as excellent nursing, and many of the very best nurses I know do not care to take a matron's post because their heart is first and last in the actual care and nursing of the sick.

However, those who do want to get to the top of the profession regard a matron's post as the summit of success, and it may perhaps be interesting to other nurses if I tell briefly how I obtained my present appointment.

Personal qualities count enormously in hospital nursing. No nurse is a good nurse unless she loves her work, for nursing is not one of those things which can be done mechanically. It requires as much skill and care and thought, gentleness and efficiency to nurse well after twenty years as it did at the beginning of one's career.

I went through my training in a general hospital at a time when salaries were very much lower than they are to-day. In my first year I think I received £8. It must be remembered, however, that I was getting my training free of cost, and so was in a better position than many girls who are obliged to make heavy demands on their fathers before their careers can begin.

After my training I decided to specialize in children's work, taking a post as sister in a good children's hospital. To get experience I went first to a hospital in a big industrial centre in the North, and afterwards to a smaller hospital in the South of England. I then secured a post as assistant matron in a children's hospital where I remained for several years, finally taking post as matron after the retirement of my chief.

It will be seen then that my career has been very unsensational, and it is a little difficult to explain my "success." It was fifteen years before I got my matron's post, and in that time I had many difficulties and disappointments, but they taught me the value of self-control.

I know that I have a rather impetuous nature, and I soon learned that it would prove an obstacle to success if I allowed it to remain unconquered. One often suffers from friction with one's colleagues, from un-

just accusations, occasionally from dis-courtesy from doctors under whom one is working, from irritable, exacting patients. There is often a temptation to lose one's temper, but if one yields one hurts oneself more than anyone else.

So I tried to cultivate a pleasant, equable temperament. I tried not to grumble, but to preserve a balanced view of things. I tried always to be civil to my chief, and gracious to my patients. Gradually, people came to trust me; I found that other nurses, equally efficient on the technical side, were a shade less easy to get on with than myself, and that, I suppose, partly explains my success.

It is certainly not an easy thing to write about without seeming egotistical.

Another factor, however, is my natural liking for organizing work. Whenever a chance to do any came along, I always took it—even if it meant the sacrifice of an off-duty time. So perhaps I might say that I have got to the top in my career by: (1), developing my knowledge of nursing in one specialized direction; (2), cultivating equability of temperament which makes it easy for people to trust you, depend on you, even like you; (3), taking every possible chance of doing organizing work, as nurse, sister, and assistant matron.

III

By a Head Milliner in a London Shop

WHEN I was earning thirty shillings a week as milliner in a small provincial town I did not believe for a long time that I ever could get to the top. It was impossible to save enough money to set up a business of my own, and my position in the shop where I was working seemed to offer little scope for advancement.

But I did determine to do one thing, and that was to go to Paris and get some new ideas. I had already asked my employer to send me and had been refused, with amazement that I should make such a request.

"No one wants Paris fashions here," he said, and dismissed the matter. Nevertheless, I had made up my mind to go, and I went. Those were the blessed days of cheap trips to Paris, and for five pounds, saved in shillings for months before, I had a week in Paris. I found, of course, that the exclusive milliners never showed their

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hats in shop windows, and that was a disappointment; but I went to places like the Bon Marché and the Galeries Lafayette and the Louvre, and I went daily in the Bois, and watched women in the streets, and made notes in a little note-book.

I got the ideas I wanted, and returned to the provinces full of schemes. I at once told my employer what I had done. He was interested. He told his wife. She asked me to make her a hat after a Paris model. I did. She was pleased, and within a week my employer was actually advertising that "Miss —— has returned from Paris with designs for hats."

That was the first step to success in my career. I had the courage of my ideas.

My next ambition was to spend more time with my customers. We were rather short staffed; but in the end it meant good business rather to keep people waiting than hurry through an interview. I had found that Mrs. So-and-So bought a hat she liked on the spot, but of which she tired soon because it did not really suit her. With each customer, therefore, I made a point of being perfectly frank. Sometimes I had to show a customer as many as two dozen hats before I found one which it was plain was the hat intended for her. But the method paid. I had made a customer satisfied, and I knew that she would return again and again.

It is much easier, of course, to let a customer have just what she wants, whether it really suits her or not. Sometimes my day's work left me so limp and tired that I could scarcely crawl home. But I felt I was making good and that was my reward.

I managed, therefore, to get some sort of a reputation and left with a very good recommendation to take up a post in a much larger and more ambitious shop. Wherever I went I studied my customers. I got to know a little about them. I realized that a parson's wife would not require the same type of hat as the very smart daughter of a local tradesman, and I did not commit the stupidity of showing her something utterly unsuitable.

I made a real study of colour, and noticed the shade of people's eyes and the colour of their complexions, their figures and general appearance, with the idea of finding them the millinery which would be a joy to them long after they had left the shop.

I kept this appointment for three years, in my last year acting as buyer for the

firm. Twice a year I went to London, and once I was sent to Paris. I then got the position as second milliner in a London shop, where I stayed for another two years. In this shop I sacrificed my dislike of "living-in," because the experience I was gaining was very valuable, and I was not yet in a position to make my own terms. I had not much scope here, for the head milliner's ideas were different from mine, and after the freedom which had been permitted me in the provinces, I felt very small fry.

But I stuck it out, and have now got the position of my heart's desire, which is that of head milliner in an exclusive West-end shop, with a salary larger than I ever expected in my 30s. a week days.

IV

By a Private Secretary

"**W**HAT qualities do you think I need to get a post as a private secretary?" I asked a well-known business man ten years ago.

"You must be able to take dictation rapidly, type accurately, write good English, speak French conversationally, understand office routine, be well in touch with all matters of the day, acquire an attractive personality—"

"Thank you very much," I interrupted him, "I think that will do to be going on with."

At that time I was nineteen. I went to a college where I learned some of the indispensable qualities of the secretary, but for the most part I taught myself those things which have been most useful to me in my profession. I think that in any career the woman who can—to speak commercially—put something on the market which the other woman hasn't got will always win. I knew there were hundreds of girls who, like myself, were good shorthand typists with sufficient knowledge of commercial French to reply to a letter. But how many could talk French for half an hour on end with a busy business man? Not many, judging by myself.

After I got my first post at 25s. a week, I determined to learn French so that I could speak it without embarrassment. This meant giving up my spare time for the best part of the year. All my spare money went in payment of conversational lessons. It wasn't

FOR MEMORY

easy. I liked dancing and theatres and cinema shows as much as any other girl, but I was miserable at the thought that ten years hence I might be getting very little more money than I was then, and so I was firm with myself and determined that somehow or other I would get out of the rut.

As soon as I knew French sufficiently well to be able to offer it as an asset, I applied for and got a position in a French commercial office. That gave me a knowledge of trade in France and of French commercial terms.

I had a little more time then and was able to study current movements, political phases, but as I did not want to remain in a commercial office I eventually took an appointment with a social organization for a little less money in order to get experience of organizing work.

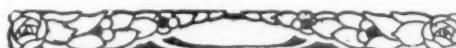
This again was a sacrifice to which I attribute much of my success, for after a year in this position I secured the post I had always wanted when a well-known public man engaged me as a private secretary at a salary of £300 a year.

To summarize my experience, I should say that my success is due to the fact that, however hard, I sacrificed the good of the immediate present for what I hoped would be something better in the future. Few women, I find, are willing to do this. They expect success to come automatically, and are disappointed when they get so far, but no farther.

To get to the top in business one simply must have a better equipment than other people, and unless a girl is willing to cut out much of the pleasant side of life in her early twenties she cannot hope to make good.

Now at the age of nearly thirty I am enjoying the fruits of a fairly hard preparation. I do not feel a bit old. I enjoy life with all my heart, and I have made a position for myself which I certainly could not have done if I had been content to drift along with the stream instead of fighting against it.

"Don't hope to have a good time until you have made yourself a place" is my advice to any business girl.



FOR MEMORY

THERE'S something sweet in every year,
Some week or month or day,
When hope beats high and love is nigh,
And grief seems far away.

There's something sweet in every day,
Some hour with sunshine bright ;
Some little space of joy and grace,
Or moment of delight.

And if you're wise, as Time goes by
On swift and hurrying feet,
You'll keep no more in memory's store
Than just that something sweet.

So shall you, when the days and years
Have tol'd a tale complete,
Look back on life, for all its strife,
As something rich and sweet.

GRACE MARY GOLDEN.

Amelia in Command

A Child Story
By
Chris Sewell

DO no sinfu' action," hummed Amelia, as with a roving eye to the main fruits she awaited her turn in Mr. Gauntlett's narrow shop. She had a message to deliver. Now and again the humming ceased whilst she repeated it to herself.

"A beet an' a cabbage, an' see as it's got a neart, pleathe—'cause the last one wasn't no more'n tea leaves when me mother biled him."

Mr. Gauntlett paid no attention to her, so she shuffled her feet about in the dust and counted all the grapes on a biggish bunch—aloud. Even so time dragged, and because inaction invariably disagreed with her she wandered into corners and prodded squelchy plums and patted marrows, for she believed that marrows liked being patted.

Once she tugged at a banana just to see if it was tight on to its stem—which it wasn't, to her dismay.

"Vere's a wicket spiritt wand'rin' round you ste—el," chanted Amelia with guilty fervour, and she dropped the banana as if it were red hot, looking at the same time out of the tail of her eye to see if anybody had noticed.

Mr. Gauntlett's dog pattered in—a bounding retriever he was, and Amelia, exemplifying the truth of the adage relating to Satan and the idle hands, flicked him one on the nose with her empty basket. Followed a snarl closely wedded to a shriek. The customers—four in number—turned and concentrated on the disturbance, and a woman who had that morning parted with a couple of front teeth said, "Thuck it, lovey," through four folds of a grey worsted shawl.

Mr. Gauntlett put down a paper bag into which he was emptying French beans, came out into the open and hit the retriever with a cucumber caught up for that purpose.

He would much rather have hit Amelia, who had provoked reprisals, but he was a law-abiding citizen with his way to make.

"He wouldn't never 'ave done that if you hadn't teased 'im," said Mr. Gauntlett aggrievedly; "bleeding, is it? Well the missus 'ull wash that off — *Bev sie!*"

"Comin'."

Mrs. Gauntlett came halfway out of the parlour door like the woman in an old-fashioned barometer when the weather is uncertain. She was a round-shouldered, youngish person in a pale green overall. Her rather fine eyes were dazed, and she looked as if she had slept without taking down her hair for nights and nights and nights.

"This little girl's been a-tormenting of Cutter, and he's give 'er a graze—jest to teach 'er. Bind up 'er 'and, will you?"

The round-shouldered young woman looked at Amelia more in wrath than in sorrow, gracious me, yes, a good deal more in wrath.

"My word," she snapped, "as if there wasn't enough doing to-day without you and yer grazes! Come 'long in."

Amelia receded, sniffing; the door closed behind her, and Mr. Gauntlett resumed the French beans with a sigh.

"The wife ain't up to much to-d'y," he explained; "our kid's orful bad—and of course things must happen cross."

"Ah!" said the customers in sympathetic chorus.

"If it 'adn't been 'Ocroft's gel I'd a jolly well 'idid her for interfering with the dog, but 'e's a fair terror, 'Ocroft is, an' is wife's worse. They'd ha' been round 'ere with the perlice before dinner time."

"There now!" murmured the customers, looking at one another.

Meanwhile Amelia, suddenly surrounded by a complete set of brand-new interests, had ceased to sniff, and was busy inspecting the objects of art and vertu contained in the back parlour.

As a matter of fact it is scarcely necessary to employ the plural, for she got as far as a small camp bedstead by the window, and there she stuck fast.

That camp bedstead, which had been brought down to save labour, contained a little fair-haired boy of perhaps four; and that little fair-haired boy wriggled and twisted and wailed and cried "Mummy," not a bit as if he needed "Mummy" or any-

AMELIA IN COMMAND

one else, but as if he had been wound up in some miserable way and couldn't leave off. He was hot and thin, and his lips were all cracked."

"Wot's 'e want?" inquired Amelia, after watching him silently whilst Mrs. Gauntlett rummaged in a table drawer for rag.

"Now don't you bother me! 'E don't know wot 'e wants, pore lamb. Well, your bite ain't much—'ow's that?"

"That" was the sudden immersion of the wounded member into a slop basin of luke-warm water.

"Oo—nice!" approved Amelia. "Do 'e always cry?"

"No, 'e don't," said Mrs. Gauntlett with acidity. Then the temptation to unburden her soul to one of her own sex, even though a gulf of twenty years or so divided them, grew acute. "'E's terrible ill—'e won't touch no food an' 'e won't sleep—doctor says 'less I can make 'im eat I'm goin' to—to lose 'im—'" She paused and swallowed. Then she asked, "That hurt you?" very crossly, because Amelia's deeply interested perusal of her face made her irritable.

Amelia stifled a squeak and shook her hand free.

"You pinched," she said candidly. "Why don't 'e touch no food?"

"Look 'ere, you may be born to arst; I wasn't born to answer. Let's get that 'and tied up, and then you can run 'ome to mother . . . I'm busy."

Amelia sighed. This was so monotonously the way of the grown-up world. Mrs. Gauntlett, like all the rest, supposed that because she (Amelia) was six and a half, she was interrogated merely for the sake of hearing her own voice.

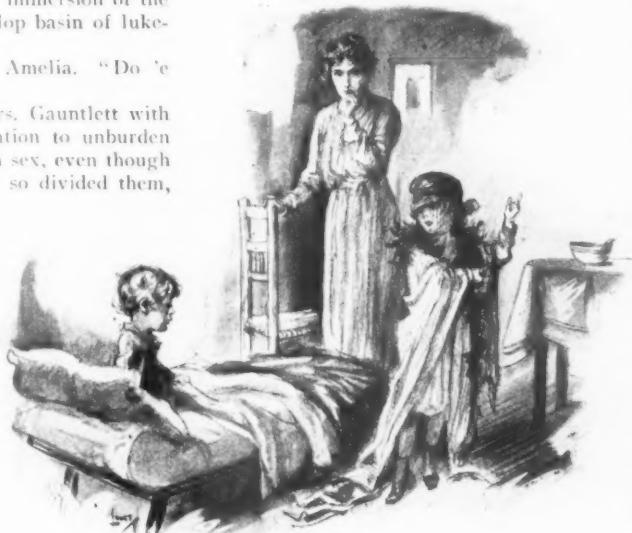
Well, she was perhaps to be pitied for her ignorance.

"I arsked," she said sadly, as she submitted her hand to a piece of old handkerchief, "not because I wants to know for myself. But when I 'ad the mumpses me mother kept poking of a spoon in me mouth, and 'twas 'Meier, yer goin' ter swaller

this now, an' you dare turn yer 'ead away, miss,' till I—I frowned up."

Mrs. Gauntlett, slitting the ends of the handkerchief in order to fix her bandage, started and looked guilty. Yes, she positively and absolutely looked guilty.

In the half-hourly tussles with her sick son—they had endured for three days now—she had abandoned coaxing, and out of her



"He stopped his wail to stare, for figures of such a description were new in his experience"—p. 230

Drawn by
Wilmet Lunt

own mouth was she condemned, as with quite a flush upon her cheeks she replied defiantly: "Well, what are you a-going to do when you can't get it down noways like?"

She released Amelia's hand, but Amelia, not realizing that it was free, still held it absently out. She had forgotten hands, baskets, cabbages, dogs and bites. Into her bosom had come the queer catchy flutter which never failed to herald her most astounding "Eurekas."

Her slate-grey eyes showed a spark of that invincible something which has before now changed the destiny of nations.

"Look 'ere—is that bread and milk on the 'ob wot yer want 'im to 'ave?"

"Yus," replied Mrs. Gauntlett, dazed into civility. "I've warmed it three times, but 'e won't look at it."

THE QUIVER

Amelia's voice changed its key. It sank, but it dominated.

"Lemme give it 'im now—I'll mike it a pl'y like. I've done it to our baby afore—'e won't know 'e's eating—see?"

Her eagerness was painful—her heart was beating visibly right in her neck.

Mrs. Gauntlett made no reply, and the little boy who had up to now supplied a whining chorus to their conversation, began to cry feebly but in right-down earnest.

"Your scaring 'im a'ready," muttered Mrs. Gauntlett.

"No, I ain't."

"Well, watcher want, for goodness' sike?"

"Got any dressing-up fings?"

"Whatever—?"

"Green fevers—or bonnicks—or a scarf—or a curting—it's goin' to be a fairy play."

Long after, when Mrs. Gauntlett reviewed the situation, she never quite understood why she went obediently upstairs and unearthed a flamingo-coloured velvet toque

and a mangy boa of purple feathers and an old green veil; but go she did, and Amelia, diving into the kitchen which gave off from the parlour, arrayed herself in these properties according to her fancy. The toque she wore in its appointed place: it came well over her eyebrows. The boa she arranged across one shoulder, and the green veil concealed her face.

She pranced back singing, and going up to the little boy's side she struck a comical attitude, snapped her fingers and piroquared round as she had learned to do once in a school pantomime. He stopped his wail to stare, as well he might, for figures of such a description were new in his experience.

"I'm the fairy Popalop," announced Amelia with another pirouette. "They telled me down in fairyland there was a li'l' child what wouldn't eat nuttin'—and wouldn't sleep nonehow—so I comed."

The little boy continued to stare; an occasional sob shook his chest, but above that chest dawned the ghost—just the ghost of a smile.

This was emphatically less boring than mother's constant "Now, my dearie—*jest* a mouthful!"

"I'm a-goin' to tell you 'bout all the fairies wot eat dewdrop wine wiv *jest* the wee-est wee speck of honey in the middle. That mikes 'em grow so they can go out of fairyland and 'ave larks." The fairy Popalop skipped again.



"Well, I'm—" said Mr. Gauntlett, assimilating slowly the inner meaning of the picture"—p. 232

Drawn by
Wilmet Lunt

AMELIA IN COMMAND

"What sort larks?"

The voice was frail, but the interest left nothing to be desired; and Amelia rose upon the crest of that interest to the full measure of the stature of all that was in her. She dropped on to the floor and sat cross-legged with her head thrown back and one finger upraised; and that which flowed from her lips was exactly what you'd have given your head to hear when you were four years old and sick of parents and the pattern of the wall-paper. Even tired Mrs. Gauntlett, standing dumb by the table, felt the spell, and was more desirous than she would have acknowledged to hear what "Cocky-Kicky-Loo" found in the "velly middle of the puff-ball fing."

But here the *raconteuse* left the realms of fancy and became all at once hard and business-like. "Cocky-Kicky-Loo's" thrilling discovery was not to be divulged till the little sick boy had taken four spoonfuls of "dew-n'-oney—now then!"

And he took them.

Yes, he did. He grabbed the spoon in a very transparent hand—simply grabbed it; and though the first mouthful made him heave, he stuck to it manfully and got it down.

His "Now!" after the last long swallow was uttered in an almost sprightly key.

Pouf! Hey presto!

"Cocky-Kicky-Loo" was back again, and after he had been worn threadbare there were other folk who did equally thrilling things. Only at all the points where you held your breath in *ecstasy*—hanging, simply hanging upon the next word, there always occurred a stipulation, and it always took the form of a spoon which contained variously cherry pie an' lemonade (like wot the old giant Hupper Tup ate for sauce with the boys and gels 'e caught) or ice cream—which was the staple dish at the wedding of the Prince Perky Pride. In the course of an hour the large basin of bread and milk was consumed to the uttermost trickle, and the tension which had held the house of Gauntlett for seventy-two eternal hours showed the very first sign of relaxation.

Mrs. Gauntlett sat down rather heavily and let all her breath out in a puff as if she had suddenly reached the shade after a long hot walk.

Amelia bestowed upon her the unstinted wink which signifies success.

For Master Gauntlett had begun to look drowsy.

"I'm goin' ter sing now," said Amelia, "bout wot the muvver birds do when the worms is all eat up. If yer listen wiv yer eyes open yer *may* see goblins: if you shuts 'em you'll get a chance o' finding Cocky-Kicky-Loo and all I've told yer. I should shut 'em if I was you."

She shut her own to show him the way.

He copied her, and Amelia carolled just above her breath a doll's lullaby learnt at the infant school. When she forgot the words she went on with "Do no sinfu' action."

She sang it again and again. Few baby brains—especially when the blood has just been beckoned away to digest a sufficient meal—can resist monotony. In twenty minutes that tangled, wriggling little bundle of misery lay peacefully on its side. Sleep was within hailing distance.

Mrs. Gauntlett, with her mouth open, was looking frankly idiotic. Three wakeful nights and a miracle-worker in a flannelette frock to top them had shaken her to her commonplace foundations.

"My word!" she began, "I never see sich a—"

"Ush!" said Amelia.

The little boy had grasped her hand and pulled it under his blanket at an awkward angle, but she let him have it with the utmost goodwill.

The clock—a brazen Philistine atrocity—ticked loudly, partaking, it seemed, in the general Te Deum.

Sleep came nearer—nearer—nearer.

Amelia's cheeks burnt. The excitement peculiar to those who have reached self-imposed goals and climbed to summits aforesome considered inaccessible made her feel positively weak.

The little boy buried his nose in the pillow—his shallow breathing deepened. Sleep had come.

Amelia had thrust her chin forward and her lips painstakingly moved for Mrs. Gauntlett's edification.

"You go lay down," she commanded; "I'll see to 'im till 'e wakes."

And Mrs. Gauntlett, still obedient to that subliminal something which, in moments of crisis, always forced Amelia into the very forefront of the battle, softly and without much creaking conveyed her round-shouldered person upstairs.

Arrived there, she sat down on the edge of the bed.

Mechanically she took off a long brooch

THE QUIVER

with four sham diamonds in it. She had misty notions of loosening her corsets and letting down her hair, but they never materialized. With a couple of "Well, I never" uttered vacantly to the washing-stand she fell asleep.

Amelia did not stir.

Mother and the "cabbage with a neart" had fallen as lumber upon the great scrap heap of unessentials.

All that mattered—mattered passionately and for evermore—was this mission of healing.

An hour—nay, an hour and a half passed.

Mr. Gauntlett put a tired face in at the door. Business had for the time being evanesced.

For a moment he stared. Then his mouth opened exactly as his wife's had done.

"Well, I'm—" said Mr. Gauntlett, assimilating slowly the inner meaning of the picture.

Amelia raised the finger of caution—it was the very one on which Cutter had taken his not unnatural revenge earlier in the day. Her own anxiety was fully as maternal as that of Mrs. Gauntlett now, more so, if anything.

She seemed to have belonged to no other family than this since the remotest beginning of the world.

That Sammy Gauntlett should recover had become to her the goal of every hope—the supreme crown of existence.

Her face showed it.

"E've ate oceans o' milk tack—e's sleepin' *love-ly*—don't you tread 'eavy!" she breathed.

"Where's—where's—the wife?"

"Gorn to lay down. She weren't no good, only teasin' o' 'im—I sent 'er up."

"You sent 'er up," began Mr. Gauntlett; "you?"

A guffaw and a sob disputed rumblingly for the possession of his throat.

The sob had it, and he retired to the shop again and said something quite inarticulate which that broad-minded spirit, the Recording Angel, without doubt set down as a prayer.

Another hour strolled after its predecessor.

Upstairs Mrs. Gauntlett snored the snore of one who for three successive nights had forgone such luxuries.

Downstairs Mr. Gauntlett lunched off a couple of apples, and tiptoed into the sitting room to give Amelia a banana—the identical fellow which she had herself broken off,

And still the First Physician Sleep meted out his treatment to the little sick boy. And still the little sick boy held Amelia's hand, which was beginning to feel like a piece of senseless board.

At three o'clock the doctor arrived by way of the shop.

Mr. Gauntlett brought him in tiptoeing.

He was fond of children, that doctor, and the short coffins nailed together so often by the crass ignorance of parents who had called him in too late, or edited his directions, upset his digestion for days.

"God bless my soul!" he said, staring.

"Why, it's—it's Hobcroft's girl!"

Amelia had succumbed to the unrelenting tick-tick of the clock and the breathing of her patient.

She too dozed with her head still in the flamingo-coloured, toque sideways on the edge of the pillow.

The banana skin had dropped on the floor.

"God bless my soul!" said the doctor again.

He stole forward and made such examination as was possible under the array of circumstances—made it with the soft adroitness of a practised housebreaker. The line down the centre of his forehead had ironed itself out and, as he arose, he trod heavily on Mr. Gauntlett's toe. But neither of them noticed it.

"Good—very good," he whispered. "Let him sleep on! He'll wake a new man. Strange things, children. I'd have given a 'that' for his life yesterday. Now—well, he'll live to fidget over his grandchildren, as likely as not."

They stole back into the shop and the doctor resumed his ordinary tones.

"So you've got his mother away? First-rate! She was bothering him last night, but I hadn't the heart to insist on handing him over to an alien. Besides, he might have fretted. Well, Providence has lifted the matter out of our hands. It takes a child to understand a child. I'll look in to-morrow morning, Gauntlett—but I'm not anxious now and you needn't be—tell his mother I said so—good day!"

At six o'clock his majesty deigned to wake.

Amelia had been stiffly suffering for an hour. Her arm ached, her side ached: she ached everywhere. She was all pins and needles where she didn't ache. She had, during her uneasy slumber, dreamt awful

dreams of a torturing ogre who turned well-meaning little girls into marble statues and then dug swords into them. Now she wanted to run about and shout in order to exercise benumbed faculties. But, in a horrid, sudden, illuminating flash arose mother returning from a day's charging to a cabbageless, beetrootless house. The glory of the day departed. She felt like Israel when the Ark had gone.

Mrs. Gauntlett coming down a little later on, coiffured and in her right mind, found her very quiet and sober.

Mr. Gauntlett had given Mrs. Gauntlett the doctor's verdict, and tea was in the air, so to speak, together with hints of strawberry jam. The patient had already demanded sugar on bread and butter—a faint colour had crept into his cheeks.

His mind had slowly recaptured those fairies and he was not pleased to see Amelia gravely divest herself of the flamingo toque, the heliotrope boa and the green veil.

"I'll 'ave to go," said Amelia in a flat voice, which lacked any part of the victor's ring.

She kissed her patient with an abstracted air.

"You fink 'bout the fings I've told you—an' you'll soon grow as big as Wuzzy Tuz," she said.

Mrs. Gauntlett paused in the act of peeling paper off a gallipot. "You're never off with ut your tea?"

Amelia nodded.

"Me mother 'ull be 'ome by six, like as not."

"Mercy me, after all you've been and done, too! Well, if you must, you must. I'll cut you a slice of bread and jam to eat on the way. Perhaps you'd like that there fevver thing and the veil—ter remind you of our Sammy. See, I'll put it tidy round your neck and tie the veil round yer 'at—my, ain't you smart? Ere's your slice."

"Fank you."

Amelia kissed Mrs. Gauntlett because Mrs. Gauntlett seemed to expect it, and went out.

In the excitement of the exit (though she had been thinking cabbages hard only a few minutes before) the *raison d'être* of her visit



"What you been arter, dressed up in that fandangle?"—p. 234

Drawn by
Wilmot Lunt

to the Gauntletts' shop slipped clean out of Amelia's mind again.

She ran home—limbs are better relaxed by running—quite free from care.

And not till she discerned mother large and uncompromising upon the doorstep of the House Sordid did the beet and the "nearty cabbage" rise up once more and rebuke her.

Retreat was out of the question. Mother's eyesight was criminally excellent. She had already recognized a vegetableless daughter. Amelia set her mouth and came on, walking sideways.

"Where you come from, miss, dawdling as if you'd got a hundred years to live?" shouted mother from afar.

"Gauntlett's shop."

THE QUIVER

Mother's eyes swept Amelia's person, devoured the heliotrope boa which trailed down her back, drew sparks as it were from the green veil, and then she made a cackling, sarcastic sound—the fifteenth cousin of an honest laugh.

"You look a figure o' fun, upon me word. What you been arter, dressed up in that fandangle?"

"That fandangle" was the price of a life, but Amelia, **not** being conceited by nature, did not think of it in those terms. She merely said: "Been playing wiv little boy Gauntlett—'e's ill."

"Ill? Wot's come to yer 'and—?"

"Oh! I knocked it against some—some white pointy fings."

We love those we serve. Amelia now included Cutter in the Gauntlet category. She had entirely forgiven him. And in any case she never involved outsiders in the family maelstroms.

Mother drew in her breath a little with a hiss, and her voice rose an octave.

"Nice doin's when my back's turned—nice doin's, I must s'y—pl'yng with strange boys and knocking yerself to pieces—dressed up like a Jack o' Tags. Where's my cabbage, miss—where's my beet?"

The courage of cold despair rendered Amelia nonchalant.

"I forgot 'em," she said, "clean—'ere's yer fippence."

From a flannelette pocket she drew the coppers and tendered them upon an unsteady palm.

Mother snatched them as if she could have snatched away the hand which held them from its thin wrist and have felt all the better for it. "Fippence! You—you mawk, you. Yer father 'ull look pretty when I biles fippence for 'is supper, won't 'e? Thought I telled yer to fetch the fings early and get 'em into the saucepan afore six?"

"Shall I run back for 'em?"

"Run back! No, yer won't run back. Up to bed you'll run, and sharp, too, an' you'll get yer things off afore I can say 'knife'; and when you're so far as your chimmey, you'll wait for me—see? Now, none o' yer lip—off yer go!"

So off Amelia went. She hastily reviewed her chances of success if she stayed and argued the matter out. They were infinitesimal. Mother was not a patient

listener at the best of times, and this was emphatically not the best of times.

Three stairs she climbed, and then hot resentment at the aching injustice of life made her stop and clench her fists and grind her teeth. "Why teach us in Sunday School to give glasses of cold water to little ones and send us to bed supperless and slapped when we've given bowls of milk? Why?"

The sound of a man's voice in the passage below switched her thoughts for a moment from her grievances. The man, whoever he was, had come up to the door and was parleying with mother. Ah! His tone was familiar. It was Mr. Gauntlett, and he must have followed hot upon Amelia's tracks.

"Nevening," mother said, in the inhospitable tone she kept for the tax-collector.

"Nevening, missus. Your little gel forgot 'er basket. I've brought it along and I've picked you out three cabbages which you'll find a little bit of allright, and there's some early turnips and plums, and one or two things I thought 'ud come in with your young family. Oh! ah!—and the wife and me's talked it over—and you order anything in reason you fancy for the next week—and don't fash yourself about the pence. Your young 'un—well, she've saved my boy, we reckon—'e's our nonly one, so we thinks the world of 'im, as it were. 'As she told you about it? No! Well—this is how 'twas—"

At this juncture the front door banged with the wind, leaving mother outside. Amelia, though she strained hard, could only hear indistinct murmurings—but they were enough to go on with.

Hope rose slowly, phoenix-like, from the ashes of despair.

She sat down on the stairs and waited for her phoenix to soar.

Ten minutes later Mr. Gauntlett had gone.

Mother came back into the house and suddenly sent a shout, intended to pierce the closed door of the bedroom, almost into Amelia's left ear. It quite deafened her for the moment.

"Yer can put them things on again, 'Melier. I'm—I'm—goin' ter forgive yer this once. Come 'long down when you're done, and say, 'I won't never do so again, mother'—and yer can 'ave a bit of supper"

NEEDLECRAFT SECTION

Knitting Competition

First Prize, One Guinea;
Four Prizes of 5s.

Open to all Readers

RULES FOR COMPETITORS

1. A Pair of Socks, as illustrated below, and for which the instructions are given, are to be worked by each competitor.
2. The Competition is open to all readers, but each entry must be the actual work of the competitor herself.
3. Every pair of socks received in connexion with this Competition will be forwarded direct from THE QUIVER Office to the "Save the Children Fund."
4. All work should reach this office not later than February 1, and should be addressed: "Knitting Competition, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4." The results will be announced in the April number of this magazine.
5. The Editor's decision is final.

MATERIALS: $1\frac{1}{4}$ ozs. of Paton's 4-ply Fingering, dark grey, fawn or any useful shade such as navy, and four steel needles, No. 16.

ABBREVIATIONS: k., knit; p., purl; s., slip; tog., together.

Cast on 48 stitches, setting 16 on each of three needles.

Make 24 rounds of ribbing, that is: k. 2 and p. 2 alternately.

25th round.—K. 8, then raise a stitch from the preceding round for the seam-stitch. This must be purled in future rounds till further notice. K. to the end.

Work 23 rounds in plain knitting.

46th round. K. till there are three stitches before the seam-stitch, s. 1, k. 1; draw the slipped stitch over the knitted one, thus decreasing, k. 1, p. the seam-stitch as usual, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. the rest plain.

50th, 51st, 52nd and 53rd rounds.—Plain knitting in each case with no decrease.

54th round.—Like the 49th round.
55th, 56th, 57th and 58th rounds.—No decrease.

59th round.—Like the 49th round.

Knit twenty plain rounds. (43 stitches on the pins.)

Arrange 23 stitches for the heel, the seam in the middle.

For the HEEL: On the needle having the seam-stitch, knit 11, purl the seam-stitch, knit 11. Turn, leaving the rest of the stitches unnoticed for the present, p. and k. alternately, 19 more of the short rows, p. one row. Now disregard the seam-stitch and turn the heel as follows: S. 1, k. 7, s. 1, k. 1, draw the s. over, k. 3, k. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, p. 3, p. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, p. 3, p. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, p. 3, p. 2 tog., s. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, p. 3, p. 2 tog., s. 1, k. 3, k. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, p. 3, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn, s. 1, k. 4, k. 2 tog., k. 1, turn, s. 1, p. 5, p. 2 tog., turn, s. 1, k. 5, k. 2 tog.,



A Plain Sock for a child of two to four years

THE QUIVER

turn, s. 1, p. 5, p. 2 tog., p. 1, turn, s. 1, k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 1. (9 stitches left.)

Pick up and knit 17 loops down the side of the heel flap just made, k. 20 stitches on the instep needle, pick up 17 loops along the second side of the flap. To get the required "spring" when picking up the side loops, it will be advisable to raise two stitches instead of one after every third loop.

K. one plain round, thus beginning the Foot.

2nd round of foot.—Knit plain across the first heel needle till three stitches are left, s. 1, k. 1, draw the slipped stitch over, k. 1, k. across the instep, and on the third needle, k. 1, k. 2 tog., k. the rest plain.

3rd round.—Plain, with no decrease.

Repeat these two rounds till there are forty-one stitches left

Knit 20 rounds plain.

For the Toe: Decrease as usual at the beginning and end of each needle.

K. 4 rounds without decreasing.

Decrease as before.

K. 3 rounds without decreasing.

Decrease.

K. 2 rounds without decreasing.

Decrease.

K. 1 round without decreasing.

In the next round, k. 2 tog. all round. Now turn the sock wrong side outermost, thread the end of wool left at the tip of the toe through a large needle, pass this through all the loops left on the pins. Draw up closely and run the wool in and out several times through the back of the work to make it all quite secure.

All Competition entries should be forwarded to the Editor. Other garments should be sent direct to the "Save the Children Fund," and not to this office.

Save the Children

Knitted and Crochet Comforts
By
Ellen T. Masters

Our Needlecraft Section this month is devoted specially to the making of useful woollen garments, any of which would be welcomed by the "Save the Children Fund," which is appealing urgently for warm clothing of every description for the children of the devastated areas of Europe. All garments illustrated in the following pages should be forwarded direct to the "Save the Children Fund," 26 Golden Square, London, W.1

ALL the items illustrated are simple in plan and quite easily made. The jersey is knitted on two needles and is so elastic that it could be arranged so as to be useful for any child from three to six years of age. A variation in size can readily be obtained either by using larger pins or by casting on a larger or smaller number of stitches which will admit of the same pattern of ribbing. The sleeves, too, are easily made longer or shorter, and they are so elastic that they will adapt themselves to the girth of any arm.

One No., larger or finer, of the pins makes a very definite change in size for the socks,

and so simple is the cap that the novice must be a novice indeed who does not understand how it may be enlarged by more rounds of double crochet for the crown and of tufted pattern for the brim.

The knickerbockers, too, with finer needles will work out well if a smaller size is desired, while a deeper ribbing round the knees will not only lengthen them but will enable the work to keep well in its place and will give still further "play" for the knees.

For really strong garments it is always advisable to cast on either with a double strand of wool, or to use with the wool a



A Child's Jersey carried out in knitting

strand of Sylko, or some similar thread that matches it in colour. Casting off should nearly always be done very loosely. The extra thread greatly lengthens the lives of stockings and socks if it be used with the wool for the part that fits over the knees, for the heel flap and for the toe. It should in the last case be added when the decreases are begun with which the end of the foot is shaped.

Child's Knitted Jersey

MATERIALS: Half a pound of Paton's Alloa Wheeling, 3-ply, grey, navy, or some mixed colouring, as preferred, and a pair of bone or vulcanite needles, No. 8.

ABBREVIATIONS: k., knit; p., purl; s., slip; tog., together.

The jersey is begun at the lower edge of the front. Cast on 66 stitches loosely.

Rib twelve rows, k. 3 and p. 3 alternately.

Rib by knitting 1 and purling 1 alternately for eighty-four rows, or about fourteen inches, counting from the cast-on stitches.

97th row.—Rib 19 as usual, cast off for the front of the neck, till 19 stitches are

left at the end of the row, rib these, then turn, rib 19, cast on to correspond with the cast-off stitches, rib the 19 with which the row was begun. The number of stitches on the needles should be 66 as before.

Rib eighty-four rows as in the front part of the jersey, then rib with 3 plain and 3 purl for twelve rows.

Cast off loosely. This completes the body of the jersey.

The SLEEVE is begun at the cuff. Cast on 48. Work twelve rows of ribbing to correspond with the bottom of the jersey, knitting 3 and purling 3 alternately. Then rib as in the main part of the jersey till eleven or twelve inches are done, counting from the beginning. It is better to have the sleeve too long than too short as it is apt to draw upwards in wear. The cuff can be tacked back if desired. Cast off rather loosely.

Make up the jersey next. Sew up the sleeves, join the back and front of the body, taking care that the ribbed band on each section



The Knickers to match Jersey

THE QUIVER

comes exactly even on each side. Leave five inches free at each edge at the top for the armholes. Sew the sleeves into place, putting their seams against those of the body. Stretch the edge at the top to fit the armholes.

For the COLLAR: Cast on 63. Rib by knitting 1 and purling 1 for two rows. In the 3rd row.—K. 1, * make 1 (by bringing the wool forward), k. 2 tog.; repeat from * all along. K. 1 at the end. In this row are made the holes which hold the cord.

4th row.—K. 1 and p. 1 all along.

Continue to rib as usual till twelve rows in all are done above the cast-on stitches. Cast off loosely. To fix the collar to the neck of the jersey see that the seam comes between the collar and the outside of the body, where it will be hidden when the former is turned down. Press the seams with a hot iron, taking care to keep a wet cloth between this and the knitting.

Make the CORD next. Work chain (using a moderately coarse bone hook) long enough to fit round the neck and tie in a good bow in front. Work slip-stitch back along the chain and fasten off.

For the POMPONS, wind some of the wool about thirty times round two fingers of the left hand or over a piece of card about two to three inches in width. Tie these

windings together very firmly, then cut through the strands of wool half-way round beyond the tying. Fluff out the ends with a large pin or a steel knitting-needle and clip them in, rolling the balls between the hands to make them a good shape. Sew one firmly to each end of the chain cord, after it has been run through the holes of the 3rd row.

Knickers to match Jersey

AT first sight these knickers look small and narrow, but being ribbed, they are extremely elastic and should be extremely comfortable in wear. Also, they have the merit of coming fairly high up the body, thus giving extra warmth and allowing for dropping somewhat as the child grows.

MATERIALS: 5 ozs. of Paton's Alloa Wheeling, 3-ply, and two needles, No. 8. Some workers may prefer to do the ribbed waist and knees with a pair of steel needles, No. 10 or 12. This will enable them to grip more compactly.

ABBREVIATIONS: k., knit; p., purl; s., slip; tog., together.

Begin at the WAIST and cast on 60. Rib 6 rows by knitting 3 and purling 3 alternately.

7th row.—K. 1 and p. 1 all along. This rib is continued throughout the work as far as the bottom of the legs of the knickers. Always s. the first stitch of every row.

8th row. Like the 7th row.
9th row.—Rib 4, turn, s. 1, rib 3.
10th row.—Rib 9, turn, s. 1, rib 8.
11th row.—Rib 14, turn, s. 1, rib 13.
12th row.—Rib 19, turn, s. 1, rib 18.
13th row.—Rib 24, turn, s. 1, rib 23.
14th row.—Rib 29, turn, s. 1, rib 28.
15th row.—Rib 34, turn, s. 1, rib 33.
16th and 17th rows.—S. 1, rib to the end (60 stitches in all).

18th row.—S. 1, increase in the next stitch by working twice into its first at the



The specially strong ribbed type of Stocking



Knitted Glove for a young child

front and next at the back, then rib to the end of the row as usual.

19th row.—S. 1, rib all along. Remember to keep to the rib as far as possible when any increase or decrease is made in the rows.

Repeat the 18th and 19th rows five times, thus getting six rows of increasing altogether (66 stitches).

30th row.—S. 1, increase, rib to the end.

31st row.—Like the 30th row.

32nd row.—S. 1, rib the rest (no increasing).

Work the 30th, 31st, and 32nd rows nine times more, when 86 stitches should be on the needles.

Work one more row like the 32nd, then begin to decrease for the leg.

61st row.—S. 1, k. 2 tog., rib to the end.

62nd row.—Like the 61st row.

63rd and 64th rows.—S. 1, rib the rest.

Work the last four rows twice more (80 stitches).

Now rib as usual and decrease at the beginning of every row till 60 stitches are left.

For the KNEES, rib 10 rows, knitting 3 and purling 3 alternately. Cast off.

Make a second piece exactly like the first. Take a large needle and some of the same wool, fold one section in half, and, beginning at the lower edge, sew it up to the depth of six inches. Join the second piece in the same way, then place the two front margins and the two backs together and seam these also together, keeping the join as flat as possible.

Press the seams with a hot iron, placing a damp cloth between this and the work.

This pattern will be found extremely easy to follow. It can also be adapted with very little trouble to suit a child of any size and figure. It is as well to cast on and off with a thread of Sylko taken with the wool for the sake of additional strength.

Ribbed Stocking for Boy of 8 to 10

BOYS vary much in size at the same age, but this stocking, being ribbed, will fit a stout leg and foot as well as thin ones. It is made in quite an easy pattern and can be managed successfully even by an inexperienced knitter.

MATERIALS: About 4½ ozs. of Paton's 4-ply Fingering any desired colour, or mix-

ture of shades, and four steel needles, No. 12. A little of Ardern's Sylko, No. 5, is required for the casting-on.

ABBREVIATIONS: k., knit; p., purl; s., slip; tog., together.

Cast on 62, that is 20 on each of two needles and 22 stitches on the third needle, using a strand of Sylko with the wool.

Rib by knitting 1 and purling 1 alternately for twenty rounds.

21st round.—K. 1 and p. 1 all round, but at the end of the third needle increase by knitting first into the front and then into the back of the middle stitch. This extra stitch is to be purled as a seam-stitch and is



An attractive Cap carried out in crochet

a good guide as it must run up unbroken till the heel is worked off.

Change the rib now, knitting 2 and purling 1 till further notice.

Rib 70 rounds.

Now begin the shaping for the CALF: * K. 1, k. 2 tog., rib to the end of the first needle, rib the second needle as usual, and on the third rib till four stitches are left, s. 1, k. 1, draw the s. over, k. 1, p. the last stitch which will now serve as the seam-stitch.

Rib 6 rounds.

Repeat from * five times, keeping the ribbing as even as possible after the shaped rounds.

Rib 48 rounds without decreasing, for the ANKLE.

Now divide the stitches for the HEEL. Upon one needle arrange 12 stitches, then

THE QUIVER

the seam-stitch and 12 more stitches. Leave the remaining 26 stitches for the instep.

Rib 24 rows backwards and forwards on the 25 stitches to make the HEEL FLAP. Always slip the first stitch.

To work off the HEEL: K. 14 (no ribbing now), s. the first stitch (this will not be mentioned again), k. 2 tog., k. 1, *turn*, p. 5, p. 2 tog., p. 1, *turn*, k. 6, k. 2 tog., k. 1, *turn*, p. 7, p. 2 tog., p. 1, *turn*, k. 8, k. 2 tog., k. 1, *turn*, p. 9, p. 2 tog., p. 1, *turn*, k. 10, k. 2 tog., k. 1, *turn*, p. 11, p. 2 tog., p. 1, *turn*, k. 12, k. 2 tog., k. 1, *turn*, p. 13, p. 2 tog., p. 1, *turn*, k. 15.

Pick up and k. 18 stitches down the side of the heel flap, rib the instep 26 stitches on to one pin, pick up 18 stitches along the second edge of heel, slip 8 of the 15 stitches left from the heel on to this needle and the remaining 7 on to the needle that already has the 18 picked-up stitches on it.

Rib one round. The instep needle is to be ribbed till further notice, so the following directions will apply only to the plain knitted back—or sole—of the foot.

2nd round of foot.—On the first needle k. plain till 3 stitches are left, k. 2 tog., k. 1. On the third needle, k. 1, s. 1, k. 1, draw the slipped stitch over, k. the rest plain.

3rd round.—K. and rib with no decreasing.

Repeat the 2nd and 3rd rounds till 48 stitches are left on the needles. This allows good "spring" from heel to foot and therefore will lengthen the life of the stockings considerably.

K. and rib 30 rounds.

To work off the Foot:

1st round.—K. till 3 stitches are left on the *first needle*, k. 2 tog., k. 1. *2nd needle.*—K. 1, s. 1, k. 1, draw the s. over, k. till 3 stitches are left, k. 2 tog., k. 1. *3rd needle.*—K. 1, s. 1, k. 1, draw the s. over, k. the rest. No more ribbing is to be done.

K. 3 rounds plain.

Repeat the 1st round.

K. 2 rounds plain.

* Work as in the 1st round.

K. 1 plain round.

Repeat from * till about 16 stitches are left. Cut off the wool, leaving an end of several inches. Thread this on a large rug needle, slip the stitches on to it and draw the wool up closely. Pass it down to the wrong side and take a few rows of darning stitches round and round to strengthen the

tip of the foot before finally cutting off the way.

Damp and press the stocking in the usual manner.

Knitted Glove for a Child

MATERIALS: One oz. of Paton's 4-ply Scotch Fingering, dark grey or navy blue, and four short steel needles, No. 13 or 14.

ABBREVIATIONS: k., knit; s., slip; tog., together.

Begin at the WRIST by casting on 44 stitches, that is, 14 on each of two needles and 16 on the third needle.

Rib thirty rounds, knitting one and purling one alternately.

Knit ten rounds plain, then for the THUMB: On the first needle, k. 2, increase by knitting a loop raised from the preceding round, k. 1, increase as before, k. the rest of the round plain.

* Work two rounds without increasing.
44th round.—K. 2, increase as before, k. 3, increase, k. the rest plain.

Repeat from * seven times. There should be seventeen stitches for the thumb. Slip these on to three needles and knit on them sixteen plain rounds. The remaining stitches should be run on to a piece of thread or taken up on a large safety-pin.

To shape the top of the THUMB, k. 2 tog. once on each needle, then k. 4 rounds plain.

6th round of thumb.—* K. 2, k. 2 tog.; repeat from * all round.

Work 2 rounds without decreasing, cut off the wool, leaving several inches.

Pick up the loops with a large rug needle, draw the end of the working wool through them closely, turn the thumb inside out, and fasten off by making a few stitches up and down through the back of the knitting, then cut off the wool.

Return to the stitches left on the safety-pin. Pick up and k. 4 loops from the base of the thumb, divide the rest on the three needles and work round in plain knitting for eight rounds.

For the FIRST FINGER: S. 7 stitches from the inside or palm of the hand, cast on 2, slip 7 stitches from the outside. S. the rest of the loops on to thread or a safety-pin. Arrange the sixteen loops on three needles and k. round for 24 plain rounds, then decrease and fasten off exactly as above described for the thumb.

For the SECOND FINGER: S. 6 stitches from the palm, cast on 4, pick up 6 stitches from the back of the hand and pick up and knit 4 stitches from the base of the first finger. Arrange these on three needles and work 27 plain rounds. Shape the tip of the finger and fasten off as before.

For the THIRD FINGER: S. 5 stitches from the palm side, cast on 3, s. 6 stitches from the outside of the hand and pick up 2 from the base of the second finger, k. 24 rounds and decrease as usual.

For the LITTLE FINGER: S. the stitches that are left on to three needles and pick up and k. 3 stitches at the base of the third finger. K. 23 plain rounds and work off the finger as before described.

These gloves are as easy to make as gloves well can be. If extra warm ones are required, omit the ribbed wrist, beginning with the first ten plain rounds. When everything else is done work a band of loop knitting on a foundation of twelve or fourteen stitches. About thirty rows in all will be enough. Cast off and sew it along one edge securely to the lower margin of the glove.

Crochet Cap for Baby Boy

MATERIALS: One and a half ozs. of Paton's Alloa Wheeling, 3-ply, and a medium-sized bone crochet hook.

ABBREVIATIONS: ch., chain; ss., slip-stitch; dc., double crochet.

Make a ring of 3 ch. Work in dc., taking up both loops at the top of the preceding round.

1st round.—8 dc. into the ring.

2nd round.—Work 2 dc. into every dc. of the first round.

3rd round.—1 dc., increase by working 2 dc. into the next stitch; repeat all round. It is a good plan to run a piece of coloured wool into the work to mark the beginning of the rounds.

4th round.—1 dc. into every dc. of the preceding round.

5th round.—2 dc., increase as in the 3rd round; repeat all round.

6th round.—Dc. all round with no increasing.

7th round.—3 dc., increase; repeat all round.

8th round.—Dc. with no increasing.

9th round.—4 dc., increase; repeat all round.

Work thirteen more plain rounds without increasing, that is, twenty-two rounds in all.

Turn the cap inside out and begin the BRIM.

23rd round.—Make a tuft thus: 2 ch., * wool over the hook, put this into the work and draw the wool through all the loops on the hook at once, close the tuft with one chain, 1 ch.; repeat from the first * missing one dc. after each tuft.

24th and 25th rounds.—Like the 23rd round, working each tuft into a space between the tufts of the preceding round.

26th round.—Dc. all round, putting 1 dc. on the top of every tuft and one dc. over the ch. between the tufts. Fasten off the wool and run in the ends.

It is quite easy to make a cap like this in a larger size if required. After the 9th round, make dc. as usual, then a round with 5 dc. between the increasing. Still more rounds may thus be added if an extra large cap is wanted, or if the wool used is finer than that recommended. The border must be made wider to correspond, four or five rounds of tufts being worked instead of three.

For the TUFT in the middle of the crown, wind some of the wool about fifty times round three fingers of the left hand. Tie the strands together tightly with very fine twine, or a double length of coarse crochet cotton. Cut the wool across, opposite the place where it was tied, and fluff out the ends of the wool with a large pin or needle. Clip the strands to ensure that they are all of the same length, then sew the tuft firmly into its place in the middle of the crown.

This cap offers a good opportunity for the use of small quantities of wool, for the brim and the tuft on the crown may, if liked, be of a different shade from the rest. The two makes of wool must be of about the same thickness, or the brim will work out too large, or the reverse, in proportion to the crown.



That King of Humbugs—Death!

NOWADAYS it is but a truism to observe that the war has brought home to the hearts and minds of the present generation the idea of Death in the most vivid and intimate fashion. Nevertheless, because this has become such a widely spread and loose-lipped kind of truism, I have lately begun very seriously to doubt its correctness. Maybe we have recently grown not to fear Death for our loved ones quite so much as we once did; but as to Death in itself—our own attitude towards that last and the greatest act of all in the ceaseless Human Drama—have we not still much to learn?

Have We Learned Our Lesson ?

Let me explain. Had we really learned our lesson aright in those poignant years of 1914-18 we could not have sunk so easily as we have done into our present round of excitement and distraction, or become so avid for change or for pleasure. We should, on the contrary, have told ourselves quite earnestly, but quite gently and sweetly, that we had been privileged to see right to the bottom of purely human griefs, and that henceforth we could never be the same bogey-ridden men and women we were in the old bad times when a type of coarse materialism was in fashion and we were bidden to labour as though we were immortal. As it is, we pretend that in the big things of life we have become very care-free. The old shadows have lifted—these are the times to cry "Never again!" And once again we say very heartily with Shakespeare :

"We are of such stuffs as dreams are made of,
And our little life is rounded by a sleep."

But this, be it noted, does not alter our essential viewpoint of Death. We still talk of Death in the old hushed accents. We are still at many pains not to discuss our own last ends. Indeed, the better to hide the essential realities, even good people who go regularly to church and have never tipped a table, never chased a tumbler round an ouija board, and know practically nothing of the rise and spread of modern Spiritualism, have taken to referring to

A Talk for the New Year
By
Stanhope W. Sprigg

Death as "going west," "passing over," "beyond the vale!" Not once in a score of times do you hear the good, sound English, "He is dead!"

Is this Christianity ?

The other day I was walking up the Harrow Road—surely one of the dreariest and most depressing of all the main arteries that run for any considerable distance through the centre of London. I was on my way to a cemetery at Kensal Green; and I was accompanied by one of those young literary men who are quietly but determinedly rationalistic and who love to envisage a tragedy in a gibe. As almost inevitably happens, we were overtaken by a funeral procession—one of the most pompous and depressing pageants of woe that I had ever seen. The corners of my friend's mouth wrinkled as he surveyed the display of handkerchiefs.

"If these people had any Christian feeling at all," he said suavely, "they could not sorrow like this! Why? Because tomorrow maybe they will give an order for a tombstone, and the odds are they will put on it as the text: 'He giveth His beloved sleep,' absolutely unconscious of the absurd contradiction of that assurance with their grief in this black-plumed, violet-palled, semi-pagan pageant, that seems a cross between a circus procession and a Hindu suttée!"

Are We Sincere ?

And when I got to the cemetery I glanced casually at many of the inscriptions on the tombstones. My friend alas! was right. One of the most popular of all was that beautiful assurance, surely the sweetest comfort of millions of Christians in the long procession of the centuries, "He giveth His beloved sleep"!

Here, really is the kernel of the whole problem.

He *does* give His beloved sleep; and, instead of lifting up our hearts to the Giver of all good when that overwhelming benefaction comes we drape ourselves in black, we darken our homes, we make a virtue of

THAT KING OF HUMBUGS—DEATH!

tears and of a low form of auto-hysteria, whereas our chief thought should be, "Thanks be to God! Oh, when will He call us?"

False Ideas

Am I pleading for something unnatural and mock heroic? I think not. A very dear old lady I know who has seen and sorrowed and suffered much, and who, nevertheless, loves me very dearly, and would like to agree with me, reminds me that the founder of Christianity Himself wept at the grave of Lazarus, and therefore He sanctified all human grief. True. When, however, I pressed her on the point she was not quite sure why Our Lord wept, and if, after all, He wept not because Lazarus had really died, but because to help others' unbelief He had to call Lazarus back to this Great School of Suffering, and Endurance, and Discipline! Yet I know we merely human parents often find our eyes heavy with tears when our children go back to school after the holidays from their homes.

The truth, unfortunately, seems to be this: So few of us get our ideas right about "That King of Humbugs—Death!" In theory, we learn as children that it is, as J. M. Barrie once said, the most beautiful adventure of all, the most splendid climax that has ever entered into the heart of the Divine. In practice, we find as years crowd upon us that it is made and spoken of as the summit of human tragedies, that the mere thought of it turns strong men pale, and that the smallest reference to it will often cause the best of women to burst into tears.

Yet it can't be both, can it? And is it not about time that we individually made up our minds exactly what it is—not for our father, brother, sister, wife, or mother, but for ourselves?

Not to be Mentioned

The other day a very clever story went the rounds about a newly arrived millionaire who was staying at one of the biggest London hotels. To him went the friend of his youth; and the heart of this friend rejoiced as he found his hands seized by the millionaire, and he heard the cheering words: "Welcome, friend of my school-days, welcome!"

A moment later they were seated with glowing eyes in front of each other, and

the millionaire began: "And now, old friend, tell me, how is that good wife of yours? Bright, happy, well?"

"I am sorry to say she has gone insane. She is now in a private asylum!" replied the visitor, a break in his accents. "There is no hope for her. None at all!"

"Dear me, dear me, how sad!" commented the millionaire. Then more brightly: "But your son? A fine chap he must be! What about him? A smart, clever child as I remember him! Surely, he makes up for your sad separation?"

"No," said the father, reaching for his handkerchief, "he does not. He has just gone bankrupt and is in jail!"

"Ah!" cried the millionaire dramatically, "I am glad I never married. Luckily, to distract you, you have your business."

"No, I have not! I have just been sold up! I could not stand the high costs of production, the demands of labour!"

"But," interposed the millionaire in a final effort to pierce the visitor's gloom, "what about your daughter, dear little Dorothea! Surely she is with you and a comfort to you?"

"No," said the man, bursting into tears, "she is not. *She died two years ago!*"

Rising unsteadily to his feet, the millionaire stumbled towards the fireplace and pressed an electric bell. His summons was answered by a gorgeously clad footman who stood respectfully at attention.

"*I can't bear the mention of Death!*" said the millionaire in hollow accents. "*Take this gentleman away, footman. He is breaking my heart!*"

An Unnatural Attitude

Well, of course, at first sight this may seem very absurd or very cynical, just as it happens to strike upon your mood, but really is it so inappropriate as you are tempted to think? Have you ever tried to discuss a bereavement with a newly found friend, or even amidst a group of relations who really cherish quite a fondness for you? Have you not noted how features stiffen, nervous coughs are interposed when Death is mentioned!

Yet Death is the common heritage of us all!

Wanted—A New Way of Thinking

I do wish very much that there was a new way of thinking about Death (their own deaths) among all classes of professing

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Christians. Roman Catholics have a service that they call *Bona mors*, in which they invoke a happy death; but why should not all who belong to the Household of Faith train themselves to the same pious usage so that when Death comes, as come it must, they shall be able to fold their arms confidently across their breast and greet it—not as a thing of terror but as children greet the sounds of the bell that tell them lessons at last have come to an end?

Why should we repeat with Macbeth:

" And all our yesterdays have lighted fools
The way to dusty death "?

Or even quote Miss Ethel Clifford, who is said to have got surprisingly the pathos of man's fleeting life into these wistful lines:

" Far away in Egypt the strange kings lie
sleeping ;

Rising and falling, the old Nile flows;
Through seed time and growing, and the
time for reaping,
They wait and we wait, for what—none
knows."

A Lovely Thing—Not Ugly

Let us rather take the standpoint that Barrie has done in his latest dramatic work that "Death is a very lovely thing and not a very ugly thing, that Death is the land of the ever-young, and that mourning hearts should realize it is nothing but cruel to wish that their dead could return."

Rather, we should say with James Douglas, "It is better for us to be left in this grey, sad life of ours, with its queer phantoms, and to wait here in peace till we, in our turn, escape from our shaws and shadows into the serene reality beyond. We can all be sorry for our sorry state, we can all feel that we are phantoms and that our life is a dance of shadows, but we should never forget—the mysterious loveliness of Death!"

The King of Humbugs

Some Americans, wiser than we English, have just started a society to make people realize that it is as necessary to prepare for Death as it is to provide for their daily needs; that it is equally as "interesting" to talk about death as it is about life; and that the gruesomeness of death should be relegated to the ash-heap of Time.

We are too old-fashioned to favour that kind of propaganda here, but we can remember that even Dr. Johnson said, "Grief is a kind of vain idleness!" Afterwards we may go a step further and declare not only "that Death is the King of Humbugs," but that a fine ideal for each one of us is to be

" Happy that I can
Be crossed and thwarted as a man,
Not left in God's contempt apart,
With ghastly smooth life, dead at heart,
Tame in earth's paddock as her prize ! "

THE NEW YEAR

EA CH New Year day Time cuts the thread
That binds us to the vanished past.
Its tears, and cares, and pang's are fled,
Its woes are gone, its troubles dead,
And we are free at last.

It is the road ahead we scan
Whene'er the year is new.
Again we gird our hearts, and plan
For better days. We hope again
In things secure and true.

Thanks for the hand that steals away
The cares of moments sped.
Thanks for the years we leave to-day,
But more for all that seems to say :
" 'Tis better on ahead."

CLARENCE E. FLYNN.



WARWICK REYNOLDS

The
Waif
of
the
Prairie
Hollows
By
H. Mortimer
Batten

THAT dawn Strychnine Loam, returning across the prairie from a carousal in town, saw a jackal skulking along the north bank of the Silvertrail and shot it at surprisingly long range. Pelts were of little value at this season, midspring, but bounties were good—especially for *she* wolves and jackals. When Loam rode up to his prize he was at first gratified, then angry—gratified to find it was a *she* jackal, and angry to discover that she was nursing little ones.

The wolver had no humane sentiments in the matter—Oh, no. To him a wolf or a jackal merely represented a bounty, and whereas this blunder of his meant a death of lingering misery to the coyote's cubs, what really concerned him was that he had cheated himself out of the possession of the whole litter. Had he known that the coyote was nursing whelps he would have waited in hiding for her, armed with a light rifle, and given her a flesh wound that would maim but not kill. Then the coyote, feeling the great sickness upon her, would have crept to her cubs, leaving behind her a betraying blood-trail, and the wolver, exultant, could have tracked her to her den where seven or eight bounties, in addition to that for the mother, were his.

Two days later young Steth Elwood, the son of the range owner, accompanied by the ranch boss, Lee, was riding along the Silvertrail when turning suddenly he was surprised to see what he took to be a puppy scrambling over the ground on clumsy puppy legs in pursuit of Queenie, the fox-terrier, who accompanied them.

"Well, look at that, Lee!" cried Steth. "Where did that little beggar spring from?"

Lee looked, and as they both drew rein Queenie turned upon the puppy with a snarl, whereupon the little creature rolled over in an attitude of surrender and Queenie was disarmed. Her heart was soft, for at home she had puppies of her own, but as she trotted on the little animal followed, and the men saw it was so weak as to be scarcely able to stand.

"Hold on," said Lee. "It's a little coyote. You ride south there and head him off."

The coyote whelp, however, was so absorbed in following the terrier that it took not the least notice of the men, so that the task of catching it was by no means the exciting business they had expected. Lee slipped from his saddle and called Queenie, then as the puppy came ambling up, looking at the man curiously, Steth threw

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his rope from behind, and the coyote was a captive.

It is to be feared that he bit and squealed and made Lee's thumb bleed, at which the ranch boss was all in for tapping the little captive across the scalp and drawing the bounty.

"No," said Steth, "we'll take him home."

Lee looked at the boy. Like all cattle punchers he regarded coyotes much as one might regard a steel trap that possesses legs and runs about the range trapping anything of value to man. "What on earth for?" he inquired. "Jackals ain't no good as pets, and I bet the boss will kick if you take him home."

"I can do as I like," retorted Steth with an importance of person inspired by seventeen summers. "And—look here, Lee. If we put that cub in a box having an open front, his mother will come and feed him, then we can get her too—you savvée?"

Lee grinned. "She'll come and gnaw him out," the man prophesied. Then after a moment's thought he added—"Anyway, we can try it, Master Steth. I've got a couple of Number 3 traps somewhere about the outfit, and we'll go shares in the bounty."

So the baby coyote was taken back to the ranch, given some milk, and finally placed in a chicken coop at the back of the outhouses. Steth and Lee decided not to place any traps till the mother had been once or twice, and so had overcome her natural suspicion of this close proximity of man, and round the coop they spread some wire netting to prevent her gnawing him out.

The little coyote cried all night, as he had cried with his brothers and sisters all the previous night, but his mother never came, because she was dead. There was only one

who heard and understood his plaintive whimperings—Queenie, the terrier, and somehow it made her restless, and she rose constantly to turn round and lick her own puppies. Once the coyote thought he got a faint whiff of his mother, and his cries went up in a wild crescendo. He did not yet know the scent of timber wolf, as he came to know it later, and the wolf, fearing some trap, decided not to go right in and kill that wretched little coyote.

Next morning Steth was surprised to find that the mother had not been near, so he fed the little captive and left everything as before. The cookie noticed that Queenie visited the coop several times during the day and on her last visit her suspicion of

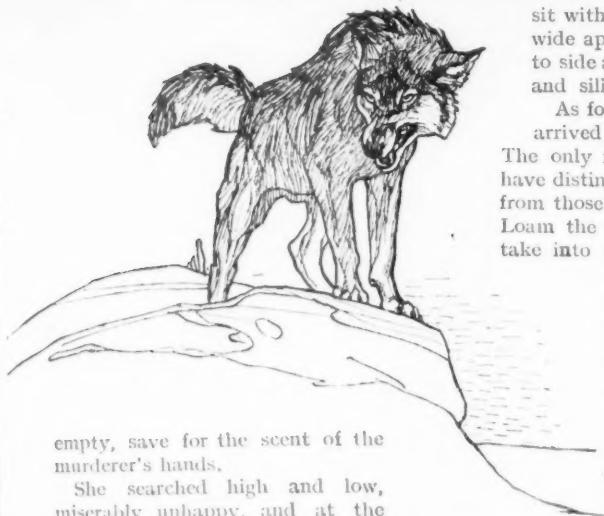


"Out of the darkness
there came a huge
black-maned wolf"
—p. 250

the cub seemed to have died a natural death, for she was seen to lick his nose through the bars

That evening, when Queenie was out with her master, one of the men went with a bucket of water, and did something dreadful to Queenie's puppies. They were all mongrels, you see, and the regular arrival of Queenie's families necessitated steps of this sort. So, when Queenie hastened back to her brood, she found her nest

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empty, save for the scent of the murderer's hands.

She searched high and low, miserably unhappy, and at the back of her mind was a lurking suspicion that man had done this thing. Had she possessed the faintest inkling of it she would have hidden the puppies in that secret cache of hers, behind the stick heap, where she hid so many of her treasures; and now, having searched the buildings, she went down to the Silvertrail, and her mother sense took her to a little patch of newly-turned sand. Here she found her little ones buried—cold, stiff, no longer a joy to her loving eyes, and she stole away from the horrible place, fearful of being seen in her misery, and hid in the stick heap.

That night the captive coyote whimpered and Queenie listened. The sound stirred and kindled the mother love within her, and when all was quiet she stole out from her hiding place and went to the coop. Wire nettings and the taint of man had no fears for her, and forcing her way through the barrier she gnawed the puppy free and caught him out.

O gentle mother love, what an all-ruling, all-conquering power you are—blind to all blemishes, dead to all sense of self, the greatest, gentlest power on earth! Deep in the stick pile Queenie hid him, and there for many days the little fosterling rejoiced in undivided possession of the food that was meant for seven. He threw apace, and his dread of men grew in proportion. Only at night time did he venture from the stick heap, to

sit with his big ears erect, his forelegs wide apart, cocking his head from side to side as he watched the buzzing moths and silly bumbles.

As for Steth—he and his confederate arrived at the most natural conclusion. The only man along the range who could have distinguished the tracks of the terrier from those of a wild coyote was Strychnine Loam the trapper, and him they did not take into their confidence. "She's been and taken him," was Steth's report, and when Lee had ambled up to look for himself, his only comment was—"First time I've ever known a coyote face wire netting."

II

THOUGH the little coyote was growing rapidly in strength and staunchness of limb, his education was being sadly neglected. Had his mother lived she would, by this time, have taken him nightly on breathless mouse-hunting expeditions, and thus, lesson by lesson, he would have learnt from her the things on which his success in after life was dependent. As it was he received no such training, but for a coyote he was gaining a good deal of unique experience.

A jackal is truly a creature of the wild. Keep him a captive all his life—force him into circus tricks if you like, but his fear and distrust of man will never die. Certain tricks of the chase Coyote knew by instinct, and example was not necessary in order to show him how to lurk in waiting among the sticks, then spring out at the sleek grey rats that sometimes ventured within his domain. Silly bumbles he caught by the score, and one day the rat trick developed into a far more exciting and perilous pastime.

A great white partridge came and sat on the stick pile, and sang in a most startling and raucous manner. Coyote had seen these partridges before, and knew that they were good to eat, though he had feared to venture into the yard where they lived. Now he mounted noiselessly and leapt, and the rooster vanished into the stick pile with no knowledge as to the manner of death that had seized him from below.

That evening, when Queenie came to feed him, Coyote was not hungry, and the next

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morning found him in the same state. This was because rats had been attracted to the stick pile by the remains of the chicken, and observing this, Coyote had used the remains as a bait—carrying it into the open spot where there was nothing to hinder his pounce.

During the next few days several chickens disappeared. The little jackal became self-supporting, and Queenie began to lose interest in him. One evening one of the boys, sauntering round the stick heap, saw white feathers everywhere.

"It's the rats in the stick heap what's taking them chuck-ens," he reported to Lee, and Lee got to work with a number of "small fur" traps, setting them as far back in the heap as convenience permitted. "That'll fix 'em," was his final comment, and sure enough it fixed the little coyote within quite a few minutes. The trap closed on one of his forelegs, and at first he simply "kia-woed" for Queenie, thinking that something had bitten him; but finding himself held the instinctive terror of the trapped animal fell upon him. Dead to all feeling he dragged the trap deep into the stick heap, and there, for ten hours, fought and wrestled with it in an agony of fear and pain. Queenie went to him, but he was so fierce and red-eyed that she dare not go near. More terrible than a wolf trap was the one he had encountered, for it had tearing, cruel teeth, whereas a wolf trap is blunt and toothless.

With the early dawn the little coyote freed himself from the dreadful thing, and then it was that a great suspicion of this place fell upon him. He crept out of his hiding, and for the first time looked with interest upon the world without. The red rim of the sun was just peeping over the endless haze of the prairies. Away to the west the foothills rolled in an unending succession of light and shadow, and farther still the great dim buttes reared like cloud palaces above the haze. It was an infinite world, endlessly beautiful, breathlessly grand, and into it stole little Coyote, casting fearful glances behind him as he hopped on three legs and nursed a fourth.

He was leaving the ranch for ever, but with him he took this much knowledge—that safety from man is to be found in his very midst, and that the scent of steel is the scent of death.

III

"STRYCHININE" LOAM, so named on account of his alleged skill with poisoned baits, had his cabin at the canyon mouth about five miles from the ranch, and one day, returning home with a large catch of whitefish, he left them strung under the eaves of his cabin to dry out prior to curing them for baits. Returning some hours later he had just cast off his gear when he found his feet entangled in something. It was the line by which he had left the fish suspended.

All the whitefish were gone, and there, up to the very threshold of his cabin, were the tracks of a coyote—so fresh that a beetle it had crushed was still alive in its un-crushed portion.

The jackal must have been here when Loam rode up, and now his quick senses prompted him to look about him. Was that a jackal, or was it a clump of cactus—crouching in the sand not twenty paces away? The wolver did not look straight in that direction, and now he began to whistle a careless air, engaging himself by disentangling his feet. But he caught a glimpse of one bright eye shining from the unattractive little mound, and knew that it was a jackal.

Not ten seconds ago Loam had laid his revolver on the bench inside the cabin, and now there was nothing for it but to go and get the weapon. With a natural swing he turned in at the door, took up the revolver, and stepped out ready to use it.

But the mound was gone. Yes, that second when his back was turned had given the animal the chance for which it waited—the chance to put the cabin between itself and the man. Loam dodged to the back, just in time to see a little cyclone of dust heading straight away—a young, gaunt-limbed coyote, that ran on three legs and nursed a fourth.

Next day, when Loam went his round he again left a string of baits suspended upon the wall, and beneath them, hidden in the sand, were two No. 4 Whitehouse traps. When he came home at dusk one of the traps had been pulled out and sprung, and dirt was scratched upon the other. The baits were gone.

Strange that a coyote who had never mixed with his own kind since his helpless

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puppy days, should grow up with all the little tricks—that betray the coyotes the world over—inherent in him. As a matter of fact Lame Leg had narrowly escaped the wolver's set, and this experience added one more stone to the temple of his knowledge—that suspended baits, though tempting, are dangerous.

A little while later Steth Elwood met the wolver on the range.

"There's a blame little wise coyote that I can't trap about my cabin," said Loam. "Seen anything of her along at the ranch?"

The boy shook his head. "No," he answered, then after a moment's thought he added—"But hold on—one of the boys pegged out some skins to dry. When he went in the morning something—a dog we thought—had rolled on them and chewed up the best, and finished by scattering dirt on them."

Loam laughed. "That's a coyote trick sure enough," said he. "Fairly reeks of coyote. What was your dog doing that she allowed him about?"

They both looked at Queenie. "Dunno," said the boy. "She usually sends any coyote that happens along about his business, so I guess she must have been asleep."

But not even Queenie's master knew much about the night side of her character in these days—how, almost every evening, a little lame coyote would approach by the corral, thence through the stick heap, to meet her at the gate. A friendly sign would pass between them, then the coyote would trot round as though he owned the place. He would explore the garbage heap, sniff round the henhouse, and trot off with anything left lying about. Once a pair of chapsarjoes, hanging on the bunkhouse wall, were missing when morning came, but later one of them was found roughly buried in the dunghill.

All this time Lame Leg was collecting for himself a wonderful assortment of knowledge. The injury to his paw was alas, permanent, and deprived him of his speed, so that he was compelled to rely more and more upon his wits. But for his intimacy with the haunts of man he would have fared badly in these days, for in many ways the injury was a serious menace to him. Wolves—the big husky timber wolves—are to-day as plentiful in the Silvertrail valley as when the buffalo myriads moved north and south each

spring and fall. The buffalo are gone with the coming of man, but in their place man has stocked the foothills richly with herds of cattle, sheep and goats. On these the wolves feast, and between the wolves and the coyotes there exists a never-relenting feud. Lame Leg moved in mortal terror of the wolves, and it was only because they concluded that he was as fleet as the rest of his kind that he had managed to survive so long.

That fall young Elwood organised a series of wolf and coyote hunts, every dog in the locality being mustered to the meet, whereupon the scratch pack, with an equally scratch gathering of hunters, would beat the sage and the juniper for any lurking vermin. In spite of the undisciplined conduct of the pack, most of the members of which seemed to regard the affair simply as a match-making contest, a fair number of coyotes were killed—coyotes which, possessing the hereditary weaknesses of their kind, could not resist the temptation of running to the crest of the ridges to see what all the canine excitement was about, then yap their mockery. Moreover those that fell did so because they trusted to their fleetness, and in the end were outdistanced.

Wolves too were killed—one or two long-legged cubs of that year—and so were a good many of the dogs. There was one wolf in particular that gave the pack trouble—a big, gaunt, black-maned brute, whom the boys knew as Buffalo. This wolf had long mocked the efforts of Strychnine Loam, and it was this wolf that finally broke up the pack—or rather, broke up so many of its members that young Steth found himself the midst of a seething indignation of bereaved dog owners, who demanded compensation for their losses.

"You'll have to take it in a sporting spirit," said young Steth. "I can't pay you for your dogs, since you've had your share of the fun, but I'll tell you what I'll do. That big wolf is doubtless at the bottom of all this cattle killing, and I'll supplement the bounty by one hundred dollars to be paid to the man who gets him. Now vamoosed."

They vamoosed, but the only one who went his way with a sense of contentment was Strychnine Loam, the professional trapper of the range.

Just as there was one exceptional wolf

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upon the foothills, so there was one exceptional coyote—exceptional because he contrived to avoid the limelight. Other coyotes might stand in silhouette upon the hilltops, yapping their mockery, but *he* did not. Other coyotes might depend upon their speed, but *he* had no speed and knew it. His strength lay in his knowledge of his own weakness, for on hearing the pack from afar he would sneak by the shadowy hollows away to the ranch—would hide in the very stick heap of his nursery days. No one thought of looking there—in fact, the hunt generally met two miles from the ranch and broke up an equal or greater distance away. Only at night time does the truly wild coyote come prowling round the habitation of man, and so, at man's very threshold, Lame Leg sought and found a sanctuary denied his abler kin.

Almost nightly Queenie saw her adopted son, and while there were no great demonstrations between them, each seemed content to regard the other as a natural feature of the landscape. Then one night when Lame Leg came he offered Queenie an invitation to come out with him in the most approved dog form. The invitation consisted of a nudge of the shoulder, then trotting briskly off he would look round at Queenie to follow. At first she was reluctant, for her duty lay at home, but three times he came back for her, and in the end she yielded. Away up wind he led her, across the prairie levels where the shadows lay like ghost clouds, through gopher cities where the citizens sat like picket pins, then vanished backwards into their burrows with "churrs" of derision as the two dogs trotted up. Once a great grey ghost-bird settled just ahead, and Lame Leg and Queenie dashed at it with chopping jaws.

The blood of the wild dog was astir in Queenie's veins, and as she trotted on her mane began to bristle and her eyes shone with the wild hunting lust. Dim and unreal the prairie lay ahead, a land of half lights, of shifting shadows, just ahead of her was her wolfish friend, and there was no sound in the vastness save the "pitter-pat" of their paws on the sand.

Suddenly Lame Leg stopped, his head aloft, sifting every breeze. A faint whiff came down the night air, faint but seductive—the delicious whiff of calf, and Queenie was for going right in here and now had not

Lame Leg warned her with a growl. Up wind he went, very cautiously, zig-zagging yard by yard, and Queenie, who knew nothing of the perils of the coyote world, wondered at his caution. Fifty paces, thirty, twenty, then convinced that the coast was clear Lame Leg trotted up and they feasted. Later on Lame Leg raised his head and stole away, motioning Queenie to follow. Then out of the darkness there came a huge black-maned wolf, who rumbled thunder as he approached, and from a distant ridge Lame Leg yapped mockery while the wolf feasted, and Queenie looked on with shining eyes.

This was but the first of their nocturnal forays together, and soon it became the fashion for Lame Leg to invite his foster-mother to any feast he found, and for Queenie to accept.

Many dogs in wild regions adopt the habits of the wolf at nightfall, living all day with their masters till, at the coming of dusk, civilisation falls from them like the falling of a veil, and they sneak up wind, watchful, furtive, hiding from man should he appear upon the skyline. And as sure as night follows day, as sure as the Snow Moon brings her snows, their wolfish habits, sooner or later, land them in dire straits.

The crisp night air chills turned now to deadly frosts, and one night, passing a pine thicket with Lame Leg at her side, Queenie saw a prairie chicken hanging by its head from a bough about six feet from the ground. She looked up at it and whined to attract the coyote's attention, at which he rumbled a warning in his throat and barged her with his shoulder. But the prairie chicken smelt endlessly good, and Queenie was reluctant to leave it, though her companion's growls and bristling mane forbade her touching it.

Next day Queenie remembered the prairie chicken. She thought Lame Leg had warned her against it because he wanted to return for it himself, and so she sneaked off alone to secure the prize.

Under the suspended bird, though perhaps a yard to the north of it, was an ant hill, now a mound of snow, from the crest of which the bait hung within easy reach. Cautiously Queenie mounted the hillock, sniffing suspiciously, for she too had an inbred fear of traps. The crown of the mound was a likely place for a setting, but

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Queenie soon learnt there was no trap there, and climbed up eagerly, her eyes bright with the light of possession. There dangled the prairie chicken, within easy springing distance, moving temptingly in the breeze. Queenie leapt and seized it, fell back to earth with the prize in her jaws, when—thud. The trap was hidden, not at the starting point but at the landing, and now Queenie was firmly held by the blunt, remorseless jaws of a No. 4 Whitehouse.

How she fought and screamed and tussled, but no sound came to her save the mockery of the echoes. Ere long the imprisoned paw was dead and cold, she was conscious of no pain save the mental agony of being trapped. She fell to gnawing the trap, the chain, the drag—gnawed at her own imprisoned paw below the jaws, but there was no escaping from that vice-like hold.

The day died in a sullen glory of crimson—night came, but luckily for Queenie the frost snap had relented somewhat. But night brought its manifold terrors and shifting shadows, and the little dog crouched lower now, flattened herself to earth, and lay still in silent dread.

One hour, two hours passed by, then just behind her Queenie heard a sound like a human sigh. She turned, gnashing her teeth, chattering in terror, to see a big dog standing near, one paw upraised as he looked at her with savage yellow eyes. Then as their eyes met, Queenie's terror died, and she uttered a little whine of greeting. It was Lame Leg, her foster son.

The coyote circled round, sniffing the breeze. He bellied cautiously up to the trap, sniffed it and backed away with bristling coat, starting at a point just ahead. Clearly he wanted to help her, but this was a peril with which he could not contend. He stood with head raised, waving his tail slowly from side to side, then suddenly



"It was a fight to a finish"—p. 252

Drawn by
Warwick Reynolds

he faced up wind, froze in his tracks, and stood watching, listening, with terrible intentness.

Queenie crouched lower, for she too had heard or seen or smelt that dreaded sign. Then down wind there came, so close that it was like a thunder peal, the awful rumbling growl of a timber wolf! Over the whiteness, full into the starlight he came, walking stiff-legged, very slowly, and with lowered head. His eyes shone like awful balls of fire, saliva dripped from his naked fangs, the huge black mane about his shoulder blades stood straight on end, adding two inches to his towering stature. It was the black-maned cattle-killer on whose scalp lay the bounty—it was Buffalo!

Did the lame little coyote steal away? No, he stood his ground, his legs trembling beneath him, and answered growl for growl.

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You who know the coyote of the prairies will say, "That was not a coyote trick! More likely he would slink to the nearest ridge and yap his mockery," but I can record only what circumstances seem to indicate as facts. Lame Leg held his ground between the big wolf and his helpless foster-mother, and the big wolf paused, wondering at such audacity. Then he charged with an awful chopping of jaws, intent on slashing that coyote to the snow, but the coyote was not there. And behind the very spot where he had stood, within a yard of the trembling Queenie, there rose from the snow a second pair of jaws—rose with a vicious snap, like the snap of wolfish jaws, and the big wolf fell with a roar of terror and dismay.

He rose, and shook the snow from his mane. Terrible to behold was he in his impotence, and now he dragged the trap from its setting, hauled the heavy log from its scanty covering, and with a roar turned upon Queenie to avenge his plight.

Snap, slash, snap went the jaws of a coyote, and the big wolf turned, his mask laid open, to face his assailant. Queenie lay trembling and took no part, for between her and the wolf stood her foster son. The big wolf charged and struck him down, but, hindered by the trap, he could not maintain the advantage of his nimble foe. Snap—slash—snap went the coyote's jaws again, a cloud of powdery snow rose up on the still air, and the fight began.

It was a fight to a finish. For yards all round the snow was trodden flat, and smeared and smudged with little stains of brown. "Clank clank" went the chain of the trap, hurled this way and that, but the dull and slanting jaws kept their hold. There were no witnesses of that awful fight, save the unblinking stars and the cowering, trembling Queenie, but the snow told the

story, told of each breathless, ghastly scene in the oldest writing of the world.

When Strychnine Loam came along in the morning he was mystified. There in one of his traps lay the terrier, shivering with cold, strain and terror. Curled up beside her, apparently still sleeping, was a little coyote with a crippled paw, his coat gashed and rent in a hundred places. He was dead. Farther away still, in the centre of that trampled ring, the big black wolf lay stretched in the snow. He too was dead. Of the three only the terrier remained alive, and the signs told Wolver Loam that she was the first to fall.

Wolver Loam was growing old. In all his experience there were many things he could not understand—things which would seem to bring the world of fangs and fur nearer to the warm-blooded understanding of man himself—yet how can we—we who know the wild dog of the hills merely as a pair of ravenous jaws prowling without in the night blackness, we who at dawn see the deeds of his bloody doing—how can we read his soul aright? Nature in her gentler moods is hidden from us by the kindly shadows our vision cannot penetrate; we see but dimly till the veil is reached, and beyond that we grope in mystery. Or if for a moment the veil is raised, then we cannot believe.

Farewell little Lame Leg. Soon the Chinook winds will blow and the valleys will be rich with budding life. Coyote will call to coyote, and from glade to canyon love song will answer love song. But you, who in your life knew but one love, will not be here—one love which gave you life, a love all-ruling and all-conquering, blind to all blemishes, dead to all pain of self, the purest, sweetest love on earth. For such a love you died—the only love you ever knew. Farewell!



Jill on a Ranch

by

GERTRUDE PAGE

VI *Umdara Ranch.*

MARY and I have come to the conclusion that the animals in Rhodesia make our lives a burden to us! In England it is difficult to realize how easily this may be the case. The animals at home behave so circumspectly compared to ours. Cows, for instance, do not enter your bedroom, nor make weird noises just outside the window to wake one up from the sweetest slumber. Neither do hens insist upon laying eggs on the beds.

Over the cow trouble Mary has really behaved extraordinarily well. They, the cows, have a craze just now for salt. The Man says they always get it about this time of year. Anyhow, no confirmed drunkard was ever more insistent in his search for intoxicating liquor than our cows are for salt. Night after night they break through the paddock wire and make a raid on the homestead in search of salt.

As you may suppose, Général, it is kept in the store—at least *some* is—and unfortunately for the household they have found this out. They come in troops of threes and fours and nozzle round the out-buildings in search of it.

They break down the wire fence into the garden, walk over the flowers and rummage about the back veranda where Mary lives. It is when she hears them in the garden that she rises literally and figuratively most nobly to the occasion. Mary and I are fond of the garden and we try to keep it a garden to be proud of.

When she hears the salt-scavengers breaking through the wire, she gets up in the middle of the night, hastily throws on a long coat, and goes valiantly forth to drive them off. When one remembers how women are inclined to run from cows, even harmlessly grazing in broad daylight, Mary's heroism becomes patent.

The other night she had a very trying experience. Hearing strange noises in the spare bedroom hut, she went to the doorway and looked in. For a moment she could see nothing in the dim light. Then two shining eyes and an enormous pair of horns became visible, and she realized that one persistent female had actually managed to get inside. Her courage did not run to entering the hut, but she went round to the window, and poked the lady with a big stick until she managed to get herself outside again. When she told me



Photo: Swaine
A New Portrait of Gertrude
Page

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I was struck dumb momentarily at the mere thought of what the situation would have been had I had a cherished visitor sleeping there!

I am bound to admit that awful things have, upon occasion, happened to my visitors. You still remember the one who sat upon the cane-seated chair which had a



"He walked coolly up to the car and commenced flicking at the bees with a duster"—p. 256

hornets' nest suspended from it! And the one who found himself heaved up in the night by a greyhound sleeping under his bed which wished to change its position. . . . And there was one chased up a tree by a bull . . . and another much disturbed because Inky started having kittens in a box by his bedside. At first he thought it was a rat, and got a stick to drive it out. Then he heard a cat murmur, and, peering into the box, tumbled into the situation. After which he went back to bed and slept serenely, and we named the eldest kitten after him. There was also the visitor who had the bad luck to arrive soon after a

swarm of bees had taken up their habitation under the boards of the spare-room floor. The bees never stung us, or our house boys, but they stung any strange boy, and they stung our visitor. In the end he had to wait until the bees had gone to bed before retiring—and get up earlier than they in the morning. But so far no guest of mine has been rudely awakened by a cow glaring at him over the end of his bed—though I perceive it is quite likely to happen in the near future.

For though you may think, Général, that a visitor would certainly have the door shut—the horrid truth must out—*there is no door!*

A door to the spare bedroom hut is one of the things that Chip is going to do "tomorrow"; and has been going to do tomorrow for months. So that the whole herd might try to squeeze in through the curtains, before any unfortunate visitor is well awake, and that is hardly a contingency covered by the polite breakfast-table remark "I'm so sorry you had a disturbed night!" Of course, with *some* visitors . . . but there we'll leave it at that! . . . only you do get rather a lot of uninvited ones in Rhodesia.

On several occasions, grunting and snorting audibly, the Man has got up and gone out. His favourite device is to fire a gun into the air, which, in the beginning, scared them back to their own paddock. But, like birds and a scarecrow, they soon got used to it. "It's that old white beast," said he savagely one night, when he had to drive them all the way back to their paddock himself. "I'll have to give her a lesson." The next night they came again. "I'll jolly well pepper her with fives," he grunted, grovelling for his slippers. "Can't you strengthen the wire?" I suggested mildly, from a warm and comfy stronghold. "Strengthen the wire! . . ." with a withering accent no mere pen can portray. "It's been strengthened every day, but that old white beggar would lead 'em through anything."

A minute or two later I heard the usual report, and knew that the "peppering" had been administered. She stayed away for three nights and then came for a second dose. The Man seemed rather to enjoy it.

But three days later a boy came up to say that a cow was dead. Chip was not there, and I asked "What did it die of?"

"The Boss shoot it," said the boy.

"Shoot it! . . ." I repeated, astonished. "Why did he do that?"

"Shoot it at night," said the boy.

"Oh!" I exclaimed, "not the old white one!"

"No," shaking his head, "nodder one."

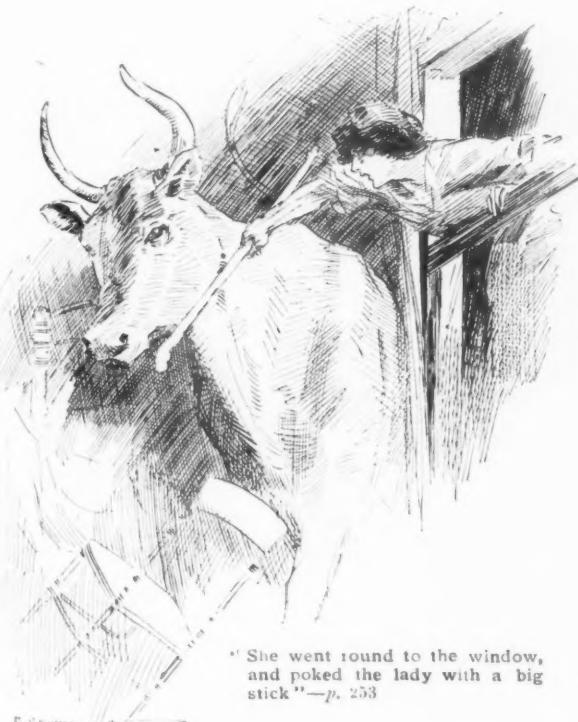
And then Chip arrived and learned that in his determination to pepper the old white beast and teach her a lesson, he had somehow managed to pepper a promising young cow, also, and the poor thing had taken three days to die . . .

Then there is a bull named Bonfire, the father of Blazes, who is no longer valuable enough to occupy a "solitaire" stall, and is left in the paddock at night to feed himself, instead of dining sumptuously off specially bought foodstuff. For this insult he revenges himself by breaking out and wandering around. He is rather fond of starting all the dogs barking at once about 2 a.m., and of leaning over the garden fence until it gives; when he proceeds to chew up all tender plants and flowers in reach. On the last occasion when Chip had to be away all night he surpassed himself. Everything was carefully arranged for the special protection of Mary and me; the capitauo told to be on guard, and Chezura, the londly house boy, instructed to sleep in a hut close to the house. When I awoke in the morning, and strolled lightly out on to the veranda to view the sunrise, as is my

daily joy, I found myself confronted with old Bonfire, standing a few yards away, regarding me with sleepy eyes, and from evidence around he must have been there most of the night. Had I chanced to be scared by anything and run out to call Mary, I should probably have barged right into him. I sent for the capitauo and requested an explanation. He could only say that Bonfire had broken out, but, evidently made nervous by the stern light in my eyes, he went to meet the Man on his return, and offered a very lucid explanation and apology.

Then there are the bees.

The last time we went for a Sunday picnic, when all the preparations were com-



"She went round to the window,
and poked the lady with a big
stick"—p. 253

plete, and Grimp, who was our guest, was exhibiting signs of impatience to be off, the Man fetched out the car, to find that a swarm of bees had settled inside it, mainly under the front seat.

It took us a whole hour to get rid of them

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and in the process the cook boy was stung in both eyes, the house boy on his ear, Mary on her neck and Chip and I on our hands. Grimp took a guest's privilege and remained indoors reading until I attacked him.

"Come, Grimp," said I, "you're an upholder of Higher Thought, and Higher Thoughtists believe that nothing can hurt them if they are absolutely unafraid of it—surely the bees wouldn't touch you at all!"

He took the hint and went out, walked coolly up to the car and commenced flicking at the bees with a duster. He kept on for twenty minutes, quite unperturbed until all were dispatched—and not a single bee stung him.

On two other occasions they swarmed in the car and Chip's language grew more lurid each time. One felt the bees should have shrivelled up! Then there were three occasions when a swarm managed to get into our bedroom. They got under the floor through a ventilation brick, and nearly worried me into a youthful grave. Three times Chip was stung in his bed, and twice I put on my boots with a bee hidden away inside which promptly stung my foot. At such times I think I do feel something of an Empire heroine. It keeps me from wiring for a passage on the next boat home. For it takes days to get rid of the bees, and all that time one has to pick one's steps carefully across a floor upon which half stupefied ones crawl in all directions, ready to sting upon the slightest provocation.

To revert again to the motor car, another of Rhodesia's trying animals nearly landed us out on the veldt all night. We were returning from the Lone Cow Ranch, and had to climb a steep hill about four miles from our homestead. As we sped along before reaching it, we were suddenly arrested by the sound of an extraordinary whistle coming from somewhere inside the bonnet. We looked at each other in amazement. "I hope it isn't going to blow up," I suggested tentatively. "What on earth is it?"

"Goodness knows!" answered Chip—and Grimp, at the back, was equally mystified.

Then we came to the hill, and the car grunted and snorted and jibbed, and we began to think we should never get up it. It was with a sigh of relief we reached the summit, but instead of a quick run home, the car seemed to struggle along with great difficulty. The next day, when Chip went to get it out of the garage, it refused to budge.

He commenced a careful examination and found a snake had writhed its way into the hot-air pipe leading to the carburettor, blocked the throttle and got itself burnt in half, leaving its two halves wedged in the engine.

The bugs which nearly drove Cousin Roger into a lunatic asylum I have already mentioned, but the fleas that disport themselves in our homestead I have only alluded to when Chip told the assembled gentry of the neighbourhood that he had caught fifty-one in one day. We will let it go at that!

The ants, described at length, would take up too much time and space; but I might relate how the latest breed of them oozes out of small holes in the wall in mass formation, and hangs there in large lumps, like some odious excretion, inside our dining-room.

The walls have to be scraped down and they make me feel quite sick. Grimp helps me with his Higher Thought, and I pretend that I do not mind them, and tell myself that they could not hurt me in any case—no, not even if the walls oozed elephants. But how I wish, all the time, that they would ooze secretly in some dark corner where I need never behold them. The white ants that will eat up almost anything lying on the ground are known to everyone. They even eat the wooden supports of verandas, and undermine houses. I once left a sunshade out all night, and in the morning there was nothing left but the steel frame. We all hate them with a deadly hatred, and fear them also, for they can do so much damage before they are found out. I heard of a man the other day who wrote home to his mother, "I love everything about Rhodesia except the white ants and the white women."

The hoary old cynic! But where else in the world, I wonder, will he find refined gentlewomen putting up a better fight against difficult conditions? Only that I foresee he would argue, "A good fight! . . . Certainly. . . . But one doesn't *love* them for that. . . . One admires and *reserves* further judgment."

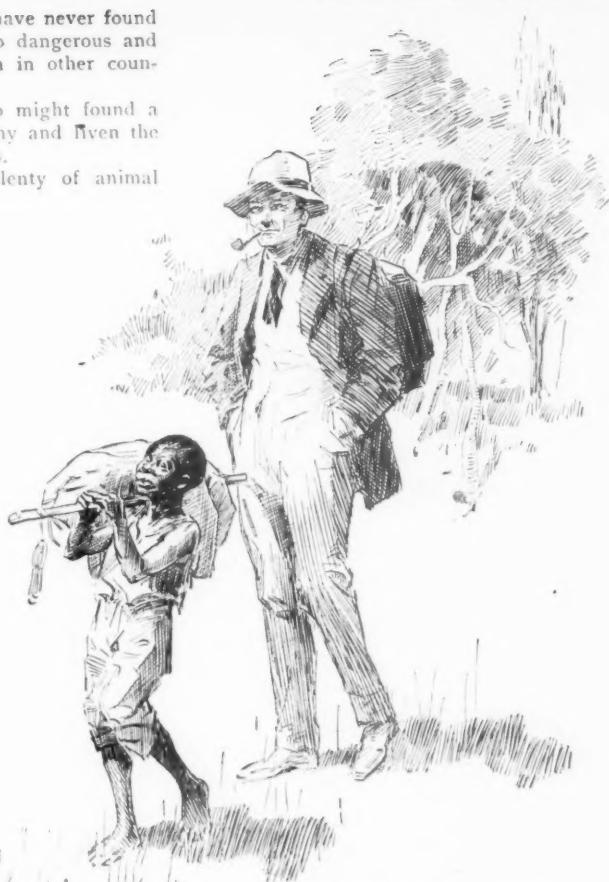
As a set-off against this, I may relate how a white woman friend of mine travelled three hundred miles in Central Africa with another white woman and one hundred and fifty native carriers—no white man at all. When asked later if she had not been nervous, unprotected among so many

natives, she remarked, "I have never found the black boy in Africa so dangerous and tiresome as the white man in other countries."

It would seem these two might found a Society of Mutual Antipathy and even the rest of us with their views.

Of course, there are plenty of animal pests in England, but crows do not eat up your chickens, and hawks carry away full-grown fowls, and rats get many of the eggs. Horses do not die suddenly from a mysterious disease that only takes about twenty-four hours to kill. Dogs are not martyrs to fleas, which it is most difficult to cope with, and they do not bark half the night at jackal. I can quite believe there is another set of worries as bad and worse, but when I hear people at home lightly exclaiming, "Life is so difficult in England, I long to go and live in Rhodesia," as if it were a Utopia of blissful serenity, I've got to set down, with cold precision, in unemotional black and white, the sort of blissful serenity it really is.

On the other hand, where in England could Chip and I have a week-end like our last? I prevailed upon him to do a camp-out for a few days, and he sent off two boys to build a grass shelter at a particular spot I had chosen. The next day we dispatched the wagon, laden with camp furniture and food, had a good riding horse led over, and followed in the car ourselves. We went to a most beautiful spot about nine miles distant, and camped on a lovely ledge of granite among trees and aloes and golden grasses, with a tall kopje towering behind, which was a beautiful blending of greys and greens patchworked with orange lichen. A little stream trickled down beside us, and an air of romance and mystery was all



"Grimp arrived with a tent for himself, and a minute piccanin as valet"—p. 258

Drawn by
E. P. Kinsella

around. Before our granite ledge a wonderful stretch of country was outspread in a semicircle reaching to vast horizons. There were ridges and vleis, winding rivers, groups of trees, fantastic kopjes, blue mountains, forests, strange boulders of granite like hoary old ruins. From our ledge we could just sit still and see it all, watching the changing lights, the chasing shadows, watching—watching—for the herds of big game most certainly there, if only we should have the luck to see them.

The boys cut armfuls of long dry scented grass for our beds, and dragged up huge dry logs for our evening fire. For themselves they hung up a tarpaulin to

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sleep under, and quickly formed an open-air kitchen to cook in. Grimp arrived with a tent for himself, and a minute piccanin as valet, and we gave ourselves over to abandoned, care-free enjoyment.

Nothing mattered!

If the soup was smoked, and the buck-steak had cinders with it, and ashes got on to the fruit tart, it was of no consequence out there in that wonderful primæval country.

We washed in a thimbleful of water; dressed with a hand-mirror or biscuit-tin lid; wondered what weird animals might be on the floor of our shelter, or under the grass beds; shook the grass seeds, etc., out of our clothes, wandered about in dishabille; stood up or lay down; had meals at any old hour; laughed, slept, groused, explored in an atmosphere of radiant sunshine and utter freedom. Of course, our well-trained natives are an immense asset. Our cook boy surpasses himself on these occasions, and is as cheerful as we ourselves over any drawbacks. We dined in the light of an enormous log fire, and then sat on for a long time watching the wonderful stars and the silvery moon, talking with that delightful, idle inconsequence of the camp fire, and listening to the ever-elusive, ever-mysterious sounds of the night.

The next morning Zandonda brought us steaming hot cups of tea about sunrise, and we threw open the curtains of our shelter to behold the tops of the kopjes above a bed of soft white mist, for all the world like a lovely snow scene rosy and gold with the rising sun. Grimp groused because his bed had been so lumpy, but we only laughed at him, as, clad in a wonderful dressing-gown, he lounged in a long chair by the embers of the last night's fire.

The next evening we were visited by a large troop of baboons, probably a hundred or so, which were travelling in Indian file through the thick grass below our granite ledge. When they got to the foot of the ledge and saw us, they barked angrily, as if we were blocking their path. And so, no doubt, we were, for they filed on, making a big *détour*, and reappeared on the kopje behind us, where they settled in for the night.

"Come for my mealies, I expect the blighters!" grunted Grimp, who lived round the other side. "I had troops among them three times last week."

The next morning we heard a great squealing and chattering going on at the top of the kopje, and watched the baboons arise from their slumbers and prepare for the day's trek. One or two little baboons received chastisement in the most approved manner, and screamed lustily—I expect they were being impudent—and finally the whole troop moved off.

Chip and Grimp went off on a shooting expedition, with their horses and two boys. They wanted me to ride with them, but I was well content to remain on our lovely granite ledge and wander over it, finding fascinating little streams, little woodlets, and wonderful views to the east. Riding through thick grass at a walk is most exhausting, and not a new experience at all, whereas life in a primitive shelter was, and I thoroughly enjoyed it.

We stayed five days, and on the fifth Mary was driven over by Chip's new manager to see the camp and help to pack up. She did not seem very impressed with the spot. She had a ramble round the rock, and said afterwards, alluding to the extensive view, "Fancy all those miles and miles of country and not a town nor a village, nor any houses—just nothing at all. It's very wild, isn't it? I like Umdara best . . ."

And then I realized that it is just because there are no towns and villages and houses that I love it. From Umdara we look across miles and miles of lovely country, across just as extensive and wonderful views, but on each side of us, though invisible, there are dwellings, and to the south we look down upon a populous valley about twenty miles away; and because I know many of the people who dwell in this valley, it has lost for me that elusive, romantic aspect that is so dear to my soul. When one knows a district and the people in it, the imagination has small elbow-room; but take a vast tract of uninhabited country, with cloud shadows, and wonderful lights, and the soul may go off at any hour on a fascinating voyage into the realms of the "never never" land.

When I come back to England I know I shall think often of those evenings, with the log fire throwing a bright glow over the trees and the granite, the stars shining through the leaves like friendly angel spirits, the little sickle moon sailing like a jewel across the immensity, which somehow seemed so much less distant and terrible in

THE COURT OF DREAMS

that empty land. For myself, I think this is because, instead of humans all around, I feel conscious of invisible spirit friends—some that I have known and some that I have not known, but all friendly, and all with that wider understanding which shall be our great delight when we cross the border to them.

From what they have already conveyed to us, we know that they are able to come nearer, and to communicate either verbally or mentally, or by inspirational writing, far more easily in a clear, virginal atmosphere than in an atmosphere that is murky with the confused thoughts of many humans, and so, in the high veldt, for me it is as though the heavens leaned down, and in my

mind there is a wide and deep content concerning all the problems of the Universe.

I wish that you and Frills might be here to share some of the wonder and sunshine; and, at the same time, I feel that the isolation would be bad for both of you. Many pleasant, interesting friends all about you, to take you out of yourselves and keep you alive, and interested in passing events, and in humanity, is probably your best tonic at present. I look forward to bursting in upon you both next year, to hear all the news of the world, for surely such a constant stream of visitors from every country and clime must make human news-sheets of you.

(To be continued)



The Court of Dreams

THREE'S a narrow, stone-flagged passage, by an old, dark archway spanned:
You will find it just where Fleet Street swells the bustle of the Strand.
An archway with a time-worn shield, beyond which sunlight gleams
On the cobbles and the old red roofs within my Court of Dreams.

There are tall old houses round it seem to watch you as you pass.
There are benches where the railings guard the little plot of grass.
There are windows, dim and diamond-paned, and doorways wide and deep.
Time's hand has spared my Court of Dreams and left it here, asleep.

There's a pink may-tree in blossom sheds its shadow on the stone;
There are elm-trees softly swaying with a breeze that's all their own.
In the crowded, teeming city, with its glare and heat and din,
You will never find the little breeze that drifts through Clifford's Inn.

There are ghosts at doors and windows, quiet ghosts of bygone days;
In the shadow and the sunlight still they tread the old worn ways.
Down each dusty staircase thronging, so their ancient haunts they pace;
And their silent voices hail me in the silence of the place.

Outside the people hustle and they hurry to and fro;
In here we only loiter with an idle foot and slow.
Outside the newsboys clamour war. But here—so still it seems,
One half forgets the world of sounds, within my Court of Dreams.

ANNE WEAVER.



The Way of All Flesh

WE cannot always live on the sublime heights. Even kings, one may suppose, get colds in the head, and editors are permitted a touch of the 'flu on occasion. Of course, one ought not to say much about these things—except, maybe, in a chatty medical article telling you what not to do when you have already done it. Still, when you come to think about it, most of us fall ill at some time or other, and perhaps to the generality of people the 'flu is more interesting than Mesopotamia. Illnesses, of course, fall into different categories of respectability. For instance, one does not expect sympathy for a bilious attack. A bilious attack is distressing, inconvenient, revolutionary—but you can't expect letters of condolence on it from strangers and friends. Appendicitis, on the other hand, is the ailment of kings. One can retire to one's private nursing home under a halo of glory if one is permitted to do so under its auspices. A few years ago neurasthenia was the fashionable malady: but it has been somewhat overdone of late, and it is as well to catch something else if one wants to be correct.

Now influenza falls neither to the right nor the left; it is neither peculiar nor aristocratic, but, on the other hand, it is quite respectable and is still prevalent in polite society.



A Novel Week

With this explanation, I may mention that I have just recovered from an attack of influenza. The symptoms were quite orthodox, the course of the disease quite ordinary, and there were no complications, so that I

cannot demand your sympathy or curiosity on any medical grounds. As however, I spent a week at home under novel and unusual conditions, surely there should be more to talk about than three weeks at the office on ordinary, everyday lines. Moreover, as you, my reader, may at some time have travelled along the same road it may be quite interesting to compare experiences.



A Matter of Temperament

In the first place, it is curious how differently illness affects different people. I remember spending half a night waiting on a patient who had just contracted pneumonia. He was in a most talkative mood, and told me things both numerous and wonderful. Another patient I know always sings at temperature 101 degrees, and can remain both cheerful and sociable up to 103 degrees. Indeed, some people when they are ill want the whole family at their bedside: they like to be companionable, even in sickness. They feel it an act of unkindness if you leave them for a moment. Even visitors are ushered into the bedroom, as a matter of course, and an illness becomes a more sociable affair than a holiday.

I am not like that. Is it because I am a mere man, or is it a matter of temperament? Perhaps some of those more experienced will enlighten me. Anyhow, when I am ill I like to be let alone. This does not mean that I do not require attention: on the contrary, I like to be waited on, particularly in the matter of food. Some people when their temperature soars into the hundreds, eschew food and live on a pale mixture of soda and milk until the thermometer registers normal again. This, I

BETWEEN OURSELVES

believe, is quite correct treatment according to the medical axioms of the day. Correct or not, it doesn't appeal to this particular patient, so I become for the time being a connoisseur of sustaining beverages and light nourishments. With this exception, whilst actually ill I like to be let alone. I develop an unwonted capacity for exploring the borderland between sleep and wakefulness: I eat and sleep, toss and turn, and generally doze.



The Besetting Problem

Everybody who has had the 'flu knows that it must take its course while you take to bed. You can't hurry matters, and it is useless to worry. One must, however, do something, particularly from the third day onwards—the more so when the perilous period of convalescence supervenes.

What do you manage by way of amusement?

The worst possible thing, of course, is to think or talk about business, or anything appertaining to it. If you have a business or calling, forget all about it. Banish business letters—and bills. Bills are ever with us these days, and we ought to be quite used to them: all the same, it is distinctly provocative to receive, say, a plumber's bill on the third day, or even a polite intimation from one's tailors. Even worse, a bill for house repairs, or an assessment form for the income-tax might send the temperature up seven degrees, with fatal consequences. Forget about E.P.D., high cost of living, bills you haven't paid, and the money you are losing. Take, instead, to light literature. On the whole, the daily paper seems harmless enough, particularly if you take a government organ. Bolshevism isn't so bad—in the distance—and the state of things in Greece is as harmless as the assembly of the League of Nations when one is comfortably tucked in bed, with a cup of beef tea at one's side.

There comes a time when one cannot read the paper any more. Either there is no more paper to read, or the strain on the eyes prohibits reading. What do you do in this case, my fellow sufferers? When you come to think of it, there must be a whole host of invalids and convalescents with time on their hands and not knowing what to do. The cry for amusement, surely, becomes an urgent one in such conditions.

The Refuge of Femininity

One imagines that the womenfolk come off better than the sterner sex in this emergency. Is knitting allowable? Can one crochet in bed? This, perhaps, is asking too much—and the problem rather arises when, amid groans and tribulations, one plants oneself down in the easy chair by the fire. What is the poor patient to do with himself all day? It is all very well saying, "Don't worry" and "Try to keep cheerful"; but what is wanted is some cheerful occupation that will prevent worrying. One thinks of the ordinary masculine hobbies: golf, walking, cycling, motoring. One thinks of *the garden!* Horror of horrors, on a murky, sludgy day when one is feeling as weak as a rat. *Motoring!* When a breath of fresh air cunningly dodging through the chinks of a closed window sets you complaining bitterly of the "draught"! Clearly, something is wanted to fill the gap, and I think when I am better I shall mention the matter to Mrs. Sturgeon, and see if she can't get the New Army of Helpers to invent a trick or two. *



Some Sort of Solution

A light hobby for complaining convalescents!

Something had to be done, and what I did I do not mention in any spirit of pride: far be it for me to claim to have found the ideal solution! Anyhow, on the third day I raked out an old map of England and some pre-war guide books, and planned my holidays for next year. As the question of cost was rigidly excluded, the task was both cheerful and free from worry. I planned, (1), a motor tour through the valley of the Wye to Aberystwyth; (2), (as I haven't a motor just now!) a train trip embracing Matlock, Buxton, and the Potteries (to see if Arnold Bennett be a true prophet in his own land); (3), a re-visit to the Cornish coast, breaking the journey at Lyme Regis and Exeter, and returning through Bath and Oxford; and (4), a tour through France and Belgium. I am glad to say that each trip was attended with ideal weather, and both hotels and travelling companions were all that one could desire. The pastime was pre-eminently successful.

On the fourth day one was able to crawl out (oh, blessed relief!). The sun was shining (oh, rare good fortune!). I made

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for the village and inspected, once again, the good old village shops.

Then I had an inspiration.

I entered the local toy-shop, and demanded to see all the games they possessed. From these I made a selection of all those likely to be "cheerful and not worrying," and proudly carried my purchases home. Then I settled down to play.



Going the Rounds

I must confess to lamentable ignorance of indoor games. I used to play chess every other Christmas, but it is hard work at the best of times; cards have never seemed to me to be so fascinating as to warrant their condemnation by good people on the score of their wild wickedness. However, ignorant or not, there were the games, and, by a stroke of fortune, a young maiden of seven was a fellow sufferer and therefore able to be fellow partaker in the frivolities of the hour; happily as I did not catch her cough, and she did not catch my 'flu, we were able to sympathize without too much approximation!

We tried Halma. This seems exciting enough, but gets rather worrying in parts. We next tried "Tiddlywinks." This certainly called for no special mental effort, though the cunning little counters did not seem to get on with the particular brand of table-cloth our table favours.

We found our treasure trove included a set of playing cards. This necessitated a vast amount of explanation to enable the infant mind to grasp the intrinsic worth of knaves and kings, queens and aces. However, a simple game of "beat your neighbour out of doors" fell in with the requirements of simplicity and cheerfulness, and gave one an appetite for tea.



Back to Dominoes

Perhaps the most satisfactory of the host was dominoes. The effort of following the numbers could not be called distressing, and the youthful patient soon entered with zest into the possibilities of the game. As a variant, Mrs. Editor kindly initiated us into the mysteries of "threes and fives." This entailed an amount of arithmetic sufficiently taxing to the infant mind to keep it occupied. On the other hand, once grasping

the fact that fifteen is divisible both by three and five, the more adult mind need not be over excited. I recommend dominoes to the convalescents of the fourth day. In return perhaps some sympathetic fellow sufferers will kindly make an even better recommendation? Please write and tell me, and I will pass on your inspiration to a waiting world.



Dr. Brighton

The fifth day was fine and I went to Brighton. I make no apology for taking the risk. It was risky, I admit. But I have always found a day at Brighton a quicker restorative than a week anywhere else. (To Advertisement authorities. Please note: this is a genuine, unsolicited, unpaid-for testimonial; if any other seaside resort cares to pay for a week's holiday at their best hotel I will gladly say what I think about *them*!) I should add that Brighton is only about a dozen miles away—which is an incidental advantage!

Luckily the sun shone, in all the glory of its winter strength. I sat on the pier, listened to the band, and thought life one whole delightful dream. I ought to have had a relapse—but didn't. Instead, I felt more or less my old self again, and at the end of a wayward week went back to the office again.



Back to Work

The post has come in, the post has gone out: proofs, printers, poets—how the world goes on unceasingly in its old, old rut. There is nothing new under the sun. But for one palpitating week I have lived in another world: I have sorrowed, fasted, feasted, played; I have lived a life of my own. One small, short week—and quite long enough, as you will all agree.

Anyhow, it is long enough to give me the keenest sympathy with the great, pathetic army of sufferers. My heart goes out to those who, not for one short week, but for months and months, lie on their beds in pain. May their convalescence be speedy and their treatment effective, their cure permanent! Anything we can do to lighten their weary lot will surely be the glad task of all!

The Editor

The "ROBERTSON" Recipes

A new series of delightful table dainties.

The high food value of Mincemeat, coupled with its deliciousness, has won it a regular place in the kitchen—not merely at Xmas time for Mince Pies but all the year round.

The chefs of hotels and restaurants and many professional bakers and confectioners have given Mincemeat a leading place amongst the ingredients they regularly use for their puddings, pies, etc.

A collection of these recipes has been made and will be published in this paper at intervals. Our readers are invited to cut out and keep for reference any which they cannot make immediate use of.

ROBERTSON'S "GOLDEN SHRED" MINCEMEAT is specially recommended for its high quality and purity. It is made "just like home-made," prepared and blended by experts.

"HASTY CAKES."

Sift into a bowl $\frac{1}{2}$ -lb. of Self-Raising Flour, Pinch of salt.

Rub in 2 ozs. lard. Add 4 ozs. of Robertson's Mincemeat.

Mix with milk, with a pinch of carbonate of soda, to light dough. Roll out thin and cut into small round cakes. Melt a little lard in a clean omelette pan when it is smoking hot, fry the cakes to a golden brown. Sprinkle with sifted sugar and serve hot. Use very little lard. They should be crisp, not greasy.

"CANTEEN PIE."

Cover a deep plate with a good short crust. Spread with a thick layer of Robertson's Mincemeat.

Mix together 1 oz. Self-Raising Flour, 1 oz. Rice Flour and $\frac{1}{2}$ teaspoon of egg powder.

Warm 1 oz. of Margarine with 1 oz. sugar, mix into the dry ingredients with enough milk to make into a smooth paste. Spread evenly on the top of the Mincemeat and bake in a hot oven about 20 minutes. Can be made in small patty pans if preferred.

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The Menace of the Wolf

A Tale of Poverty Street
By
Michael Kent.

THE wolf pads softly. Neither Mrs. Aytoun nor Marian had any notion of his approach until quarter day, for they were not businesslike people. In fact, they were a little inclined to consider business acumen unfeminine.

Yet in truth the grey beast had followed them since Aytoun died, trailing them behind the mists of war. Aytoun had been an antique dealer, and during the war there was not much use for antique dealers. So he died—which was unfortunate, for after the Armistice folk hunted curios as gaily as ever. But Aytoun's little shop had gone. Neither his widow nor his daughter could carry on. They had too much pity to buy well from the unfortunate, and too little assurance to sell well to the opulent. They fell back on invested funds and a small suburban villa.

That brought the wolf into the open, sniffing at the laurels of 56 Addiscombe Place, and nagging at their heels when they went shopping. They did not recognize him, for they were not people used to dealing with wolves. They had an idea that "the wolf" only attacked the careless and extravagant. He couldn't have marked down the Aytouns.

Secretly, however, they threw little things to him to stay his pursuit—chocolates and the drawing-room flowers and a seaside holiday—which the wolf lapped up, grinning, and came on afresh. It takes more than that to stay the wolf.

Then, all in a night, it stole up and scratched the door. Mrs. Aytoun heard it when she opened the letter from her landlord in the morning. "We shall really have to do something, Marian," she said. "The rent is going up next quarter."

"Don't worry, mother," returned the girl. "We will get a little house somewhere in the country."

They had seen vague notices in the papers about a number of people who wanted little houses in various places, but it had not occurred to them that such a circumstance could affect the Aytouns. It did, though.

House agents only spoke hopelessly of a waiting list.

"Well," said Marian at the end of six weeks, "we could let this house furnished and go into a cheap boarding-house."

Mrs. Aytoun objected. She had all a good Scotswife's dread of alien hands upon her furniture. But the wolf scratched a big splinter out of the front door with the local rates.

"We must certainly do something," said Mrs. Aytoun. The wolf had heard that very often, and he did not mind at all.

It was Marian who did something. She advertised for a lodger. Mrs. Aytoun was a little shocked, but the wording of the advertisement salved her wound. "A single gentleman can be received in a widow lady's quiet and refined home. Terms mod., baths h. & c. Apply Z. 492."

It kept up appearances. It looked rather as though Mrs. Aytoun, being charitably inclined, had deigned to put herself to some inconvenience in consideration of the shortage of accommodation.

At least fifty people wrote to Z. 492; but many had overlooked the word "single," some were infirm, others had a view to matrimony. With a good deal of hesitation Marian and her mother wrote to Charles F. Whybrow, because his application was typewritten and impressed them as businesslike.

Mr. Whybrow called next day. Marian opened the door, to find a tall young man with black glasses on the step, and a taxi ticking up twopences on the kerb.

"My name is Whybrow," said he. "Is Mrs. Aytoun in?"

"Oh," returned Marian, "you've called about the—"

"About the rooms," he concluded, casting his nose up rather like a setter.

"Will you come in, please?"

He paused a moment uncertainly. "Excuse me," he said pleasantly. "You see, I'm blind."

The girl's heart flooded with sudden pity. "Oh, I'm so sorry," she cried. "Take my arm. There's a little step here. Now we

THE QUIVER

go to the right into the dining-room. Now for a chair. I am Miss Aytoun. I will fetch my mother."

Mother came and was doubtful. Mr. Whybrow, she feared, would need a deal of attention.

But the young man overruled the objection. If he had two rooms he could manage. As to attention, why, look! There was the window, there the door, there the fireplace. A tall cabinet stood behind him, and someone had been doing needlework in the room.

"Why, then," said the old lady, "your eyes are not so very bad, after all."

Charles laughed cheerily and held his hands up before his face. "I can't even see these," said he. "But the sound of steps on the pavement tell me the window, and the tick of the clock shows the mantelpiece. When you checked your step coming in behind me there must have been something solid in your way; and whoever was sewing here left an end of cotton. I'm sure this is too orderly a house for it to remain over night."

He was so pleased with his skill that his listeners grew pleased too.

"But how do you know it is orderly?" asked Marian.

"I've been in a lot of houses lately," he said, with a doleful grimace. "They all smell differently. This one is pot pourri and furniture polish. I like it better than mutton and drains."

The confession was captivating. Mr. Whybrow came, and the wolf went out to the street to think about it.

II

CHARLEY WHYBROW was an author. He was quiet, except for the click of his typewriter and his songs. Mrs. Aytoun at first was a little inclined to regard sporadic song as disreputable, especially as the music referred largely to military matters. She grew familiar with the thesis that in default of death old soldiers merely faded away, and the dread secret of the sergeant's whereabouts was oftentimes revealed to her. But in so far as these musical outbursts marked the days when the little envelopes brought acceptances to Charley, and paid for the fat envelopes which brought rejections, she came to regard it as merely a matter of light-heartedness. "Keep your self to yourself," was the policy she had

impressed upon Marian to start with; but you couldn't do that with Charley Whybrow.

The boy had such a reservoir of vitality. It was a shame to think that he was always in the dark. Marian would listen to him at work, with the door open, as she went about her dusting. "Oh, rabbit me," said the squire, pushing back his wig to scratch his bald head.—Dash! I'll never get it into six thousand.

"If you want to find the sergeant, I know where he is. He's drinking up the privates"—

"Is that you, Miss Aytoun?"

And Marian would go in to discuss plots and read over his typescript to see that he had made no mistakes. At first he used to call her Cordelia, because of her voice, "Ever sweet, gentle and low." But time brought them to a habit of cheerful comradeship. He hunted out the pompous worn clichés of the serial to call her—"Farewell, proud girl," when she went out, or "Hither, winsome maiden, I prithee cast a glad eye on yonder cartel."

Of course, he fell in love with her. She was so kind.

But the wolf was sneaking back to the laurel bushes all the time. In the autumn he came out at nights and howled a bit.

It began with the return of the big envelopes.

"Like the wandering dove that found
No repose on earth around,"

as Charley quoted jovially about the earlier ones. They went on for a month. Charles had struck a bad streak, and at the end of the month accounts would not balance.

"I'm awfully sorry," said Charles. "A day or two will probably not make any difference to you, Mrs. Aytoun."

"Certainly it will not," said the old lady bravely. Mrs. Aytoun had her pride. She would have posed as indifferent to the matter if the wolf had swallowed the front door mat.

And it very nearly did.

It sneaked into the house with the morning letters. Mrs. Aytoun, reading rather vaguely the annual report of the general meeting of the Shenstone Colliery Company, came on, "Your directors recommend that no dividend be paid this year."

That was the rent.

Up in the bath room, Charley, who was a bit late, was genially advising the world

THE MENACE OF THE WOLF



"Why, then," said the old lady, "your eyes are not so very bad, after all!"

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

to "Pack up its troubles in its old kit bag, and smile, smile, smile."

"Marian," said the old lady, "we must keep ourselves to ourselves. We mustn't let him know."

They didn't. That's what comes of being an Aytoun.

Upstairs, in the meanwhile, Charles had been having three rounds with Destiny, and came out on top. Life wasn't all "I shall be pleased to pay you twenty guineas for the first serial rights of your story entitled 'Flap-doodle!'" But that wasn't the chief trouble.

"Don't think about it, son," Chatley adjured himself as he twisted the towel into a rope to massage his muscular shoulders. "Look it square in the face and turn it down for good. She's young and pretty and kind,

with soft hands and a voice like tubular bells. Sweet and clever girls don't marry blind men, even when they take to writing books. A little girl like that doesn't want a fellow to lead round on a bit of string for life. It isn't fair to ask, so don't you start, old son. Forget it."

So Charley packed up his troubles, put a padlock on the old kit bag, and came down to breakfast smiling. He was rewarded with one piece of good luck. A story that had been held up for months had been printed by an editor who paid on publication.

Marian rejoiced to read the slip to him. He handed it straight across to Mrs. Aytoun. "I'm awfully obliged for your consideration, you know. I don't suppose I shall offend again."

THE QUIVER

Then the wolf, retreating a little farther into the laurels, curled up and grinned. He didn't mind what Charley said. He'd heard things like that before.

But the locking of Charley's kit bag brought him face to face with a new difficulty. "That way you have of talking, son, it doesn't help any. Oh, I know you like to be merry and bright. It's good playing being merry. Reminds you of the sunshine. But it isn't fair; it might lead her on. Cut it out."

Charley cut out his pleasant reminder of the sunshine. He came back to the "Miss Aytoun." Also, but this was no part of his policy, he stopped singing.

The new scheme of manners shocked Marian. "I wonder, Miss Aytoun, if you would mind telling me how my ribbon is? Shouldn't like to send stuff out too faint to read."

That was a distinct change from "Fair damsel, I prithee cast thy lustrous orb upon this cartel."

At first she thought he was ill or overengrossed in his work, and, womanlike, she tried to rouse him. Then she discovered that this was to be the new manner for ever and ever, amen. It chilled her. She had been making herself cheap. Plainly, a rising author was a long way above the social grade of a dealer in antiques. At least, Mr. Whybrow must think so. "For he can't see me," she thought. No, she had been making herself cheap. Always Mrs. Aytoun had implored her to remember that her maternal great-grandfather had been an officer in the Guards, and in consequence she was, under no circumstances, to make herself cheap. Marian decided that some stroke of policy was demanded to restore her position.

Fate helped her, for she had had a serious talk with her mother.

"I'm sure," said the old lady, "I don't know where the rent is to come from, now that the Shenstone dividends have failed. We shall have to save every penny."

"I could go out as a daily maid," suggested Marian. "They get good wages, and it is easy to find a place."

Mrs. Aytoun wrung her hands. "It is enough to make your poor father turn in his grave," she said.

Marian saw hysterics ahead and tried a fresh line. "Well, then, as a daily governess, mother?"

There was the wolf in the laurel bushes. Mrs. Aytoun consented to be the mother of a governess at thirty pounds a year, though she would have burned at the stake rather than see the girl a parlourmaid at forty. So the house saw little of Marian thenceforth between nine o'clock and four.

Charley noted the change. "You are out a good deal nowadays, Miss Aytoun."

"Yes," said she. "You see, I've just got engaged." Till that second she had no intention of deception, but the double meaning would serve her well if she had been making herself too cheap.

"Engaged," said he, with a sudden frown. "Lucky man! I hope he is good enough for you."

"Yes, thank you," she said, with some confusion. "A Mr. Dolamore, a dentist. He's a—he's a dear. You'd like him, I'm sure. But please don't mention it to mother yet."

"Of course I should like him," said Charley stoutly, and turned furiously to his work. Suddenly he stopped. "Won't you bring him to see me?" he asked.

"I'd like to," said she. "But he's very busy. We have time to do a theatre occasionally. Albert is very fond of the theatre."

"Well," said Chatley, "I'm very glad to think that you are going to be happy. You deserve it. You've been such a good little pal to me."

"Oh, not at all, Mr. Whybrow," she returned a little tartly. "Why, anyone would be glad to help anyone like—like you."

Charles sat thoughtfully over his work for some time after she had gone. "There, you've got it, old son," he said at last. "Got it in the neck. Just a plain duty to the helpless, and that's what she feels for you. Don't you forget it?"

III

BUT there was still a big deficit to fill, even with fifty shillings a month coming in from Mr. Dolamore. (There really was a Mr. Albert Dolamore, and he really was fond of the theatre, and Marian really was engaged to him. But he was aged nine, and the engagement had been arranged by his father and mother, and it would be broken automatically by his entering a preparatory school.) Mrs. Aytoun, however, was one of those people who suspected all

THE MENACE OF THE WOLF

landlords of arrogant tyranny. She foresaw her furniture deposited on the pavement at a moment's notice. Indeed, if anyone with a peaked hat had told her to go she would have gone. She had unbounded respect for peaked hats! She came at last to the conclusion that she must retrench on food. It was either that or selling the portrait, by John Lawrence, of her kinsman, Captain Kellar of the Guards, in the act of unbuttoning the third button of his vest tunic. The home must be kept together. Better go hungry.

Marian was willing, for like a good girl she always paid due sacrifice to lares and penates. "But," said she, "Mr. Whybrow? We take his money, we must not fail in our bargain with him."

If they had only known, they were giving better value than the professional boarding-house keeper by about two hundred per cent. But they did not know, and Charley, you will understand, had the idea that he was a hobby undertaken to fill out the time of an old lady with an interest in housekeeping.

So mother and daughter agreed to a compact, conspiring to deceive Charles in the darkness. Breakfast went, or, at least, grew very thin. There was coffee for Mr. Whybrow, tea for the other two; bacon and eggs for Charles, bread and margarine for the family. The wolf had streaked out of the laurels and got a snug place in the pantry cupboard.

At the end of a week Mrs. Aytoun counted up the saving and multiplied it by the six weeks to run till quarter day. Ends were a little nearer, but they didn't meet.

So they had the wolf to all meals. He licked their plates clean, but he spared the fellow lodger, for Charley sat up and ate heartily, and complimented Mrs. Aytoun on her cooking, one of Life's little ironies!

If it wasn't very happy for the Aytouns it came in course of time not to be very happy for Charles. Sorting his impressions as a blind man will, he came upon places where two and two did not make four. It worried him, and he thought out subtle wiles by which to discover the fault in his arithmetic.

"I'm not quite up to the mark this morning, Mrs. Aytoun. I think I'll only take bread and jam."

"Oh!" There was a trace of consternation in the old lady's voice. He heard his plate removed, then Marian remarked in a low voice: "No, no, mother. You."

"You must," Charley heard the old lady say hurriedly. "You have to go out."

A minute or so later he asked for the marmalade, and when it was put to his hand by Marian he nodded sagely. "Thank you, Miss Aytoun," he said, but in his mind there rose the thought, "That is what two and two make."

And he lingered, filling his pipe, while the table was cleared, instead of getting off to his desk. A really well-educated ear can tell you a lot about crockery. "Three little plates and only one big plate," said Charles to himself. "If you ask me, there's some precious hanky-panky going on in this house. You'd better watch out, old son."

Watching out proved him to be the centre of a horrible web of double dealing.

"You never wear your furs when you go out now, Miss Aytoun."

"No," Marian paused. "Albert doesn't like them. He's going to get me some more."

"Oh! What sort?"

"Musquash. I love musquash. How did you know I wasn't wearing them?"

"The naphtha always clings to them a little, you know. A chap without eyes learns to listen and feel and smell."

"You are very clever, Mr. Whybrow," she said a trifle pertly. But she could hardly refrain from taking him by the lapels of his coat as he stood there fumbling with his hands and trying to make up in soft words and kindness for the trick the Fates had played him down by Loos.

But, after all, why should she? She'd love to, but he didn't want her. She remembered how he had broken away from the "Proud girl and winsome maiden" period. "Perhaps you can tell me then where I am going this afternoon?"

"Guess I can't," said Charley, laughing. "I'm no prophet."

"Going to the theatre. Albert is taking me."

"Oh!" said Charles. "Where to?"

"I don't know yet."

Charley turned to his desk. "Well, I hope you enjoy yourself, Miss Aytoun," he said as brightly as he knew how.

He paused. "What dress are you wearing?" He was always keen to hear about colours and dresses.

"My cream jumper with the blue border."

"What sort of blue, like the sky?"

"Not quite. Air Force blue."

"What's that, Miss Aytoun?"

THE QUIVER

"Why, don't you know, what the R.A.F. wears?"

"They wore khaki in my time."

"Oh!" cried she. "I'm so sorry." A wave of keenest sympathy almost submerged her. It was a shame that this dear, patient boy should walk for ever in the dark. But she dared not comfort him, for she would betray herself, and then perhaps he would sacrifice himself because of her.

"Five minutes to nine," she said briskly. "I must run along." She picked up the Early Lessons in French of Mr. Siebman and went.

Oh, but Charley had a bad day of it. He sat at the typewriter and hammered out tragedy, knowing that it would never sell because the public liked its fiction to be optimistic. There was nothing optimistic about Charley that day. "Why were those two pinching themselves of food? They must be poor, they must be poor," hammered the typewriter. Here was Marian, whom he loved more than all the world—yes, he did not blink it—loved more than all the world, going to the theatre with some confounded smug who spent his time in other people's mouths with a pair of forceps. He hated dentists. Dolamore! What a silly name! "Never mind, old son, it doesn't help any to get it on your mind. 'Old soldiers never die.' No, they only get their eyes full of gravel and spend their time grinding out piffing love stories while all the while the real thing passes them by." But after a while the sound heart of the man took hold and stilled his passion. "Steady, old son. If you care you won't wish her to lead round a blind man for life on the end of a bit of string."

So he tore up his work and sat himself down to the gayest, tenderest, most fantastic whim of romance that he had ever done, and the editor who read it passed it back to his reader with, "By George! That chap's an artist. Look at the colour in it, the spring, the vitality."

He had just finished when a double knock sounded at the door, and Mrs. Aytoun brought in a telegram. At his request she opened and read it to him. "Your fickle wife carrying on like fury in America, eating into her twentieth thousand. Greening."

"No answer, thanks, Mrs. Aytoun," he said, and sat down suddenly in his chair with a hysterical desire to laugh. "I say, Mrs. Aytoun."

But that good lady had stalked with a

good deal of ceremony out of the room. A fickle wife eating into thousands! Well, now she knew why, even though he was an author, he was sometimes unable to meet his bill. But she must not intrude. They were his troubles, poor young fellow, and as he had never mentioned his wife she could not very well offer him sympathy.

In his own room, however, Charley seemed to be bearing up well under the circumstances. She could hear him still recording the high-handedness of the non-commissioned ranks.

"If you want to find the sergeant, I know where he is.

He's drinking up the privates!"

"I say, Mrs. Aytoun. Mis—sis Ay—toun!"

The old lady came in and coughed sympathetically. She was sure she was very distressed to hear, she murmured vaguely, but Charley interrupted her.

"I've been thinking over the matter of my rooms, Mrs. Aytoun. You know all along I have felt that you were giving me far too much value for my money, but upon my word I didn't realize till yesterday how things were. When I discovered that you and your daughter have been practically going without meals—"

This totally unexpected opening startled the old lady. "Then," she cried, "you can see, after all. Besides being burdened with a fickle—"

"Not a bit," he returned quickly. "But when I didn't want my breakfast yesterday I overheard a whispered dispute as to who was to take it. Then at dinner I counted the plates being put away. There was only one big one, and I had that. You know, there's something wrong, Mrs. Aytoun. There's something distinctly fishy." It suddenly flashed into his mind that he wasn't putting his remarks in the most tactful manner in the world. The way the old lady had chipped in had side-tracked him. He stopped short and began again in a hurry. "But we're getting off the line. I think, Mrs. Aytoun, considering all your kindness, if I were to pay you just twice as much as I am doing, and, of course, make up for what I ought to have paid you these three months, it would ease my conscience no end."

There was quite a long silence. For a second Mrs. Aytoun saw the wolf summarily evicted from 56 Addiscombe Place. Then she saw a young man who had been to her very kind and courteous, a young man

THE MENACE OF THE WOLF



"He lingered, filling his pipe, while the table was cleared"—p. 267

Drawn by
P. B. Hickling

from whom grim Fate had taken away the light, a young man who, for all his cheery manner, yet strove in the face of unimaginable difficulties to get money for a fickle wife to squander. "No," she said, and repeated it because her voice was not quite steady. "No. It is like your kind heart, but we will keep on as we are doing, thank you. Think of America. Could you afford it?"

Waiting for no reply she fled.

And from the pantry cupboard the grey wolf grinned at her. There was no evicting him.

"Rum," thought Charley. "Can't quite see what the old lady's getting at. I'm afraid I've hurt her pride. I'll have to try again a bit more tactfully."

But it was about half-past four, and he could not think of this new problem, for his ears were given to footsteps in the street. Marian came in at a quarter to five. She was a little bit tired, for the Dolamore kid had been rather trying at the Coliseum.

Charley called her into his room, for a dark suspicion had entered his head. "Is this more hanky-panky?" thought he. "Albert must be a rum chap to let the girl walk home alone."

"Well," he asked, "did you enjoy your matinée, Miss Aytoun?"

"It was lovely," she said. "Ripping."

"They let you out early. It isn't five yet."

"Yes," she admitted, "we came away early. Albert was rather tired."

"Did he like it?" He spread groping fingers upon the table and over the books which she had brought in.

"Naturally. He was with me," she replied demurely.

"Ah!" he said. A curious note of interrogation was in his voice. "Ah—ah"—again a sound of amused triumph. "I'm sorry to have to break the news, Miss Aytoun."

"What news?" she asked, for his voice did not convey disaster.

THE QUIVER

"About Dolamore, you know. He's dead."

"Dead!" cried she, flushing. "What do you mean? He took me to the theatre."

"And the piece," returned Charley gently, his fingers busy with the embossed cover of the school book, "the piece was 'Siebman's First French Course,' wasn't it? You are not a very good dissembler, Miss Aytoun."

"How dare you!" she cried, and snatched the books from the table, but that was vain, for her wrists were caught in a grip of cat-gut and rubber. All at once a flattering fancy had strayed into Charley's head, the notion that if Marian had gone to the trouble of manufacturing a phantom fiancé on his account, only one motive could adequately explain her reason. "Now listen," he said. "It only came into my silly head to-day. I had an idea that you were well-to-do. Only to-day, jolly old day, I found out that you weren't, and that you were too proud to let me know, and that you fixed up a dummy Albert to swindle me, because you—"

"Because you were so strange," she protested. "You are not a bit like you used to be, laughing and jolly."

"No," said Charley. The consideration pulled him up short. "No. I could never ask a girl like you, so sweet and kind, to be a blind man's wife."

"As if I would not be proud," she said simply. Then her wrists were free to move. They didn't move far; only to his shoulders.

"Oh," he cried, "my glorious Marian!"

"Hush, hush!" she gasped. "You don't know. I'm not glorious. Not a bit. I'm ugly. Really plain." Her voice broke, but she went on. He must have the truth. "No one would look at me. No one. And you're an author. We used to keep a shop."

"My kid," said he softly, "those blind folk with eyes can never see your beauty. That is mine alone. As to shops, I keep a shop, but I don't always sell as much as I should like."

About ten minutes later Mrs. Aytoun came in. She judged that, however pitiful Charley's lot, it was not wise that Marian should remain in ignorance.

"Hadn't you better light up?" she asked with the greatest tact. "What would Mrs. Whybrow say?"

"Mrs. Whybrow?" asked Charley. "What in thunder—"

"The wife in America," explained the old lady timidly. "Who is eating up all your money?"

Charley threw back his head and laughed gustily.

"There's no Mrs. Whybrow at present," he said. "But there's a book of mine called 'The Fickle Wife' that's selling like hot cakes on the other side. I'm sorry I've disappointed you, but the mistake can be rectified; and if this proud girl will honour me—"

"Mother," said Marian, and her voice was more like Cordelia's than ever, "I've told him what I'm like. He—he loves me." There was tenderness and pride and infinite wondering.

"And if Marian will take me up West to-morrow, we will see what she's like in musquash," said Charley.

Some wisdom out of long ago entered Mrs. Aytoun's heart. "Then perhaps it doesn't matter about the light," she said. "I've got some sewing in the dining-room."

The wolf pads lightly. No one heard him go.



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My Ideal School

FOR some time I have been looking for a new school for my daughters. They attend a secondary school which is staffed with brilliant mistresses. There are fine, airy schoolrooms and extensive playing grounds. The head mistress is a woman of irreproachable character and ideals. The fees are extremely reasonable.

But I do not regard the school with any real satisfaction. It comes short. It appears to me that my daughters are learning a great many things which are not of the least use to them as girls, and which are not likely to be any more useful when they emerge into womanhood.

At the age of fourteen or fifteen it is usually possible to discover whether a girl is likely to be happy and successful as a teacher. If she has no wish to teach, such subjects as algebra, Euclid, advanced arithmetic, chemistry, and even Latin might very well be replaced by more practical and interesting lessons.

Where do you find women, outside graduates, who care a rap about mathematics or Latin or chemistry? They learned these things at school only to forget. And why did they forget? Because they were not interested. Their knowledge was superficial because their interest was superficial.

A Plea for Alternative Subjects

I should like to make a strong plea for alternative subjects. My own daughters, for instance, are intensely interested in nature study. They would delight in lessons which told them about the ways of trees and flowers, the character of birds and the little animals of the countryside.

I, as a townswoman, am unable to help them. Now, at the school of my dreams such children would be able to have a choice, say, of algebra or natural history. They would be able to leave the algebra they dislike for the nature study they love. They would be handed over to a sympathetic teacher who would take them out occasionally into the country and show them the habits of animal life and the mysteries of

A Problem for Parents By A Middle-Aged Mother

tree and flower. And they would so get an intelligent appreciation of nature which would be a joy to them all their lives.

Leaving Out Latin

At my girls' school two foreign languages are taught. One is French, the other Latin or German. Now, I contend that it would be infinitely better to concentrate on one language and learn it thoroughly than to have an imperfect knowledge of two languages. So many subjects are crowded into the curriculum at the average school that it is impossible for pupils to master two languages. And despite the beauty of Latin and its enormous value in learning modern tongues, I believe French to be the better language for concentration, for whatever career a girl takes up French is likely to be useful, while to be able to speak it fluently increases one's outlook and adds to the joy of foreign travel.

Not only in teaching, but in cookery, business, journalism, secretarial work, and music, French is a great help to success.

Learn Some Modern History

Instead of spending years in the study of ancient history I should like to have my girls taught something of modern history.

"I'm sick of history," one of my daughters said to me a few days ago. "We've been through the same old book I don't know how many times. We start with Julius Cæsar and finish with Queen Victoria, and then begin all over again."

This concentration on English history would not please Mr. H. G. Wells. European history is a big subject for schoolgirls, but something might be taught of French history, and the story of America is a romance which is rarely told at school.

Then as to current history. Fifteen minutes might be spared every day for a brief talk on the chief events reported in the newspapers. Girls might be told something of the great personalities of our time, of the meaning of big political crises, of scientific discovery. Why schoolgirls should

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be encouraged to study the political crises of Victoria's reign and left in blank ignorance of the events of their own day I have never been able to discover. It may be said that it is the parents' duty to talk to their children about the happenings of their time. Assuredly. But let it be a school subject as well. You cannot too early begin to encourage girls to take an interest in the affairs of the day.

Domestic Education Essential

I want domestic subjects treated as a necessary, and not as an extra, subject in the normal school day. Every girl should be taught to mend her own clothes and to cook simple dishes. In schools where there is afternoon "prep." and dinner is served after morning school the pupils might very well take it in turns to cook the meal. Convent schools, as a rule, do teach their girls to darn and mend beautifully, but no sewing is taught in the average high school after the lowest form is passed.

The Necessity for a Hobby

I want every girl to be persuaded to take up a hobby. Half the restlessness and discontent of modern girls would vanish if they had some engrossing hobby to fill their spare time. If it is photography, let a teacher help to show the best way of developing and printing films; if it is the writing of stories, or sketching, or stamp-collecting, let it have a place in school life.

Some kind of handicraft should also have a place in the modern school. The least imaginative child is happy once it has created something—even if it is only a basket or a little toy. Pottery, jewellery, basket-work, embroidery, these are all things which can be taught in simplified form to intelligent children. And if you say that all these things cannot be included in school hours let me ask you to compare two tables, one of an old-fashioned average school, the other of my dream school.

OLD-FASHIONED SCHOOL	IDEAL SCHOOL
For Advanced Arithmetic substitute	Cookery
" Algebra	Nature Study
" Euclid	" Sewing
" Latin	" French
" French	" French
" Chemistry	" Handicrafts
" Geography	" Geography
Literature	Literature
" Ancient History	" Modern History
" Reading	Reading
Grammar	Grammar

I do not think that a school offering my second list of subjects as alternatives would lose in reputation. Examinations, after all, are not the final test, if they are indeed a test at all of general intelligence and knowledge.

I have often wondered why it is that self-taught men are often such brilliant scholars. I have come to believe that it is because they have taken the trouble to teach themselves chiefly those subjects in which they are interested, and there is no quicker way of acquiring knowledge than enthusiasm and interest.

Magic First—then Criticism

Well, these are my alternative subjects, but those which should be common to every school might, I think, be dealt with more wisely. Take Shakespeare, for instance. It is very puzzling at first thought to find that the modern girl, on leaving school, describes the greatest of all poets as "dull." But I think I know why. Shakespeare has been taught as a lesson, after the same manner as Euclid. Long passages have been given to memorize. There have been frequent consultations of glossaries. The result is that the magic of Shakespeare is lost. If girls were left to read Shakespeare for themselves they would soon discover his immortal power to fascinate and inspire. Let the magic come first, then discuss, interpret, criticize, if you must. The same applies, of course, to all the giant figures in literature.

Why, I do not know, but school literature invariably ends with Tennyson. I should like my girls to know a little of Francis Thompson, Thomas Hardy, William Watson, John Masefield, and other poets of recent times, enough to give them a thirst for more, so that their school lessons would send them when schooldays were over on an unending quest for the beautiful things that have been written in our own time.

Geography can be admirably taught by means of the cinematograph. Compare a description of trade in the West Indies given by the ordinary teacher to the picture of it on the screen; to describe the interior of Africa is to make a very small impression on the memory compared with the startling reality of a film view of Central Rhodesia. And Scripture lessons would be made helpful and beautiful if pictures were shown of some of those places in the Holy Land which are sacred for evermore.

MY IDEAL SCHOOL

Now, why should it be impossible to find such a school as I have described? Is it because big trusts and foundations are afraid to make experiments? They ought not to be, for a school such as I have in mind could be created much more satisfactorily by a big trust than by a small private owner.

It would not be cheap. But the last thing in which the modern parent desires to economize is the education of his children. I know very many parents who would make almost any sacrifice to ensure that their girls and boys should get the best possible education. In cities like London, Manchester, Liverpool, Glasgow, and so on I believe there would be no difficulty in making schools pay very well indeed.

The Tone of the School

I should like to say a word about the tone of girls' schools. Games ought to be compulsory, but there should be a very wide choice, for many girls are physically unfit for strenuous exercise like hockey. Tennis, badminton, cricket, croquet for delicate girls, swimming and other games offer a wide choice, but it is the spirit of the game rather than the game itself that counts. Of course, an immense improvement has taken place in this respect in recent years, and girls are being taught the real meaning of "playing the game." But still there remains something to be done in this direction, and I should like the smallest child to be taught to be proud of the honour of her school, just as the littlest Etonian or Harrovian is taught to do nothing that would stain the glorious honour of his school.

Some schools, very good within their limitations, do fail in this respect. They

teach manners, but they do not teach honour. Much, of course, depends on the head mistress. If she is proud of the school and of its traditions and history she will set a good tone, and her staff will help her. But if she has no sense of esprit de corps her pupils will have none either.

The Question of Discipline

School discipline is a difficult subject for a mother to tackle. But there are some punishments with which I strongly disagree. In certain schools supposed laziness is punished by keeping children at their desks in the morning interval for play. This is hygienically wrong. The naughty child needs ten minutes' rest and play in the fresh air as much as the good child. Let there be a punishment, but devise one that will not injure a child's health.

I know one little girl who was "kept in" every day for a week during playtime. It was in very hot weather. She was not strong. At the end of the week she was so tired that the doctor ordered her to bed for three days.

Schooldays have a far-reaching effect on one's life. I suppose some of us at least are very much what our schools made us. A school that is happy and honourable in atmosphere, up to date, intelligent and practical in its teaching, careful to study individualities, is the school that many mothers besides myself are looking for. Whether we shall find it before our daughters grow up I do not know, but that it will come I am certain. And those children who are lucky enough to attend it will, I think, have an equipment for life that will be better than anything we have been able to give our own boys and girls.



"The Quiver" Parliament

"Are Britishers Deteriorating?" Our Readers' Opinions

QUIET a number of interesting letters have been received in reply to Mr. Marshall's article in the October issue of *THE QUIVER*. The prize of £1 is. is awarded to Mr. R. Quiney Adams, of Stratford, for the letter printed below. Other replies are also included in these pages for the interest of our readers.

SERIOUS indeed is the outlook if the conclusions which Mr. Marshall draws from a perusal of the report of the Ministry of National Service represent correctly the state of the nation's health. A far from desirable position of affairs has undoubtedly been revealed, and should it be proved beyond question that the present generation is physically inferior to its predecessors, the matter would certainly assume grave and alarming proportions.

Unfortunately no statistics are available of a similar nature dealing with any previous period with which the data now before us might be compared, and it would therefore hardly seem possible to assert with any certainty that a medical census of Britishers of military age, say at the time of the Napoleonic Wars, would have shown a greater proportion of men in the highest category. Looking at the elderly men of to-day, one is not forced to believe that they would, in their youth, have produced a higher average of bodily fitness than their sons have, and with no stronger evidence than this report the contention of deterioration cannot be regarded as anything but hypothetical.

In a survey of this question, apparently the first point which arises for consideration is whether this report really indicates the fitness, or lack of fitness, of the bulk of our young manhood. I am inclined to think that Mr. Marshall dismisses too lightly the idea that the men who were called up for examination upon the advent of conscription included many who had been rejected as medically unfit earlier in the war. The standard of fitness required by the Army under the voluntary system was considerably higher than when the Government (realizing that the struggle was to be a prolonged one, and that our resources would be taxed to the utmost) resorted to compulsory enlistment. Large numbers of men, their offers of service declined on medical grounds in 1914 and 1915, were classified as when conscription was introduced. Without going to the extent of saying that only "the dregs of the nation's manhood" remained at the period covered by the report under discussion, surely it can be safely affirmed that the flower of our young men had joined the colours under the voluntary scheme.

It must therefore be borne in mind that if these volunteers (numbering, I believe, something

like three million) had also come within the scope of the report a very different complexion would assuredly have been given to the resulting figures relating to the standard of physique of the young men of Britain.

Were there not also numbers of fit men who never came up for examination at all, owing to their being in "starred" trades?

However, whether or no we conclude that the document reflects accurately the state of our national fitness, the fact remains that a considerable amount of bodily imperfection is certainly proved to be prevalent, a state of things calling for the careful consideration and energetic attention of the Ministry of Health and of the nation at large. What steps are to be taken to effect a remedy? Is physical decadence inseparable from modern civilization? Here we are confronted by a conflicting and perplexing array of factors, all having some bearing on the subject.

On the one hand we have the ills attendant upon overcrowding caused by the prevailing tendency to convergence upon the great centres of population—already overstocked with humanity—the rush and stress of modern commercialism, the growing habit among young people of passing precious daylight hours in closely confined halls and cinemas.

Better Working Conditions

On the other hand it must be granted that housing and sanitary conditions have been slowly but surely improving, and ought to result in a raising of the standard of health. The Factory Act ensures decent working conditions in industries which in past times were carried on amid an environment by no means conducive to the health of the toiler. Again, was there ever a time when games and sports were more widely organized and followed than the present? No longer is tolerated the system of a century ago which sent the poor man's sons out to long hours of laborious toil at the early age of ten and even eight years—a system hardly likely to build up a splendid specimen of humanity.

It is a point worth considering that the advance of medical science has rendered this an age of the survival of the unfit as well as the fit. In other words, men stricken with disease, who in the past would have gone under, are now enabled to live on, sometimes to a ripe age, but still physically deficient.

Many differing views will, without doubt, be held as to the most efficacious methods of securing a definite improvement in the Briton's physique. The "back-to-the-land" policy has always claimed many supporters as a road to increased national prosperity. Here, surely, is one important remedy in the search for national health. Open up the vast, and at present idle, tracts of our fertile country, and offer definite inducements to their cultivation. Divert into this channel the

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stream of humanity which is continually pouring into our great cities, thus relieve the housing pressure there, and by a more equal distribution of our population ensure healthier conditions and finer physique for the next generation.

R. QUINNEY ADAMS.

DEAR SIR.—The report of the Ministry of National Service is certainly a serious document, but I question if there be grounds for deriving such dismal conclusions as Mr. Marshall does.

Let me remark that never before in our history has the opportunity of estimating the physical fitness of our nation's manhood been obtained. So that really we have no basis of comparison.

The call for soldiers fit for active service necessitated this examination of our manhood, and, disagreeably facts being discovered, there is a tendency to become unduly alarmed.

I maintain it is no proof of the physical superiority of the Boche to say that he is "beefier" than the Briton. In all probability he is. But for that matter of it, so is the hippopotamus!

Whenever did we come to estimate our fitness by our auroirdupois weight? Yes, Germany excelled us in gross bulkiness, but Germany went down before us. Things are not always what they seem, and many seemingly strong and healthy men are not really so. It was on the standard of general appearances that our past estimates were based. Not only so—those apparent weaklings often perform their daily tasks and actually outlive the more robust. The efficiency of the race cannot be registered by statistics of fitness. The elusive yet real temper or spirit of the subject concerned counts as much as the physical in estimate of fitness.

We are anything but perfect as a nation, but we have not yet disowned the necessity for work, nor are we likely to do so as long as we have to compete industrially with other nations. We may be a pleasure-loving nation, but we do not indulge luxuriously. We do require to learn anew that sense of responsibility without which we do nothing worthily.

Another precaution it ever b-hoves us to exercise is to eliminate the personal equation. We are so ready to allow our own feeling of fitness, or unfitness, to colour our judgments. Our sight is ever subject to refraction—our mental predisposition, too, has to be guarded against. When men discover that on passing their zenith they have lost the elasticity and sense of strength of youth, it is hard not to imagine that the world generally is not sharing in our decline. The world is apt to go awry when our wisdom is not so prominent in its counsels as of yore.

On the face of it, one would imagine that the present generation should be physically fitter than the past, and I am inclined to be rather decisive in my contention. One thinks that the shorter hours that artisans work, free from the fetid atmosphere of factories, should make for a general increase of fitness. The higher age at which they begin work should tend towards improvement, too. Add to this the added zest in outdoor games like football, tennis, cricket and golf. It may be possible, certainly, that games may be pursued with too intense a devotion—that they become ends, and not means to life. Yet, withal, the fact that those very

games have to be played in the open air is all to the good, and unquestionably makes for a better physique.

One of the first sources of improvement lies in fostering again a peasant community. Let the people get back to the land, for the peasantry of any country is its physical backbone. This virile class has become wellnigh extinct in our land through a land policy vicious as it is foolish. Extensive sheep farms and deer forests bring in a higher monetary rental to the landlord than his small-holders. In deference to this policy of greed the men were shipped to other shores—unwillingly, for the most part. Exiles they were, and forced exiles. And yet those men were the very nerve and sinew of our nation.

Amongst this simple community the art of motherhood scarcely requires any teaching; the motherhood still is regarded as a sacred prerogative of womanhood. No vitiated thought of stultifying her function in deference to pleasure crosses the threshold of her mind.

But in country and town alike let life be taken more seriously. Let it be realized that our welfare consists in more than an incessant round of selfish enjoyments. Life is a divine charge, not an opportunity for selfish aggrandizement. Let that idea be as a good foundation surely laid. Then raise thereon the fabric of a noble and strong people. No purpose is served in decrying any board or institution set afoot for the helping of the youth of our nation. Our shortcomings are not because of these, but in spite of them. Our policy must not be to forgo improvements, but to persevere and follow out every effort along the line that will be most beneficial.

MARGARET ROSS.

Physique of Public School Boys

DEAR SIR.—I would like to point out two facts and draw certain deductions from them.

Whatever may have been the general physique of the average new private of 1917 and 1918, I think no one will deny that the average new officer of 1915—drawn from O.T.C.'s and Public School Battalions—was a fine fellow physically. Mr. Marshall states that a census of Cambridge students *during* the war showed them to be considerably taller than recruits then entering the Army, and this was at a time when Cambridge was deserted by most of the fit men of serving age. Take any public school sixth and fifth form and see if they are not big, strong, healthy lads of whom any nation might be proud.

Why is this? Why are they healthier than lads of the same age in less wealthy circumstances? Is it birth? Or riches? I think not. I think the reasons are to be found, first, in more careful feeding in childhood (such children are in the hands of a trained, experienced nurse, not an ignorant mother), and second, in the games and physical training given to them during the age when growth and development are making their greatest advance. From the age of nine to eighteen the sons of well-to-do parents worship at the shrine of team games, taking daily arduous exercise in the open air, developing bone and muscle and lungs and gaining bodily strength and control. How many elementary schools have

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team games? Twice a week for a short period physical exercises are given by half-trained teachers, an advance, it is true, in educational reform, but not nearly enough. They cannot take the place of the daily hour of keen tussle and swift running, or of the *esprit de corps* which induces each lad to keep himself fit for the honour of his house.

Development in the Army

In 1917 I was living near a training centre on the Welsh border. Recruits were brought in, passed through ten weeks' training, and were drafted out to France to fill up the ranks in the regiment in which they had enlisted. Among the recruits were many lads of 18, little stunted Welsh boys who looked as if they had never had a good meal in their lives. After a very short experience the general in command ordered that no khaki suits should be issued to them for at least three weeks, only gymnastic kit. This was because in almost every case the boy had outgrown his suit in the first fortnight. How they developed, those lads! They filled out, their chests expanded by inches, and they grew so tall and broad and strong that their own mothers did not know them when they went on leave before crossing to France.

Why? What caused these ill-developed youths to grow and flourish and harden to such an extraordinary extent in such a short period? First of all—good food, well-balanced diets, and the appetite caused by hard exercise. Second, regular hours, steady work, and plenty of sleep in a healthy environment. Last and most potent, physical exercise. It was the period of Army training in which the importance of "jerks" was fully realized—there were four physical instructors to every battalion, and invaluable men they were. The recruit drilled and marched, did deep breathing and scientific gymnastics. More than this he played games, ran races, trained for sports. There were constant inter-company and inter-battalion sports and football matches, and all entering had to be physically fit for the honour of their side.

What may we deduce from these two facts, the healthiness of the public school boy and the amazing development of the boy recruit?

That *feeding* may be held responsible for much, that well-cooked food and well-balanced diets are essential to health. From the greater fitness of the nurse-managed child it may be assumed that the most important stage is in early childhood.

That *regular hours*, plenty of work and plenty of sleep are desirable. Few people work harder, mentally and physically, than the public school boy or the Army recruit, but the work is well balanced and regular hours adhered to strictly.

That *physical exercise* has an enormous in-

fluence on health and general fitness, far more than most people realize, and more especially we may deduce that boys who are members of a team will themselves make great efforts to avoid excesses of all kinds and keep their bodies in a perfect state of health for the sake of their team.

M. BAIRD.

DEAR SIR.—Mr. A. C. Marshall is, I gather from his article, an out-and-out pessimist. Any person from a foreign country would, on coming to England after reading "Are Britshers Deteriorating?" expect to find a nation of "crooks," the youths all weedy, the men of forty using sticks, the few old men there were very decrepit, and the women washed-out and anemic.

No doubt the health of the nation is not what it ought to be, and could be very greatly improved. I think, however, that something of the feeling that it is so much worse than it used to be is due to the greater publicity that is given to the matter than formerly.

Things could, and will, we hope, be made better, but Rome was not built in a day, and no one can expect a country to recover from the strain of a great war and the slackness caused by her best men's absence while fighting in a minute. Incidentally the war may be held responsible for the spreading of much disease which is now more prevalent than it used to be. The rush and hurry of modern life is far from good for the rising generation. What is the use of large airy (sometimes draughty, in fact) schoolrooms and periodical medical examinations when after school hours the children have to sit at home-lessons in small, close rooms, and in many cases the doctor's orders re decayed teeth or defective eyesight are flagrantly ignored? Too often, alas, is the money which ought to be expended at the dentist's or the oculist's frittered away at the picture palaces. When the schools are closed on account of infectious diseases the theatres are crowded with children inhaling the stuffy, poisonous atmosphere.

All this ought to be stopped, but, at the same time, I think Mr. Marshall takes too serious a view of the position. Anyone who uses his eyes can observe that most of the young men he meets, at any rate in towns of a moderate size, have a strong appearance, and seem quite capable of carrying on the race, while most of the women of our land, when not burdened by over-large families or too lazy to cook good and wholesome food, enjoy splendid health. No doubt we are prone to more illness and have many more defects than our forefathers had, but it is the fault of the age, and few would wish to live quite such peaceful, humdrum existences as those enjoyed by our grandparents.

C. A. PARK.

Result of the Fairy Story Competition

The Senior Prize of One Guinea has been awarded to Miss E. D. Ives, of Tottenham, and the Junior Prize of Half a Guinea to Miss E. M. Salmon, of South Croydon.

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Will anyone help me to get one? It would be very appropriate to start one next year in thankfulness for the Blessing this Society has been to so many ladies for so many years.

Kind friends, please think this project over carefully, and see what you can do.

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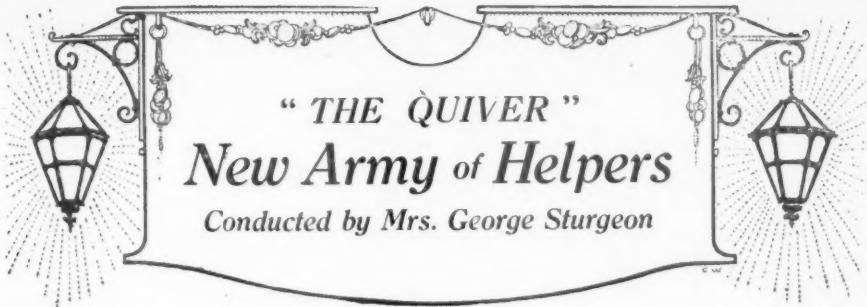
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"THE QUIVER"

New Army of Helpers

Conducted by Mrs. George Sturgeon

A Message from Mrs. Lock

MY DEAR HELPERS,—It is with mixed feelings that I come to you this month to tell you that I am obliged to give up the future organization of our work. I cannot deny that the cause is the happiest one that could occur to me. I am going to be married again, and it is wonderful to see the prospect of great happiness before one after all the sorrow the war brought and the lonely years. My fiancé is Mr. W. T. Southorn of the Ceylon Civil Service, and consequently my home will be in Ceylon. It is impossible unfortunately to conduct the work of the Army of Helpers from such a distance. I relinquish it with sincere regret, for the Army of Helpers developed in a short while into a living, active, effective organization, and the personal relation with my helpers was delightful. Through it I have made friendships which will, I hope, endure though seven thousand miles will separate me from the majority of the helpers.

The New Departure

However, I am convinced that the work will not suffer by my departure, for my sister, Mrs. Sturgeon, who conducted the Pages during my recent absence in Ceylon, has been asked by the Editor to take them permanently. I am sure you will rally round her with the same splendid loyalty that you gave to me. I shall never forget the quick response which brought in three motor ambulances, THE QUIVER Bed in the Dreadnought Hospital at Greenwich, hundreds of glove waistcoats, thousands of "gay bags," bales of wool, innumerable garments, and above all the individual offer of help to any especially urgent and deserving case. My sister is enthusiastic over the Past, Present and Future of the

New Army of Helpers. You will see she has splendid new ideas. Please help her to carry them out. From my beautiful far-off island home I shall still take the keenest interest in the Army, and shall do my "bit" to help. I shall ask my sister to give you my news from time to time, and I shall keep in close touch through her with all of you.

Thanks!

My heartfelt thanks for your great response and for the enthusiasm which inspired and cheered me in many sad hours. I shall never forget it, and to you all I send my best wishes and my kindest thoughts.

BELLA LOCK.

BY MRS. GEO. STURGEON

MY DEAR HELPERS,—My sister, Mrs. Lock, has told you that it is to be my privilege to "carry on" permanently. As you know, I undertook the work of conducting the Army of Helpers a year ago when she went—as we thought, temporarily!—to Ceylon, and in that time I have developed a very great enthusiasm for it. I found, as my sister had found, that wonderfully sympathetic spirit of service that has done and is doing an immense amount of good in a most interesting variety of ways, and it has been a real inspiration to me.

My sister's going to live in Ceylon is a great loss to us; I am afraid that when we heard of her engagement our joy for her sake was considerably mingled with regret for our own. But the selfishness passed, and terribly as we shall miss her, we would not have it otherwise. And there never was a truer saying than that "It's an ill wind that blows nobody any good." It would

THE QUIVER

have been a real wrench to me to have had to sever my connexion of a year with THE QUIVER Helpers. Now I hope it will develop into a connexion of years. I feel that I am very lucky in starting with the friendship of not a few readers, and I look forward hopefully to gaining the friendship and help of many more, and of being able to send out to my sister glowing accounts of the work which, as she has said, she will always have at heart. Somehow it is impossible to imagine the readers of THE QUIVER "letting one down."

As the "Army" enters on a new phase of existence in the New Year, it is proposed to rechristen it

"The Quiver" New Army of Helpers

It may not seem very modest to challenge comparison with Lord Kitchener, but so great is my faith, that I am not afraid of it! I am going to appeal for recruits, as he did, and I believe I shall get them because the readers of THE QUIVER are not what Sir Thomas Browne calls "mere Pleasurists," but have an ever present desire to fight for those who are weaker or less fortunate than themselves. There are so many to fight for that *I want the New Army to number at least as many again as the old one.* The raising of our New Army in peacetime is not an anomaly; nor are we encouraging militarism; in fact, very soon we shall show, I trust, that Peace would be a very much poorer thing if THE QUIVER "New Army" were demobilized.

There is a scheme which I have had in my mind for some time, and that is the formation of

The S O S Corps

We are constantly receiving S O S signals—signals of distress—from lonely invalids and others who live heartbreaking lives of pain and poverty. Extracts from sad letters have been printed from time to time, the kind hearts of readers have been touched, and offers of help have poured in. But unfortunately the exigencies of printing and publishing demand that a magazine must be made up and sent to press a considerable time in advance of its date, so that you will see that under the old system many months had to elapse before the sad needs could be made known to the public, and then (as in the case of "Lily," whose pathetic letter drew a wealth of response)

there might be a deluge of offers of help overlapping.

My idea (my sister also thinks well of it) is that it would be a great advantage to register, under the title of "The S O S Corps," the names and addresses of helpers willing to befriend in a modest way those of whom THE QUIVER constantly hears in sickness or loneliness, to whom an occasional letter, magazines and flowers mean a world of happiness and comfort. I could then assign an invalid to a friend as the need arose, and in this way helper and helped would be put in touch without delay. Only one invalid would be assigned to a helper unless she asked for more—and, of course, there would be no obligation whatever.

Hearing recently of several—among them a consumptive ex-hospital nurse—who pined to see THE QUIVER and other magazines and could not afford the subscriptions, I wrote to some of those who had volunteered early in the year in connexion with "Lily." In every case I had the same encouraging response: "I shall be delighted to send to — as you suggest." When I read the cheered and appreciative letters of those who have found friends through THE QUIVER, and think of the many who have not yet done so, I feel that I must try to join as many hands as I can. *That can only be done by organizing the "S O S Corps."* So, helpers, please send me your names and addresses. I shall be glad to register those who already have their protégés.

Then there is another Corps that I think some of my kind readers might be willing to join, and I am calling it

The Topsy-Turvy Corps

My plan is to keep a QUIVER Birthday Book containing the names of helpers who are tired of receiving presents on their birthdays, and wish to reverse the usual order of things and commemorate the occasion by sending a gift of 2s. 6d. (or more) to one of THE QUIVER collections! A card of reminder would be sent if necessary, and a QUIVER card of greeting would acknowledge all such kind offerings. If this scheme appeals to you, will you please send me your name, address and date of birthday? I hope to have a fat birthday book, and one "topsy-turvy" half-crown at least for every day in the year.

"THE QUIVER" NEW ARMY OF HELPERS

Later on I want to submit for your approval the idea of "THE QUIVER Friendship Corps," but space fails me now, and I must hasten to record the fine work accomplished since the December number went to press.

The "Save the Children Fund"

I have a special reason for being glad to be able to report a splendid response to this appeal, because—to let you into a secret—I wrote it, although, as I was conducting the "Army" for my sister at that time, I did not sign it. In less than three weeks forty-two "adopters" volunteered, several donations were received—adoptions and donations representing over £240—and many splendid offers of clothes, soap and linen. Last, not least, these gifts were accompanied by delightful letters of sympathy which were an encouragement to all concerned. I am only sorry that I cannot quote from more than three of them:

"Your appeal in THE QUIVER for those wretched children in the famine area wrings my heart. I want to adopt a child, so now enclose cheque for £5 4s. to give one child one good meal for a year. I am a maternity nurse, and I simply cannot bear to think of those poor babies wrapped in newspapers. What a lot of misery war brings in its train."—ELIZABETH M. WILSON.

"On behalf of my Sunday School class of girls (Roath Park, Cardiff, Congregational) I have pleasure in enclosing 6s., which they would like to be applied for the young babies. The girls are nearly all in school, or have just started to earn, and they already subscribe to our regular weekly Sunday School collection. They have now decided to start a little fund in addition to that, to be used as any needy occasion may arise. I spoke to them on Sunday last of your this month's QUIVER appeal, and they at once voted all we have in the funds. They have already given £2 to the Lord Mayor's Fund for the same object, but later on we may be able to send you more."—(MRS.) B. STEPHENS.

"Please accept the enclosed £10 10s. on behalf of the starving children you make an appeal for this month. It will help to feed some of His little lambs."—THE MISSES MILLS.

There were three anonymous gifts which it was impossible to acknowledge through the post, but for which I thank the kind donors most heartily now: £1 for soap and linen for "Save the Children Fund" (Newton Abbot postmark), £2 from S. J. G., and £8. from S. S. There is every hope that next month I may have a still more satisfactory story to tell, for as I write offers of help are still coming in. Long may they

do so, for in the famine-stricken lands there is, alas, *a long queue of hungry children waiting to be fed.*

The Young and the Old

Let us be strictly modern and put the case of the young first!

Those who are outside the radius of organized charity but sadly in need of financial help are undoubtedly in the worst plight of all. Disabled officers and the widows and children of officers are prominent, and unfortunately numerous, in this category, and a proposal to build a Home at Camberley where officers' children from birth till eight years of age can be cared for (at a nominal charge in case of need) ought to meet with enthusiastic support. The Provisional Committee includes The Duchess of Marlborough, Lady Helena Gleichen, Lady Betty Balfour, Lady Babtie, Mrs. Alan Birch and others. The Home—to be called "St. George's Home for Officers' Children"—will be run on the most modern infant-welfare lines, and the "institution" element will be entirely absent, so that none need shrink from availing themselves of its benefits.

The scheme is planned by Service people for Service people, and the necessity for it is proved by the fact that applications are pouring in from mothers obliged to work to support their disabled husbands and young children.

No less urgent is the need for "an ideal Home where poor ladies who have worked themselves out, either in the cause of others or in the effort to live, may find a rest for the remainder of their life and be carefully tended in sickness." Such a Home—also run on the most commendably "non-charity" lines—the Society for the Assistance of Ladies in Reduced Circumstances hopes to start in the near future. The organizers of both these projects appeal for financial help.

Many Kind Gifts and Letters

Welcome gifts of clothes (earmarked in one case "for those who are feeling very much the strain of the higher cost of living"), silver, wool, "pieces" and books are balanced by the grateful letters of those to whom we sent them. I have to thank the following for supporting in many ways our various activities:

Miss Mary Gray, Mrs. M. A. Walker, Miss Upperton, Mrs. Cooper, Miss Milward, Mrs. H.

THE QUIVER

Taylor, Mrs. M. Dick, Miss Rose Johnson, Mrs. J. J. Robertson, Miss C. R. Walker, Mrs. Fawkes, Miss Margaret Fawkes, Miss Kathleen Fawkes, Mrs. L. E. Laver, Miss Elizabeth Askam, Miss H. Buxton, The Misses Pollard, Miss M. Jackman, Miss E. D. Sprawson, Mr. Arthur John Slade, Miss E. R. Parbury, Miss M. Barclay, Mrs. Gordon, Miss Kate Richardson, Miss Wood, Miss Hilda Griffith, Mrs. Lucas, Miss Henley, Mrs. G. Raymond, "A. J. W.", Mrs. Herbert Stewart, Mrs. E. Roe, Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Abbott, The Misses Mills, Mrs. West, Mrs. Town, Miss Hill, Miss A. Thompson, Mrs. Clifford, Miss M. Fryers, Miss M. Alfreda Walton, Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson, Mrs. J. H. Hyde, Miss H.

Lewis, "Thistle," Mrs. Imrettin, and Mrs. B. Stephens.

Will correspondents kindly sign their names very distinctly, and put Mr., Mrs. or Miss, or any other title, in order to assist us in sending an accurate acknowledgment? Address: Mrs. George Sturgeon, THE QUIVER, La Belle Sauvage, London, E.C.4.

With best wishes for a very happy New Year.

Yours sincerely,

FLORA STURGEON

The "Save the Children Fund"

Subscriptions received to November 18th, 1920:—

		£	s.	d.	£	s.	d.	
The Misses Mills	.	10	10	0	Mrs. G. Raymond	5	4	0
“Newton Abbot”	.	1	0	0	Mrs. J. H. Hyde	5	4	0
Mrs. Herbert Stewart.	.	5	4	0				
Mr. and Mrs. Frank S. Abbott	.	10	8	0				
Mrs. W. S. Penson	.	0	8	7				
Miss Henley	.	5	4	0				
“S. S.”	.	0	5	0				
Miss K. Richardson	.	0	8	8				
Mrs. F. Fawkes	.	1	0	0				
Mr. A. J. Slade	.	0	5	0				
Miss E. R. Parbury	.	5	0	0	DR. BARNARDO'S			
Miss Elizabeth M. Wilson	.	5	4	0	“H. J. B. J. B.”	1	0	0
Mrs. G. G. Lucas	.	0	8	8	“A Well-wisher”	0	10	0
Miss E. D. Sprawson	.	0	5	0				
Mrs. L. E. Laver	.	0	8	8				
Mrs. J. J. Robertson	.	5	4	0				
Miss E. Askaw	.	5	4	0				
Mrs. M. Surretin	.	0	4	0				
Miss M. Jackman	.	5	4	0				
Sunday School Class, Roath Park Congregational					THE BRITISH HOME AND HOSPITAL FOR INCURABLES			
Church, Cardiff, per Mrs. B. Stephens	.	0	6	0	“Dorothy”	£1	0	0
Mrs. E. Roe	.	0	8	8				
“S. J. G.”	.	2	0	0	THE LEAGUE OF LOVING HEARTS			
The Misses Pollard	.	0	8	8	Miss M. Wilson	0	5	0
Miss H. Buxton	.	1	6	0	Miss A. E. Nicholas	1	0	0
“H. B.” Newbury	.	0	2	6				
“A Sympathiser,” Derby	.	2	12	0	MRS. ALLENBURY	£1	5	0
Miss Wood	.	5	4	0	Mrs. C. Drewitt	£1	0	0
Mrs. Elizabeth Seals	.	5	4	0				
					FOR WOOL AND BOOKS			
					Mrs. C. Drewitt	£1	0	0





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AND

ONE BOTTLE ELDERBERRY WINE
ESSENCE

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**Miss Lily Brayton,
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writes: "My doctors ordered me Formamint during an attack of Influenza, and it gave me great relief and healed the lacerated throat wonderfully."

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Insist upon having Genuine

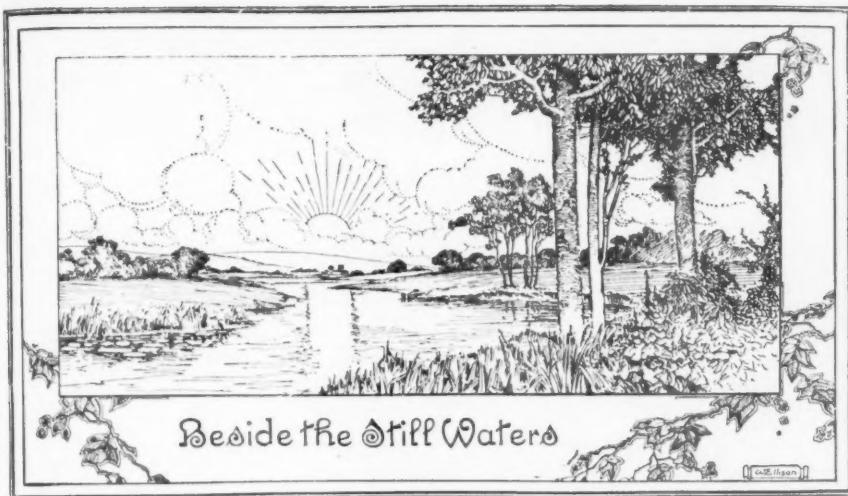
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12, Chenies Street, London, W.C.1.**



THE INEVITABLE TREND

By the Rev. John A. Hutton, D.D.

"THEY came to Him from every quarter." (Mark i., 45.) That, I declare, is not only a fragment from a narrative. It is an insight into the human soul on which one may safely forecast history.

A Delicate Foundation

It may seem a narrow basis on which to found our confidence in Christ's future, to recall that in His day certain people sought Him out; and that, of those who sought Him out, a number found something in Him so momentous, so inconceivably beyond their own original demand, that afterwards they came together and they founded what became a world-movement on nothing else but the celebration of their experience. I say that may seem a narrow basis on which to found a considered and philosophical prospect concerning the behaviour of the human soul in all times to come. But as one comes to think of such things one perceives that it is on such narrow foundations as that, on the ground of some delicate susceptibility in the human heart, on the ground of some tendency which recurs and recurs so regularly and obstinately that we conclude it belongs to man's true nature; it is on some such narrow but deep and human foundation that all our deductions and prospects for the human race are reasonably held. It should

be no disparagement of a certain forecast with regard to man's future behaviour in this world, that our reasoning rests upon a delicate foundation. Its delicacy is nothing against it—if the delicacy is the point at which some deep thing emerges and comes into view. Whether we like it or not, it is on such terms, and by our unreserved obedience to such apparently fragile points of illumination, that we live our characteristic life as men. In fact, we live by faith.

The Optic Nerve

Take an example: Our sole authority for the existence of an external world rests upon the report of such a world conveyed to us one by one by the optic nerve. Our entire faculty for guiding ourselves, or for following the directions given to us, rests, that is to say, upon the authority, which we hold to be indisputable, of a line of tissue called the optic nerve, which is more delicate than a thread.

But that optic nerve, a slight thing in itself, is not a thing which exists by itself. That optic nerve is not to be estimated by its bulk and solidity. No; the optic nerve is the entire body of man organized for the specific purpose of seeing. The optic nerve is the whole body of man at its finest, at its rarest and truest. The optic nerve is a result thrown up from the depths of our personality, related to everything in us that

THE QUIVER

makes us what we are. The optic nerve is the whole of man straining to see something. And, I say, the whole world as a visual experience rests upon the authority of that pin-point; but that pin-point, I repeat, is the diamond-head of ages of physical travail, and preparation, and selection, and experience. We have a proverb, "Seeing is believing." Now that is true on every level, but it is true on the first and purely physical level also. "Seeing" is—"believing" in the authority of this precious and fragile member; and on that authority, as on something as solid as a rock, a man looks out upon the world, knowing that he is not deceived by what he sees.

The principle which I wish to make good from all that is, to repeat it, simply this: that if, at a certain time in history, as is the fact, the human heart having heard about Christ, prepared itself to find Him, and in its approach to Him and in its experience of Him came upon certain things in Him and within itself which became a new point of departure for the human race, a new baptism of life, a new wave of moral intention, the dawning of the possibility of new heavens and a new earth—if all that happened once upon a time we are here to believe that it ought to happen again and always.

The Outstretched Soul

Now there is surely no firmer or more satisfactory ground for a steady confidence for the future than just this, that there is something in man, and in life—that is to say, in man's circumstances—which, sooner or later, but inevitably, will dispose him to look for certain things without which life and his own thoughts are always becoming too hard for him, and that on such a day of tenderness and compunction the soul of man will behave as it has behaved.

To put the same thing in other terms, it does not matter where and with what instincts man sets out, he must, if he is to continue to respect himself, if he is to continue to do honour to his higher possibilities, arrive at a point where he is on the look out for the very control or for the very encouragement which Christ came into the world to offer man.

The Deep and the Familiar

And now let me try to work out in some detail what is involved in such a saying as that, and it will be my own fault if I do not carry you with me at each step. For, the fact is, the more *deeply* we deal with things the more *familiar* those things seem to ourselves. *Pectus facit theologum*: it is the heart that makes one a theologian. It

is life, it is experience, it is what we pass through, and how we feel as we pass through, the thoughts that came to us before one thing and another overtook us, and the thoughts that came to us in the actual enduring of those things, and the thoughts that came to us when the crisis was past; it is these things, that is to say, it is life, it is everything which makes us thinkers, and ought to make us believers.

Although the human soul is one, and although every day a man lives his whole being in a sense is involved, still, in the case of all of us, there are certain faculties or sides of our nature of which we are conscious, and of which we think as though they were separate one from the other. There are times in the life of each of us when we act under the influence of one of these faculties rather than of any other, although in the case of everyone of us lights and shadows fall upon us from those other faculties which at the moment are in abeyance. In fact, what gives each of us his or her characteristic life is just the emphasis or sway which one of the faculties of the human soul exercises upon us one by one. We are familiar with the biblical division of human nature into "body, soul, and spirit," and we might take that division to illustrate the principle which I am wishing to bring out. Certainly you might roughly estimate us according to the one or other of those three—body, soul, and spirit—to which we give the predominance in our conscious life.

The Combination of Three

But let me take another division, equally familiar, and having, it may be, greater clearness. We might divide the unity of the human soul into three, and say that there enter into the life of every man three sets of faculties, which we associate with the *head*, and with the *heart*, and with the *conscience*. Certainly it is by the use of one or other of those three, or by some combination of them, that every man at every moment of his life is conducting himself. There are seasons when the one rather than the other dominates, but in every normal man, as we see clearly when we observe man's behaviour through a long stretch of time, whenever one faculty sets up a tyranny, trying to hold down the others in bondage, something happens within man of the nature of a revolution.

Now, what I want you to see along with me is, that it matters not on which of those three human faculties man launches out, it matters not which of them he permits to sway his life, he is led invincibly to a point at which he feels that he cannot go further, or will not go further, until he has some

BESIDE THE STILL WATERS

such assurance and some such control, or some such faith, as Christ came into the world precisely to give to man.

Take, for example, the life of affection, that life which we associate with the heart; the life of tenderness and emotion, culminating in love. Here also, as indeed everywhere, "there is first that which is natural, and afterward that which is spiritual." Beginning in the region of desire and affection, human love by its very nature is always moving on from stage to stage, from one experience to another still deeper. At each stage there is a high way and a low way; a fine way and a way less fine and even coarse. And so at every stage those who would dwell together in love become aware of the need of something which will keep their hearts fresh and in a state of honour towards each other.

The Life of Affection

Then again, it is the very nature of all human ties that they lead on to responsibilities, responsibilities of one towards the other, or of both, as in the case of parents towards their children. And so love commits us and lays us open to a thousand hopes and fears, for we live in a threatening world, and love lays us open to a thousand added threatenings. So that, soon or late, the life of affection takes us into the region of serious things, of hopes and fears, of misgivings about ourselves and for those who look to us. We might be suddenly stricken with illness and be no longer able to stand between our children and the hard world! Or a child might be taken from us! Or something might happen suddenly to make us old or sad!

But my point is that, beginning anywhere in the life of affection, we move inevitably, if we live in a state of honour, on to a place where we need and must have that very security in God which, I verily believe, man can find only in Christ.

Two young people take each other by the hand, and they do well. But it is not a bitter thing to say—it is only a deep and great thing to say—that if they will live in perfect honour one with another and assume the very responsibilities of nature, a day comes when life shall have wrought into their hearts a certain tenderness, a certain capacity for misgiving, which once again can only be controlled and appeased by taking Christ into their hearts and into their homes.

The Conclusion of Reason

I believe we reach the same conclusion if we follow the case of those who, on the whole, in this world propose to live by their intelligence, by their head. Under this

aspect of my subject I shall say only a word. Probably there is no such thing in this world as pure thinking. There is probably, that is to say, no human being who conducts his life without the influence of emotion, without affection, without the light and play of some faith or some dream. But there are those whose vocation in this world it is, for the most part, to think, to study the causes of things, to face the unknown in our human conditions; and they are worthy of all honour. The Christian religion has no quarrel with men who think. But my point is that if men will think and think, I do believe they will arrive at a point where they must give their vote for one or other of two ultimate propositions: either that everything means nothing, or that everything means God, and the only idea of God which it seems to me is now tolerable is that idea of God which is disclosed to us in Christ. I would only say this in addition: I am sure it must make a great difference in the life of any solitary thinker to believe, and there is nothing to forbid it, that he lives his life and does his thinking, so long as he is humble and sincere, within the knowledge of One, in loyalty to Whom no genuine hour of thought is ever lost.

The Function of Conscience

The third great faculty of man is that faculty by which man recognizes himself as a moral and responsible agent; the faculty of conscience. And here we are on ground which is familiar to us Christians. For when all is said, our religion was given to us, not in the first instance to comfort us, and not in the first instance to answer our questions; our religion was given to us first and last to enable us to become good men. Now a man is a good man who has a good conscience and who lives in a state of honour with that good conscience. It was S. Paul who said, "The law was my schoolmaster that led me to Christ." Now if we take that language of his, which may have become archaic to us, and translate it into warm, actual speech, what S. Paul means is simply this: the thing that led me to Christ was this whole business of trying to be a good man. For there is no one, surely, who can face the Ten Commandments with a jaunty mind. And there is no one, surely, who can face the Ten Commandments—interpreted as those commandments were by our Lord Jesus Christ, Who made them much more severe than did Moses—without something of that timidity with which we approach what seems beyond us, and yet is in contact with us.

Yes, perhaps this is the most crowded road to Christ. Through all the ages more people have come to Christ from this quarter

THE QUIVER

than from any other. The sense of sin, the cry of the heart to be forgiven, the awful yearning that comes over those of us who have left our youth behind that we could have it all over again so that we might be wiser; the grief for past foolishness, past neglect of opportunity, for our indolence and our pride, resulting in a general sense of anger and despair if there be not somewhere an understanding heart with power to deal with us.

The Ultimate Goal

Yes, from every quarter man must come to Christ. Launching out on any of his characteristic faculties, he reaches a place where the very embarrassments of the journey compel him to a standstill.

Life comes to deepen us all. Life, that is to say, has as its consequence—I believe as its intention—that we shall all, as time goes on, become aware of our need, of our need of the very kind of help which Christ came into the world to give us.

In days like these, when an entire epoch of time has culminated in a world-disaster, and while the ruins of it are all about us, and our own hearts are keen and far-seeing—in days like these we are in a position to understand how not only individuals, not only one here and there, but whole nations might, in despair of themselves, and a whole world might, in despair of itself, come to Christ and put themselves, or put itself, within His discipline. We can see how it might very well come to pass that an entire people might say, "We have had our chance; we have taken our own way; God has stood apart and allowed us—against His will indeed—to live by our own chosen principles. For more than a generation we and the whole world have lived by our own wisdom, by our own inclinations, for our own purposes—and we have failed. We propose therefore that this shall cease; that those principles of ours which we thought so wise, so emancipated, so superior to anything that had preceded them, we propose that those principles shall be henceforth prohibited, and that any nation or any individual who still advocates them or puts them into practice shall be treated as a public danger."

Is a Mass Movement Possible?

Yes; I can well imagine some such mass-movement in our day, away from individualism, away from conceit, away from all principles of self-seeking, back to Christ. And this in the first instance, not because a whole nation or the civilized world is in love with the principles of Christ, but because men have suddenly become afraid, afraid of their own instincts, and of the

sinister possibilities of their own nature. Just as one class in a community—the women, let us say—in order to make secure some precious thing which seemed to be in danger, might one day combine and pass a self-denying ordinance upon themselves, resolving to cast out from their midst anyone who transgressed—all this until some threatening madness had subsided; even so, I can imagine a nation, an age, an entire world as represented by the most effective peoples, combining and resolving that "there is no name given under heaven whereby the race of men can be saved"—can be made safe and sane, and kept safe and sane—"but the name of Christ Jesus."

What if all that is happening in the world to-day is the prelude to such a total change of human attitude, what if all that is happening in the world to-day is the red cloud-rack of a great Dawn—the world, like some mighty giant, stretching itself and turning over in its sleep, rubbing a nightmare out of its eyes!

"For behold He cometh with clouds!" "Even so, come, Lord Jesus."

The Quotation

*How many problems that one fact would solve!
An ordinary soul, no more, no less,
About whose life earth's common sights
revolve,
On whom is brought to bear by thunder-
stress,
This fact—God tasks him, and will not
absolve
Task's negligent performer! Can you
guess
How such a soul—the task performed to
point—
Goes back to life nor finds things out of
joint?*

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Prayer

O Saviour of the World, O Who hast shared our life and knowest what is in man, stay Thou near by us through all our days, and forsake us not even in the hours of our forgetfulness of Thee. In our youth and strength, control us. In the mid-time of our years, revive and recover us. Deliver us in every season of our life from indolence and self-seeking. If Thou spare us to old age, grant unto us a happy and grateful spirit that we may commend life to those who are about us, encouraging them by our obvious victory to maintain the good fight of faith and to believe in Him Whom we profess to have been our help and our shield, even in Thee, our Blessed Saviour. Amen.

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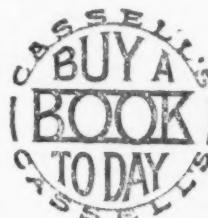
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